

DAVIS, JEFFERSON

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Abraham Lincoln and Confederates

Jefferson Davis

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Box 9
Henry → Davis, 2/2/48

Washington July 2nd 1848
My Dear Sir

I beg that you will
pardon me for not having
paid my respects to you since
your appointment as one of
the Regents of the Smithsonian
Institution. I was called out
of the city soon after your appoint-
ment and since my return
I have been so much occupied
with the duties of my office that
I have been unable to command
the time for making a number
of visits.

Please inform me by the
Bureau or when evening I may
find you disengaged I would
be pleased to give you a full
account of the plan of organization
and of all the proceedings of the
Institutions. I have made
an engagement for this evening

and also one for Saturday
evening - Perhaps some evening
next week would suit you and
would be more convenient
for me. - I remain very
Respectfully Yours

Joseph M. Henry

Prof. Jefferson Davis
U.S. Senate

I have been so much occupied
with the duties of my office that
I have been unable to answer
the letter you sent me a week
ago.

I am sorry to hear that
you are so much occupied
with the duties of your office
and hope that you will be
able to find some time to
write to me.

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Princeton University Library
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Joseph Henry Collection

Smithsonian Institution

Aug 5th 1858

My Dear Colonel

Your very agreeable letter relative to the observations on Mount Washington and to the Dudley observatory was duly received and I immediately wrote to the Rev Mr King that we would cheerfully cooperate with the _____ of the Proprietors? Mountain House and furnish them with the requisite instruments and instructions for properly carrying out their design.

A series of observations on the top of the Mountain compared with contemporaneous ones at its base or on the general level of the surrounding country would furnish a collection/valuable in suggesting new and confirming or disproving old hypotheses. The general direction of the wind unobstructed by the irregularities of the surface of the earth - the decrease of temperature due to elevation - the diminution of moisture from the same cause the electrical condition of the air and the relative time of commencement, above and below, of particular states of weather would all be given by a properly conducted series of observations of the kind proposed.

I am pleased to learn that you approve of our course in regard to the Trustees of the Dudley observatory. I always prefer to weigh rather than to count opinions, and so long as we receive your approbation as to any measure of

I remain as ever truly
your friend
Joseph Henry

right on this subject. I will furnish the scientific principles and leave you to apply them.
Hon. Jefferson Davis.

P. 2

the kind in question I shall be sure we are right and be disposed to go ahead.

Though there is great original difference in the mental and moral characteristics of men, still we are much under the influence of habits influenced by study and pursuits - your studies relate to what man ought to do - mine to what nature does. You are well practiced in seeing at once the proper course to be pursued in any given case while I require considerable time to make up my theory of actions. P-3

To a man who has the ability to comprehend the great principles of right and the moral courage to practice them. the study of the Law has an elevating influence, but to him who comprehends only so much of these principles as is requisite to enable him to escape the penalty of wrong doing, it is a debasing pursuit. The profound Jurist and the cunning pettifogger are antipodes in mental and moral quantities .

Accompanying this letter I send you a copy of my Report on Meteorology published in the last Report of the Patent Office. You may recollect that you called my attention to the peculiarities of the climate of the western part of our Continent when you were about to make your first report on the Pacific Rail Road. I have since continued to regard the subject with much interest and have embodied the result of some of my researches on the subject in this pamphlet. P4

The small map attached exhibits the lines of equal temperatures properly projected. I have had prepared an other map exhibiting the distribution of woodland within the limits of our territory; but the act of congress forbidding illustrations of the proper character obliges me to withhold the discussion of this part of the general subject in the next numbers of my series. If you can find time I wish you would look over the pamphlet. You will find I am disposed to trench a little on political ground and I must look to you to keep me

Cypher

Danville Va
10 April 65

Genl. J. E. Johnston

Hd. Qrs. Via Raleigh N.C.

A scout reports that
Genl. Lee surrendered the rem-
nant of his army near to Appo-
matox C. H. yesterday. No
official intelligence of the
event, but there is little room
for doubt, as to result.

Genl. H. H. Walker is ordered
with forces here to join you
at Greensboro. Let me ~~see~~
hear from you there I will
have need ~~of your~~ ^{need} ~~admission~~ to see you to
and confer as to future action

Jefferson Davis

Entered -

lawful which are not expedient, and that nothing but the most prolonged injustice of which legal redress is hopeless is a worse oppression than the remedy of civil war?

Technically he is a political prisoner. As such he will be tried. But he is also arraigned before the conscience and heart of his faithful fellow-citizens as a moral criminal of the worst kind. Even fanatical candor can not plead that he was ignorant of the systematic horrors of the Georgia prisons—the starving, the freezing, the slow reduction of human beings to idiocy by exposure, by hunger, by contact with filth and disease. It was intended to weaken them into despair and submission, and it had that effect. It was also intended to compel an exchange of sound and efficient men for his service, and there it failed. But the first result was constant.

Here, for instance, is a note written in pencil from the United States military prison at Nashville by an honest, industrious, sober, patriotic neighbor of the Easy Chair's, who has been a faithful soldier of the war from the beginning. He says that he was captured before Petersburg last August, and was sent from Richmond to Salisbury. There he and all his comrades—there were ten thousand, in his estimate, during the period of his imprisonment—were starved and starved and starved. They died and died, and by scores and hundreds took the oath to the rebels and were placed in their ranks. He and a few others persisted as long as he could. But hunger and weakness and horror gradually did their work and he succumbed. From August until April he had suffered more than we can imagine, and then he yielded. He was put in the rebel ranks, and arms placed in his hands and those of his companions, about half an hour before Stoneman arrived. He did not fire a shot against his flag—none of them did—and they went directly over to Stoneman, but as coming from the rebel ranks they were held as prisoners.

This is one case, sad enough, but with alleviations—one case, not the worst, but how tragical! Yet there were thousands and thousands like him who suffered all that he suffered, and then consumed with loathsome diseases, with broken hearts, with reeling brains, sank into convulsive agonies of death, or laughed out in stark madness, or drove slowly on in idiocy. And they were young and brave and noble men who were thus treated. They were guiltless of every crime, and had done nothing but defend their country. At home, far away upon Western prairies, among New England hills, upon the shores of the lakes, along the sea-coast, mothers and wives and daughters sickened with the long suspense, the horrible suspicion. Their hair whitened, their eyes grew dim with hopeless watching, their cheeks thinned with acute fear, their hearts broke also, and they died amidst their appalled children. So awful a sorrow, so terrible a suffering, both in itself and in what it occasioned, no history records. And it was the crime of this man who now sits alone with his Bible and the silent sentinels in Fortress Monroe.

It is vain to plead for him as a political offender. The war was little compared with the crimes of the war. Over the graves of the dearly beloved, shot dead upon the battle-field, we can hear and see that political differences may come to war. But over the Golgothas of Millen and Andersonville—over the spots where the pens stood in which heroic men were treated as beasts are never treated—we call

murder murder, and crime crime; and all murders and all crimes are less black than these.

Whatever the verdict of the jury may be upon the charge of treason—whatever the punishment, if the accused be convicted as a traitor—however, in case of his execution, he may be ranked among political victims, the verdict of every generous heart and of history is sure against this man as a criminal not less than the infamous English Jeffreys. Viewed merely as a political leader, his whole public career is unlighted with a single noble action, and his speeches will be vainly searched for one generous emotion. If his infamy in history will be singular, it will be in every point deserved. The same kind of gloomy odium that settles upon the name of James II., but tenfold deeper, as he was infinitely more criminal, will gather and darken around that of Jefferson Davis. *Harper June 65*

At the time of our writing the most conspicuous offender ever capitally indicted in this country sits alone in a spacious casemate of Fortress Monroe with only a Bible upon his table, and two silent sentinels watching him by day and night. Perhaps as he sits there or paces the floor he remembers the hapless victims of Andersonville and Belle Isle, or recalls the long horrors of the war which has smeared so many lovely fields with blood. In the terrible quiet of his prison does he ever ask himself whether it was worth while to dare such a grievous sorrow to his country for such a cause? Does he ever argue with himself that even if the theory of State Sovereignty were true, it was not wise to assert it at such cost of misery, merely for the sake of perpetuating something which must surpass any conceivable injustice of the nation toward a State? Has he never learned that many things may be

But I hope the living day.

A Sensation Story.

THE IRONING OF JEFF. DAVIS, AND HOW IT WAS DONE.

(From the Washington Republican.)

Why and how Jeff. Davis was manacled, or whether he was manacled at all, has been enveloped in some uncertainty. It is true that irons were placed upon his feet, but they were subsequently removed, when they had answered their purpose. Not only was he imperious and haughty, as usual, but he absolutely became obstreperous, insulting the guard, abusing the officers and their government, throwing his food at his attendants, and tearing a secession passion to tatters generally—sometimes threatening others, sometimes melodramatically courting a bayonet puncture of his own breast. As a necessity (and probably as a punishment and warning) orders were given to place manacles on his feet. The captain in charge, attended by a blacksmith and manacles, approached saying: "Mr Davis, I have a very unpleasant duty to perform." "My God!" exclaimed Jeff. "you don't intend to put those things on me." Such were the orders; the captain could only obey. Jeff. remonstrated. They should never be put on. The captain must go to General Halleck and have the order countermanded. The captain replied, "But, Mr. Davis, the order came from General Halleck." Davis insisted that the order must be countermanded. The captain said: "You are a military man, Mr. Davis, and know that my only course is to obey orders." Jeff. then went off in a more towering passion than before, and declared he would never be ironed alive. After becoming a little cool, and mechanically placing one foot on a stool, the captain told the blacksmith to proceed. Leaning forward to take to his arm the heels of his rebel majesty, Jeff. seized him, and with a vigorous push tumbled him backwards on the floor, while the blacksmith, justly indignant, hurled his hammer at the "President," but missed him. Davis then attempted to seize a gun, and asked to be bayoneted. The guards presented bayonets, and the captain feared he might rush upon them, and so ordered the guard to fall back. The captain then called in four stout men, and ordered them to lay Jeff. on his bunk, which they did, the prisoner resisting with almost preternatural strength, and writhing in their grasp while the blacksmith hammered on the rivet with a will. When placed in his chair again Jeff. looked in utter despair upon his manacled limbs and burst into tears. This medicine had the desired effect, and the great rebel became comparatively docile, far less defiant, but more depressed; and the irons have since been removed. It was feared that he would starve himself to death, refusing persistently to eat soldiers' rations, (which C. C. Clay munches without a murmur,) and his physician prescribed a more agreeable diet, which the "President" ate with avidity—and still enjoys the extra fare. On being asked what he thought of the neglect of his generals to make any provision for his safety, or for the amnesty with the rest of the army, he said he was a prisoner, and it didn't become him to speak of it, but that any man of sense could imagine what he thought.

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HAZLETON & BRO'S.

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PRINCE & CO'S.

MELODEON

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Samples of which are always on hand.

The public are invited to call and examine.

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TABLE OF PORTABLE ENGINES MANUFACTURED BY THE WASHINGTON IRON WORKS, NEWBURG, N. Y.

Horizontal.	Description.	CYLINDER.	Length of stroke.	Boiler.	TUBES.	BALANCE WHEEL OR DRIVING PULLEY.	Horse Power.	Weight.
		Diam. inches.	stroke.	Feet.	No. Diam. inches.	Diam. inches.	Rev. per Minute.	Lbs.
12	Horizontal.	4	12	10	14	30	175	6,500
11	Horizontal.	4	12	10	14	30	175	6,500
10	Horizontal.	4	12	10	14	30	175	6,500
9	Horizontal.	4	12	10	14	30	175	6,500
8	Horizontal.	4	12	10	14	30	175	6,500
7	Horizontal.	4	12	10	14	30	175	6,500
6	Horizontal.	4	12	10	14	30	175	6,500
5	Horizontal.	4	12	10	14	30	175	6,500
4	Horizontal.	4	12	10	14	30	175	6,500
3	Horizontal.	4	12	10	14	30	175	6,500
2	Horizontal.	4	12	10	14	30	175	6,500
1	Horizontal.	4	12	10	14	30	175	6,500

ALL NUMBERS HAVE TWO BALANCE WHEELS.

"It is an excellent combination of known devices, for the production of a compact, effective and cheap Portable engine."—Scientific American, December 17, 1892.

Portable steam engines, made after the usual plan of bolting the different parts to the boiler, are peculiarly liable to the foregoing difficulties, resulting from a want of entire stability in the arrangements arising from the unequal expansions and contractions of the various parts attached to the boiler. To remedy such defects has been the object in construction of an improved portable engine as represented in the drawing, where the whole of its parts are attached to a rigid bed plate of cast iron as in stationary engines, which bed plate is firmly secured to the boiler; thus to great compactness and completeness of engine is joined beauty of appearance, and complete independence of the unequal expansion in the boiler. It can be easily detached from the boiler, and thus converted into a stationary engine if required; it also permits the renewal or repairs of the machinery. The engine is entirely complete in itself, having a cylinder with its connections, crank shaft of wrought iron, with two pulleys of different diameters of improved construction, having wrought iron arms, force pump, safety valve, steam gauge, heater, governor, &c. The boiler is of the most approved pattern, with 3-inch tubes for burning resinous wood or coal, and is mounted on very strong and broad truck wheels, which enables it to be moved with great ease and safety from place to place.

We also manufacture F. CROCKER'S CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE ACTING FORCE PUMP. For forcing air down the well, which all other pumps has failed to do. We are turning out from two to three pumps per day. We also recommend

F. CROCKER'S PATENT EJECTOR, In connection with the pump. F. Crocker claim all other ejectors for forcing air, water, and oil out of oil wells, as an infringement on his application. We use a self-lubricating Piston, which keeps the

the working to do, in just apparatus, at For further

At Brewer, or 113 Maiden Titusville,

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Oct. 1865

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[The following article is written by General THOMAS JORDAN, chief of staff to General Beauregard from June, 1861, to May, 1864, and subsequently on Beauregard's staff at the close of the war. Without indorsing all the opinions of the writer, we present it as giving the views of one who, from his position, had the most ample means of forming a correct judgment as to the character and abilities of the Chief of the late Confederacy.—ED. HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

ALL that can throw light upon the hitherto hidden causes of events, uncover somewhat the ruling motives, or give a correct measure of the character, capacities, and purposes of Confederate leaders, will of course be eagerly sought after by the historian who shall fitly write the story of our time. Moreover, any thing tending to these ends must have present interest, especially that which may aid in forming a just conception of the chief personage to whom the Southern people intrusted the conduct of their ill-fated movement. Believing that I have possession of historical matter that may serve these purposes—that will indeed explain, in some measure, much that otherwise may appear inexplicable in the course of events, I am induced at this early day to venture upon a sketch of Jefferson Davis, at the risk of saying much that, just now, may not be acceptable to many—much that may wear the seeming of personal feelings.

JEFFERSON DAVIS received a military education. He was graduated at West Point in 1828, and, entering the army, served as a subaltern in the First Regiment of Infantry until March, 1833, when, on the formation of the First Regiment of Dragoons, he was transferred to it, and became Adjutant. In 1835 he resigned his commission, became a planter, and subsequently a politician in Mississippi, making his first appearance on the stage of Federal politics in 1845, as a member of the House of Representatives. At the outbreak of the war with Mexico, May, 1846, Mr. Davis promptly resigned his seat in Congress, went to Mississippi, and raised a regiment of volunteer riflemen, which, under his command, won signal distinction at Monterey and Buena Vista. In 1847 he was tendered by President Polk the grade of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, which he declined.* He then re-entered political life as a Senator in Congress, in which high post he remained until his State withdrew from the Union in 1861, except during the period he was called to the Cabinet of Mr. Pierce, as Secretary of War—that is, from March 4, 1853, to March 3, 1857.

As Senator Mr. Davis unquestionably acquired a commanding influence, and was regarded with marked respect. His speeches, always carefully prepared, breathed an air of conviction, and were gracefully and effectively spoken. He signalized himself particularly as

the watchful, effective friend of the Military Academy and of the Coast Survey, doing much to avert injurious legislation, as well as to add materially to the value of these two public establishments, which have rendered such conspicuous services to the United States in the course of the war just ended. As Secretary of War the influence of Mr. Davis was overruling in all matters connected in any way with his Department, and his strong will was constantly felt in the councils of a Cabinet of which Mr. Marcy was the Premier.

It was Mr. Davis who sent to the Crimea a commission of three officers—one of whom was General McClellan, then a Captain of Cavalry, and another the present chief of the United States Military Engineer Corps—to study and report upon the state of the science of war and the condition of European armies. By the efforts of Mr. Davis likewise, four regiments were added to the regular army, two of which were cavalry, particularly valuable to the United States in the last four years. On the whole, it may be said that his administration of the War Office was received by the army and the people as able and successful, though indeed there were some who found in it strong traces of passion—decided traits of character, which gave cause for grave apprehension that he was unsuited for the place of Chief Magistrate of the new Confederation to a degree that must imperil success even with much larger resources than the Southern States could command.

One example of these perilous qualities may be seen in the course of Mr. Davis relative to staff organization. The United States staff system then as now was substantially that of the French army. It had worked with notable efficiency during the Mexican war, while the French staff had just gone through the Russian war with confessed superiority over that of the British army. But Jefferson Davis had encountered in the American staff officers permanently attached who proved personally objectionable, and, on the other hand, officers of the line whom he wished to provide with staff positions not within his disposal. Only a radical change of organization would enable him to gratify his wishes. With these motives to animate and color his views, ignoring American and yet more recent European experience, with specious arguments and dogmatic assertion, he sought to induce Congress to throw aside the permanent staff organization for one of details on staff duty, such as existed in the British service and had given such signal dissatisfaction there, showing that for the gratification of personal aims, prejudices, or a spirit of nepotism he was capable of subverting the organization of a vital branch of the army, which was approved by the experience of the military world.

It is the habit both here and abroad to speak of Mr. Davis as the very incarnation of the ideas, aims, and inspirations which led the Southern people into the course of disunion. On all sides we see ascribed to him the prominence—if not the

* Declined because, as he asserted, the Federal Executive had no lawful right to confer the commission tendered, which could rightly be bestowed only by the Governor of his State.

shoulder is eloquently Neapolitan, saying as it does unmistakably, "*Che lo sa!*"

But there is a sunny, or better, a heavenly side to humanity in Naples. Bibles and Protestant books are openly sold in the streets, as well as scathing caricatures (which the most illiterate can read) setting forth the abominations and follies of priestcraft, which in their point and impression "are as goads and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies."

Art is already using the liberty which Italy has bought with a great price in depicting the crimes of the old absolutism.

The most attractive pictures in the recent exhibition by Neapolitan artists of to-day were two or three inquisitorial scenes, and another representing Galileo arraigned for blasphemy. "But it does move!"

We were so fortunate as to make our way to the Scotch Presbyterian service on the Sunday which we spent in Naples. It is held, thank God! openly, and with free consent of the Government; and not like our Protestant services in Rome, under the sheltering wings of our strong eagle within the walls, or under the rose without. The service is held in an upper chamber, a bright, attractive apartment looking out upon the beautiful bay; and as we worshipped with the large congregation gathered that day we grew more hopeful than before for the luxurious, idle, cruel community in which this pure leaven of a free Gospel is working.

I doubt if mine were the only eyes which responded tearfully when the good minister in charge included in his earnest prayer a fervent petition for "that great country beyond the sea, so highly favored of God; so instrumental in the work of the world's evangelization, but now rent by the wicked rebellion." And as he besought that the right might prevail, and good government be restored, we recognized the grateful notes of a trumpet which gave no uncertain sound.

To a homesick American it was good to join in such prayers, led by a stranger of Swiss birth and Scotch education, and responded to by Christians from various lands.

When the minister had "wailed a portion with judicious care" from David's Psalms, the entire congregation sung it to a simple air without accompaniment. The quaint old song recalled a somewhat comical incident of the dominie's experience. Having arranged an exchange of pulpits with a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, early on the Sunday morning the dominie was waited upon solemnly by the conscientious precentor, armed with a true copy of the Psalms, from which he begged him to select the portions he intended to give out for singing, and read them over carefully to himself, "For," he added, apologetically, "they are summat peccoliar, and ye must *modulate* your voice as ye read 'em!"

But I can fully appreciate the loving tenacity with which a man of that ilk clings to this very

version with all its "peccoliar" phraseology and unmodulatable rhythm. To him it is

—"Familiar as his mother's face,
And grand as is the countenance of heaven with stars."

Grand indeed it is in its divine simplicity and exact conformity to the very letter of God's psalmody.

Rev. Mr. Buscarlet, of the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Naples, is doing yeoman's service in the mighty service of regenerating Italy. Our party had the pleasure of visiting with him the schools under his care. Turning into a by-street, and ascending several flights of stairs, they came out upon a house-top; this they crossed, and one or two others besides; then entering a door they descended a few steps, and came into a pleasant apartment. Here was gathered a busy group of perhaps fifteen little boys, who were under the supervision of a monitor somewhat older than themselves. A second room contained fifty boys between the ages of ten and fifteen, pursuing various studies, including that of the Bible. Still a third room was set apart for the instruction of young men in book-keeping and other preparatory studies for a business life. These were under the tutelage of two converted Romish priests.

The boys had committed to memory nearly all the Gospel of St. Luke, and, as M. Buscarlet remarked, "whatever the priests may do hereafter, they can not extract that Gospel from my boys' hearts." But it is a mighty task to uplift a people so long enslaved by superstition. The Neapolitan boys are singularly bright and sharp of apprehension, but deficient in perseverance. As they grow from under the firm control of the teacher, up to an age when they ought to be competent to pursue their studies without coercion, they sometimes disappoint the hope of their former instructors, and sink back into the national *dolce far niente*. But a "great patience" is directing and watching over the experiment, and there is reason to hope that ere long this "Paradise lost" will be "regained" for our Lord. So at least thought our party, as they climbed still another stairway, after their examination of the schools was ended, and came out into a garden from which the whole beautiful panorama of city and bay was visible. Here they discovered that in their labyrinthine ascent to the school-rooms through and over houses they had been gradually climbing one of the hills which surround Naples, 'up whose slope houses are built to the very summit; the lower domiciles being thus subject to the inconvenience of serving as the only passage-way to the upper.

As they came down from these heights, their hands laden with luscious oranges and lemons plucked in the hanging-gardens, and their hearts full of what they had heard and seen, their tongues were eloquent upon the theme of New Italy and the glorious promise these children gave that they would one day go forth in stalwart Christian manhood for her salvation.

crime—of the arch-plotter who deeply contrived and resolutely inaugurated the revolution. So prevalent is this notion that we fully appreciate how difficult it will be to sketch him as one of the leaders of the Confederate States, in his true proportions, upon the historical canvas. Nevertheless the facts revealed by a mere glance at his political antecedents during the eight years preceding secession mark him not as the champion of revolution, not as a fanatical sectional chief by any means, but as one who, keenly alive to the value of great national establishments, sought to foster them; as one, too, whose ambition evidently looked up to a larger sphere than that which should embrace a section rather than the whole Union. This was conspicuously the inspiration of his speech delivered in Maine, when there in pursuit of health, during the administration of Buchanan. Hence, too, after the election of Mr. Lincoln, and certain occurrences in South Carolina clearly portended her ultimate course, on the arrival of Mr. Davis in Washington in December, 1860, he was taken to Mr. Buchanan, and gave assurances that he would counsel moderation on the part of his section, and the exhaustion of all measures for accommodation, at least until after the 4th of March, 1861.

It will be seen, too, that his course in open Senate accorded with this agreement. His set oration of the 21st January, 1861, was a well-digested, careful statement of the alleged causes or grievances which had driven the slave-labor States into the path which they considered they must surely take in the event of the triumph of aggressive sectionalism by the election of Mr. Lincoln; nevertheless it was conceived in a temperate spirit. Several of the Senators of his section had already spoken. Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, also had previously addressed the Senate in somewhat similar terms, with a lofty and fervid eloquence that no one who heard him can forget.

The fact is, the people of the cotton States had gone far ahead of those of their leaders who had been so long their representatives at Washington as to be possessed with strong personal attachments for the life and associations there of national politicians, which they abdicated with extreme reluctance. The constituency of these gentlemen, ahead of their representatives, had been brought with remarkable unanimity to look upon a dissolution of the Union as their only means of relief from a state of political inequality, which they believed was fraught with the political, social, and industrial subordination of the Southern to the Northern States. Mr. Davis, with higher, better-founded hopes for Federal preferment than any other Southern statesman, naturally was more reluctant to enter upon a movement that made that preferment impossible. His course, both as Secretary of War and Senator, we affirm, must acquit him of any tendency to extreme sectional sentiments, which made compromise under the Union impossible—disunion inevitable.

So little, in fact, did the Provisional Congress

regard him in the light of the peculiar leader or exponent of the movement, that he was elected Provisional President of the new Confederacy by a bare majority, not because of any recognized political leadership, but on account of his military education, experience, and reputation, and for his acquaintance with military administration, for which it was supposed he had special aptitudes; qualities and training which were thought to be especially desirable at that juncture in their Chief Executive.

Unable, however, to comprehend the proportions of the struggle impending, or to realize that downright war for coercing the seceded States back into the Federal Union would be the result, Mr. Davis from the outset failed to avail himself of the resources of the cotton States to provide arms and munitions of war in the least degree adequate to the exigency. A just measure of his ideas of the state of affairs and of possible contingencies is to be found in the first orders sent to Europe for arms, which were for but ten thousand Enfield rifles. Ten thousand rifles with which to meet the shock of arms with a Power of such energies and resources as were wielded by his adversary! One in his place, of mere civil experience, might be partially excused for such a mistaken policy; but an educated soldier, with views enlarged by connection with the functions of Senator and War Minister, surely must be held to the severest accountability for such a fatal misconception of the situation.* At that time the Southern people were anxious that their Government should take their cotton and tobacco. There was a very large amount of foreign exchange also in possession of the banks, which I know was offered at favorable rates. There would have been little difficulty in exporting the cotton and tobacco, and quite as little in importing arms and supplies into Southern ports at that early stage of the blockade, as was shown by the ease with which the commercial operations of John Frazer and Co. (including their large voluntary importation of small-arms, artillery, and powder) were carried on, not to speak of the large commercial marine successfully engaged in running the blockade in 1863 and 1864.

The Provisional Congress made their legislation square implicitly with the wishes and views of Mr. Davis touching military matters, found reflected here and there in his Reports as Federal Secretary of War or otherwise. Hence if provisions were not made by that body for an army organization and state of military preparation commensurate with the emergency, and such as a wise experienced statesman of military education and knowledge would devise, Mr. Davis is rightly responsible. Yet that legislation gives no traces of a proper conception of the measures which were really called for in a conflict with such an adversary as the Southern people had profoundly affronted and defied.

* Mr. Toombs, then Secretary of State, claims that it was first proposed to send for 8000 rifles, and that only at his earnest suggestion the number was increased to 10,000.

Mr. Davis had been at West Point, and subsequently served for several years in the dragoons at a frontier post with a subaltern officer to whom it happened he became attached. About the time the former resigned his commission to turn planter in Mississippi, the latter was disabled by an accident, quit his border post likewise, went to his home, studied medicine, and turned parish doctor. Mr. Davis became in time a politician, Lieutenant Northrop a Catholic convert, but so eccentric and full of mental crotchets as to be generally regarded in Charleston as of unsound intellect, and unfit for the management of his own small affairs. He had not served long enough in the army, nor been thrown in connection with considerable operations, to acquire familiarity with military administration; neither had his retired habits of life, his cast of thought, or avocations in Charleston, brought him in relation with men engaged in large commercial affairs, or turned his mind to the study of such subjects, and in that way attained to that breadth of view and knowledge of general business details and of men which may make up for the want of professional bureau experience after a separation of twenty-five years from army life. This man, with whom Mr. Davis had no personal association since they were cavalry lieutenants together on the Indian frontier, he did not hesitate to make his chief of subsistence, nor scruple to intrust with the organization and administration of a bureau upon which the very existence of the Confederate armies must depend, and for the labors of which it is apparent the soundest practical order of intellect was essential. One member of Mr. Davis's Cabinet* at least knew the local repute of Dr. Northrop; and we assert that had the inquiry been made in Charleston, his pre-eminent unfitness would have been universally certified. As might be anticipated, his administration at once took all the characteristics of that unhealthy brain. Mr. Davis supported him, however, in every vagary, permitted him to override all opposition, and ignored the views and wishes of every army commander when, as was of daily occurrence, they chanced to differ from those of Colonel Northrop. Indeed, the crazy courses in which this man was suffered to indulge, to the mortal injury of every Confederate army, are incredible.

But we have not the space for their relation, which would fill a volume. One example must serve to illustrate the surprising character of an administration which made success impossible. All reinforcements, ammunition, ordnance, and the greater part of the quarter-masters' supplies were necessarily transported to the Confederate forces assembled at Manassas Junction by the Alexandria and Orange Railroad, which, of course, was thus tasked to the utmost tension of its resources. But another railroad, branching from it at Manassas, communicated with the most fertile region of Virginia, the famous Shenandoah Valley, which teemed with subsistence

that was also abundant in the adjoining counties of Fauquier and Loudon. Not required for the transportation of troops or ordnance supplies, that road was therefore available for the almost exclusive use of the Subsistence Department; and substantial supplies, we repeat, lay convenient to it, sufficient for all the forces the Confederates could possibly muster in that quarter. Nothing, indeed, could be more favorable for the Confederates than the arrangement of these two divergent roads. But all this was lost sight of by Colonel Northrop, who by some influence was led to determine that subsistence officers with General Beauregard should not draw their flour or meat either from the rich garners and stores of Loudon, Fauquier, or the valley counties. Forbidding his subordinates, imperatively and angrily, from purchasing supplies within easy reach and with ample means of otherwise idle transportation at hand, leaving them to fall into the hands of the enemy, he set other subordinates to gathering subsistence in the rear of the army, which he was obliged to send over the already overburdened Alexandria and Orange Railroad, for which he had to pay much more than such supplies could have been bought for in the Valley or in Loudon.* The consequences were that there was never in dépôt such a supply of subsistence as General Beauregard needed, and there was not one day's rations for the army at the time of the battle of Manassas (or Bull Run, as it is usually styled), nor more than forty-eight hours' supplies for weeks afterward of the material part of the ration. General Beauregard having urged the provision of a fortnight's supply for some twenty or twenty-five thousand men, Northrop fell into a passion, wrote to the General a letter of surpassing insolence, and at the same time relieved the staff officer from duty who, under General Beauregard's orders, had attempted to remove the evil. Mr. Davis, blind to the consequences, obdurately sustained this extraordinary conduct.

An army left habitually without supplies for more than twenty-four hours, and the wishes and views of whose commander in so vital a matter as its subsistence are offensively thwarted, it is needless to say, can have little mobility. Its commander can not have the power to handle it at will. This was signally the case with the Confederate army on the 21st of July, 1861. Want of subsistence rooted it fast to its dépôt, through which Colonel Northrop issued a daily dole sent up once in twenty-four hours by the Alexandria and Orange Railroad. Not was this state of affairs bettered as late as 17th August, when General Johnston, in a note to General Beauregard, wrote: "*It is impossible, as the affairs of the Commissariat are now managed, to think of any other military course than a strictly defensive base.*"

Why such a man as Northrop was dragged forth from his seclusion, his favorite church po-

* Mr. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury.

* Indeed, flour bought by speculators in the Valley and Loudon was carried to Richmond, sold to the Subsistence Bureau, and transported back to Manassas.

lemies and squabbles and monomaniac habits, to be thrust into duties profoundly intermixed with the very existence of his government, must ever remain one of the inexplicable mysteries of human history. Rendered arrogant beyond bearing, at length he used language one day which his doting patron could not brook, and a quarrel resulted, it is understood. It was only then—about February, 1865—that this veritable tenacious “Old Man of the Sea” for the South was shaken off and his successor appointed; but too late for any radical benefit, for, in no small degree from commissariat follies, the Confederate cause was already in the throes of death.

If Mr. Davis did not fill the position of Quarter-Master-General with a special favorite, but permitted its duties to be devolved upon the senior officer of the United States Quarter-Master's Department, who had entered his service, he is none the less responsible for the administration of that branch of his staff. We say this because we know that he constantly interfered with and decided matters that absorbed time which might have been better occupied. One instance of this kind will serve to show both his habitual course and his responsibility for what was ineffective in any Department under him. General Beauregard, early in June, 1861, in view of the similarity of the flags of the United States and the Confederate States, and of the uniforms also of their troops at that time, had proposed to distinguish his men by a scarf to be worn in battle, which he asked should be supplied without delay by the Quarter-Master's Department. But even this small matter Mr. Davis could not suffer his General to decide. Accepting the idea, he directed that not the proposed scarf, but an altogether different contrivance, should be provided. Therefore—if occupied with such petty details—the historian must hold him accountable when his main army is found unprovided, as it was, with the means of wheel transportation needful for the ordinary operations of the camp—not to speak of an offensive campaign.

On assuming command at Manassas, early in June, 1861, General Beauregard at once gave his attention to this material element of military operations. He made urgent, repeated requisitions for what he anxiously regarded as essential for the safe mobility of his force. The question was one which, as far as practicable, it was his province to determine. If possible, his requisitions should have been filled. Mr. Davis knew all about them, as well as of the badge matter. He had been besought to order compliance. The Quarter-Master-General either did not realize the scale of impending operations, and had little conception of the resources of the State of Virginia, or in his communications concerning this matter and his actions was but the echo and organ of the Executive, to whom the responsibility must attach in either case. If competent to be the chief of a great revolution, he would have compre-

hended that the requisitions of his General were both in accordance with exigent military needs and not in excess of the available supply of the country.

We know that General Johnston dwells upon other reasons for not pursuing M'Dowell than the want either of subsistence or transportation for munitions of war; but, be it observed, this was in connection with any direct movement upon the line of retreat of that General's routed forces. Had it been practicable for the Confederates to take the offensive at once after the battle of Manassas, assuredly Johnston's main army would not have lost time by following M'Dowell, but would have been thrown across the Potomac near Leesburg, and marched rapidly to the rear of Washington. This was rendered impracticable by the want not only of subsistence, but of means of transportation. It is in this connection that Mr. Davis may be rightly blamed for the failure of his army to pursue and reap the legitimate fruits of a really wondrous victory, and not because he opposed at the time a proposed forward movement, as has been ignorantly alleged by partisans of the two Generals. As is known, he was at Manassas the evening of the 21st July, 1861. Until a late hour that night he was engaged with Generals Johnston and Beauregard, at the quarters of the latter, in discussing the momentous achievements of the day, the extent of which was not as yet recognized at all by him or his Generals. Much gratified with known results, his bearing was eminently proper. He certainly expressed no opposition to any forward movement; nor at the time displayed a disposition to interpose his opinions or authority touching operations and plans of campaign.

Looking back, however, we see a marvelous array of proof that Mr. Davis lacked the very qualities the supposed possession of which had elevated him to the head of the Confederate Government—those of the military organizer and statesman acquainted with the higher ranges of war administration.

Without showing by his measures of preparation, by recommendations to Congress, or in any way whatsoever, that he believed the war would be prolonged beyond a year, but the contrary indeed; yet before leaving Montgomery for Richmond he had declined to receive a large number of men tendered for twelve months,* for the reason that they were not offered for the war or three years. If he had anticipated a long war, few and short indeed were his steps for the contingency. But the fact is, his course and the utterances of his Cabinet indicate that he looked for an early pacification, either through that recognition by France and England “in ninety days” which Mr. Benjamin was ever confidently looking for and predicting, or from other causes; therefore it is hard to understand why he should have inflexibly proscribed these enrollments for less time than three years or the war

* We are assured quite 100,000 of these men were tendered.

at so early a day. By that course he greatly diminished the effective force that might have met M'Dowell—risked, we may say, that battle, and weakened Johnston and Beauregard especially in cavalry—one of the reasons given by General Johnston for not having been able to pursue his adversary and discover the actual extent of the disaster inflicted.

Will it be credited, moreover, that as late as the middle of August, 1861, there was no engineer or other officer on the staff of General J. E. Johnston competent to plan an ordinary railroad bridge.* In fact all the staff departments of that army were organized on the same inexcusably inadequate scale.

It was not until the middle of September, 1861, two months after the battle of Manassas, that a single Major or Divisional General was appointed for that army, and then but two—Generals Van Dorn and G. W. Smith—though six of the grade had been earnestly asked for by General Johnston, including G. W. Smith, whom he specially desired to place in command of his own corps (old Army of the Shenandoah), so that he might be enabled to give exclusive attention to the chief command. Smith was indeed made a Major-General; but as if Mr. Davis could not possibly coincide or sympathize with the views of his Generals, Van Dorn was at the same time sent to report, with a senior commission. An element of discord was introduced into the army by this act, which, whether casual or not, we must regard as another illustration of the proneness of Mr. Davis to lose sight of—in fact how little he was wont to consider—public interests when they conflicted in any way with his personal will, fancies, or schemes. Some weeks later several other Major-Generals were commissioned, though not to the number requested.

Meantime Mr. Davis had visited headquarters. A discussion had likewise grown up between him and his Generals relative to the organization of their army. He had taken it into his head to direct that the troops of a State should all be brigaded together, and commanded by Brigadiers from such State. With some exceptions, thought to be specially for the good of the service, this had been already done. But it chanced that one of these very exceptions was in the way of the promotion of a brother-in-law to the command of a brigade, and could not be tolerated. At the same time the division of the army into two corps was objected to. Long communications were written on this subject by Mr. Davis and his Secretary of War that will amaze the military reader who, we are sure, will be at a loss to understand with what possible end, other than an "apple of discord," this discussion was cast between Mr. Davis and his Generals.

"The President disapproves the division of the army into two corps," wrote the Chief of the

* Note of General Johnston to General Beauregard—in which he observes also: "It seems to me that we might employ half a dozen engineer officers to advantage."

Bureau of War to General Beauregard October 18, 1861. And on the 20th of October Mr. Davis himself characterized the division as irregular, and in conflict with law as well as "the plainest principles of military organization."* Inter-mixed was also the question of the position of General Beauregard, who, as "second in command," Mr. Davis thought should not have "special charge of any subdivision"—that is, corps—of that army; "because in the absence of General Johnston" Beauregard's "succession to the command of the whole would not disturb the relations of the officer and troops," nor "involve any changes of position on the line occupied." Moreover his acquaintance with the whole body of the army, and the absence of any identification with a part of them, would better qualify "him for the succession."

Mr. Benjamin, thrown forward to reinforce these curious notions of his chief, with "nice sharp quilllets of the law," does it with characteristic assumption of superior knowledge even of the details of military organization, while attributing ignorance to the generals of the laws german to the subject. "I beg to say, in all kindness," writes the lawyer,† "that it is not your position which is false,‡ but your idea of organization of the army as established by the acts of Congress, and I feel confident you can not have studied the legislation of Congress relative to the army.§.....I have entered into these details because, in a conversation with the President since his return from your headquarters, he has informed me that he found the same views as to the organization of the army which you seem to entertain very generally prevalent."

These details are as follows: "You are second in command of the whole Army of the Potomac, and not first in command of half of the army. The position is very simple, if you will take the pains to read the sixth section of 'the Act to provide for the Public Defense,' approved 6th March, 1861. You will see that the President has no authority to divide an army into two *corps d'armée*, but, only into brigades and divisions. Now your rank being superior to that of a commander of a brigade or a division, and there being no other component part of an army into which the army can be legally divided, you necessarily command the whole army; but having present with you an officer of equal grade but older commission, who also commands the whole army, you become second in command." This construction of the law was too far-fetched to be adhered to after it had served the immediate end in view at the time. Comments are unnecessary.

What functions Mr. Davis and his subtle|| sec-

* Letter to General Beauregard.

† Letter to General Beauregard, October 17, 1861.

‡ That is, if connected with the troops without a command.

§ Which, after all said, save in a few minor particulars, was but a re-employment of the laws of the United States.

|| "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done," are true words put by Shakespeare into the mouth of King John. This has been amply illustrated in

retary designed to be performed by the "second in command" we really can not understand, unless indeed those of the "*spare wheel*" which hangs to the rear of an artillery caisson. But he evidently fancied that what he desired was usual in European armies, and yet we apprehend it were difficult to cite an instance.* Indeed Mr. Davis himself appears to have forgotten these fancies in 1864, as he permitted General Beauregard to hold a special command, under General Lee, in the lines at Petersburg, when next in rank to the latter—a command, too, much inferior in size to that objected to in 1861, and actually inferior to those held by the Lieutenant-Generals of the same army.

When Mr. Davis was on a visit at the headquarters of the army, General Johnston submitted a plan, supported by Generals Beauregard and G. W. Smith, for an offensive campaign.

These Generals urged the immediate concentration in that quarter of the greater part of the forces dispersed along the sea-coast at Pensacola, Savannah, Norfolk, Yorktown, and Fredericksburg, for example; with which, added to the troops already in hand, a campaign across the Potomac should be initiated, before General McClellan had completed the organization of his grand army. This, they believed, might be done without risk to the positions weakened by the measure—though, in fact, the principles of the art of war prescribed that places of such relative military unimportance should be sacrificed or hazarded for the sake of the vital advantage anticipated. A very considerable army of the best *personnel* could have been thus assembled—larger, be it observed, than either of those which subsequently General Lee was able to lead across the border under much less favorable military conditions. Their President could not be induced to sanction the measure, or to give up his own settled policy of dispersion, his waste of defensive resources in the attempted defense of every threatened position. He proposed, however, an operation instead, which may be fairly taken as a measure of his calibre in war affairs.

General Sickles was posted at the time with an isolated force—about one weak division—on the Maryland shore, opposite to Evansport, on the Virginia shore of the Potomac, occupied by the Confederates. This force Mr. Davis proposed to capture by a *coup de main*. A glance at the map will show that the attacking party (with the scantiest possible means of ferriage in small boats) must cross the Potomac—there over a mile wide, navigable, and full of steam ships of war of the class of the *Pawnee*. Were a surprise effected, it would be nevertheless impossible for the Confederates to get away with impunity, much less to carry off the fruits of vic-

tory. From close proximity to Washington the alarm must be immediate; Federal war ships would take positions above and below Evansport, so as to command and render repassage of the river impracticable, it being impossible, from the features of the country, for the Confederates to occupy two points on the river with batteries within which the movement might be securely made. These views, forcibly presented by his Generals, he could not combat, and the project fell still-born. He then returned to Richmond, thenceforward to look with marked disfavor upon all the wishes and views of both Johnston and Beauregard affecting the army they commanded, even declining to confer the grade of Brigadier-General on their respective chiefs of staff, which had been asked not only as due to these officers for their services and professional experience, but as calculated to enhance their usefulness in their delicate and most responsible posts.

These are examples taken at random. Already they crowd the space allotted, and we must hereafter relate matters wider apart in order of time.

The Provisional Congress having met in Richmond, and the war spirit of the North having been excited to a pitch that made it evident all their immense resources would be lavished for the prosecution of the war at the call of the Federal President and General, we find still Jefferson Davis comparatively dumb—making no recommendations to Congress which indicate the least appreciation of the impending scale of attack, the least conception of measures requisite to meet and foil it. Such, for example, as a conscription law. Unadvised on this point, Congress indulged in the dream that a great war could be prolonged by voluntary contributions of brawn and muscle—volunteers—exclusively! Mr. Davis had at that time the influence to have corrected this fatal delusion, but he shared it equally with Congress; and here again fell infinitely short of the height of his position.

Affairs meantime grew troublous in the West. Crittenden had been routed, and by the end of January, 1862, there were portents of the loss of the Mississippi River. General Beauregard, at the instance of Congressmen, was now detached to take command at Columbus, Kentucky, with the implied promise that he should be supported by the requisite general officers to enable him to organize his new command into brigades and divisions. Certain Colonels were named for promotion; but he was assured through his Adjutant-General, by Mr. Benjamin, that there was no need of this, as he would find his new command "admirably organized." This was not the fact, for the organization it had was altogether irregular and insufficient for the field! Corrected as far as practicable just before the battle of Shiloh, for the want of proper Brigadiers their duties had to be trusted to senior Colonels of brigades who were utterly without experience, as well as in some cases by no means the best of their

the relations between Mr. Davis and the pliant Benjamin, always "liable to be used."

* In Continental European armies the officer next in rank to the commander-in-chief is often unattached to any special command—in which event he is chief of staff, specially selected on that account, as was Count Gneisenau, under Blücher.

grade present. General Beauregard had taken the responsibility of carrying with him a capable engineer on his staff, whom he was able, therefore, to employ at once upon works which made the obstinate defense of Island No. 10, Madrid Bend, and Fort Pillow. But other engineer officers promised were not available until after the battle of Shiloh, and consequently it had been impossible to acquire accurate information of the *terrain* in the vicinity of that battle-field—a circumstance of much greater disadvantage to the Confederate General than may be apparent to the general reader. Those applied for were fine officers, and might as well have been appointed in the first week of February as ultimately in April and May; but Mr. Benjamin, when urged to act at once and give the orders by telegraph, replied that he could not do so without first obtaining the permission of the President.

That is, not even a captain of engineers could be appointed, though reported to be capable and absolutely needed by an army commander, until the head of the Government had consented. The fact is, affairs of this sort engrossed his time, his thoughts, and left little for matters that legitimately belonged to his high functions.

Finding his command virtually unorganized Beauregard, by telegraph, applied again for the officers he had specified in February. The reply was that, belonging (as Colonels) to Johnston's army, they could not be spared, and officers attached to his own forces must be recommended for promotion instead. Time was pressing, and certain officers were now designated by Beauregard on the recommendation of Generals Polk and Bragg. The answer then was that he must wait until he could nominate officers as deserving and capable, from his own knowledge. One or two promotions were made, however, but when recommendations were again made the reply came: Recommend such officers as have won promotion in battle. Under all the circumstances this was downright trifling; and the want of these officers was one of the chief reasons why the battle of Shiloh was not brought to a decisive close by noonday on the 6th of April, 1862, which must have made the arrival of Buell too late to be of the least use in rescuing General Grant's army.

General Beauregard, for some time in bad health, thought it best for the service to take advantage of the lull in operations incident to the position of his army at Tupelo after the successful evacuation of Corinth, and by a short respite from duty seek to recuperate. He therefore retired to Bladon Springs, some twelve hours distant by railroad, turning over the command to General Bragg, with instructions looking to the preparation of the army for the field at once on his return, which he anticipated would be in three weeks. But no sooner had Mr. Davis heard of this step than he telegraphed General Bragg to assume permanent command. General Beauregard was thus laid on the shelf, not to be reinstated, as Mr. Davis passionately

declared, though the whole world should urge him to the measure.*

What General Bragg achieved in the campaign which he soon undertook has passed into history; what General Beauregard, in his place, might have accomplished may only be inferred from the plan of campaign which he submitted at the time to General Cooper, a copy of which has been published. The military reader, it is believed, will approve that plan, and will find it difficult to understand why General Buell was not obliged to accept battle at Munfordsville, Kentucky, and why it was that Bragg's and Kirby Smith's forces operated on separate lines in that campaign.

Passing now to the campaign of 1863, so filled with heavy disasters to Confederate arms, we witness on all sides evidences of the hand that was surely guiding the Southern cause to utter ruin.

The extent of the defeat inflicted by General Lee at Chancellorsville in May, 1863, is admitted; but it may not be generally known that Longstreet's corps was absent from that field, having been detached under instructions or at least a pressure from Richmond, due to that evil genius of the Confederates, Northrop, though General Lee believed an attack imminent.

During the fortnight following that brilliant Confederate success never did affairs look so propitious for the Confederates. The Federal army, stunned and much disorganized, lay behind the Rappahannock. Bragg confronted Rosecrans at Duck River with a force strong enough to hold him at bay. One corps† would have enabled him to take the offensive under conditions so unfavorable to Rosecrans as almost to insure decisive defeat; defeat with the Cumberland River behind his back to embarrass retreat, and with no supporting force available, while without such a stock of subsistence as would have enabled him to decline battle behind impregnable intrenchments.‡ General Lee might have commanded; the transfer of the corps could have been made in ten days at most, for two lines of railroad as far as Chattanooga, were then open to the Confederates; the time was far more favorable indeed than when, after the defeat at Gettysburg, Longstreet was actually sent. Such an operation was in strict accordance with the cardinal principles of the art of war. The Confederates occupied the interior

* Notes of interview of Congressional Committee with Mr. Davis to request restoration of General Beauregard to his command.

† Two corps could have been spared without risk long enough for the operation. When Longstreet was finally detached, and took part in the battle of Chickamauga with such effect, Meade's army had acquired *prestige* at Gettysburg, and was much stronger than Hooker could have been on the heels of the signal defeat at Chancellorsville.

‡ This is shown by evidence of General Rosecrans himself before the Congressional Committee on Conduct of the War. When Longstreet ultimately was sent to reinforce Bragg, in September, Rosecrans was stronger than in May, and Bragg was weaker. General Halleck's letters to Rosecrans about this time also confirm my views as to the proper strategy for the Confederates.

lines, and should have seized a patent opportunity to concentrate their masses in superior force upon this army, which the blunders of their adversary had isolated and exposed.*

Had this been done the corollary was equally apparent, and equally important too for the Confederates. General Grant had just entered upon his campaign against Vicksburg. The Confederates held Port Hudson, so that neither supplies nor reinforcements could reach him from the south. Were Rosecrans defeated, one Confederate corps at least would then have been disposable for a juncture with Johnston: a detachment from it taking Fort Pillow at the same time, and thus cutting off reinforcements and subsistence from the north as the possession of Port Hudson did from the southern quarter. This the military reader will readily perceive, as also that Johnston would then have been superior in force to General Grant, who, for lack of subsistence, must soon have been obliged to fight under all possible disadvantages, with nearly certain disaster.

Deaf as an adder were the Richmond authorities to all the promises of the situation. Their fiat went forth; the Gettysburg campaign was inaugurated—that is, the old policy was continued of keeping the Confederate forces divided and operating on widely divergent lines. General Lee is too great a soldier not to have read aright at that time the clear lessons of his art, not to have seen at a glance what was to be gained by the blow at Rosecrans with a crushing force, and what the continued dispersion of forces in war inevitably involved. We have never heard the Gettysburg campaign defended except as a commissariat device, and this gives the clew to the inspiration that prompted it—the Confederate Commissary-General.

From it "woes unnumbered" followed for the Confederate arms. The campaign itself ended in disaster and the loss of over thirty thousand men at Gettysburg, where also was buried much of the prestige which had hitherto wondrously strengthened the dauntless "Army of North Virginia." Bragg was forced first out of Middle Tennessee, and then from Chattanooga. East Tennessee was lost in turn. Vicksburg and Port Hudson, with their large garrisons, succumbed to the indomitable Grant. The Mississippi River passed into Federal possession, and communication with the trans-Mississippi portion of the Confederacy was cut off. In brief: a long train of almost mortal disasters was only interrupted by a transient success at Chickamauga, the value of which was soon "shook in air" by Jefferson Davis, who, visiting the field, detached Longstreet to be baffled before Knoxville; while Rosecrans, strongly reinforced, beat Bragg decisively. From the effects of such immense losses of men, and from the natural deep depression consequent, the Confederate people really never recovered; for it

had become apparent that their President, unmoved by experience, was inflexible in his adherence to his favorites, to his passionate prejudices, and in his policy.

In relation to the defense of Charleston, also, we might show that had the Richmond ideas been carried out the city would have fallen on the 10th July, 1863, but our space will not permit.

Congress at length, despite Executive fancies, was brought to pass a somewhat comprehensive act for the organization of a staff kindred to that of European armies. Mr. Davis disapproved it. At the next session it was re-enacted, with a clause, however, giving him the power to carry it out at his discretion. Under these circumstances he signed the law, but absolutely withheld its execution until the 1st day of April, 1865, when General Cooper was directed to put it in force—that is, the day before General Lee's lines at Petersburg were broken, and the end was plainly at hand. Actuated by the narrowest views concerning both the rank and number of staff-officers who should be employed with his armies from the outset of the war, time and the wishes of his generals but served to fix him ineradicably in his notions, the nature and scope of which may be better understood by the foreign soldier when assured that Confederate generals of the highest rank, including General Lee, were allowed only two aids-de-camp, and these but of the grade of lieutenants. Napoleon, *en campagne*, placed at the head of his staff a Berthier or a Soult, Marshals of the Empire, who had commanded armies. Blücher had the assistance in such places of a Scharnhorst and a Gneisenau, officers of profound skill and military experience, next in rank to their chief. Officers of similar rank and character have also filled staff positions in recent European wars. The chief Adjutant-General on the staff of General Lee was a young officer of the grade of a lieutenant-colonel; doubtless judicious, apt, clever, zealous, but who was a bank officer at the outbreak of the war, with no knowledge of military routine and administration. His two assistants—majors—were of the same description, as were also the small staff of inspectors. General Johnston was placed in the same situation. And all this was the result of Mr. Davis's peculiar inflexible notions.

More than in any other service did the Confederate armies need high rank for their staff-officers, for the patent reason that, lacking enough officers of professional training, the attraction of high rank became necessary to induce civilians of the highest ability, ripest culture, and large knowledge of men and affairs, to accept and retain staff appointments with Confederate generals—men who could most readily make up for the want of soldierly culture. If Napoleon found advantage in a numerous staff of high rank, headed by Soult when Berthier was lost to him, assuredly General Lee must have been materially benefited by a larger staff than was granted him, with some officer upon it of high

* We have not space to dwell upon the consequences of a defeat of Rosecrans in respect to Tennessee and Kentucky.

rank and military experience. If M. Thiers feels warranted in ascribing the loss of Waterloo in part to Marshal Soult's *inexperience* as a staff-officer,* we may believe that General Lee and other Confederate generals must have suffered serious detriment from the extraordinary abnormal staff organization imposed by Jefferson Davis, and specially prescribed by orders in the face of law, in April, 1864, just as General Grant began his campaign. Surely even the general reader in this must see one cause for the defeat of Confederate armies—a cause that must have tended to clog the efforts of the highest genius, and made success impossible, denied, as Confederate generals were, the aid of staff-officers of the character employed by their adversary, and such as have been available to all successful commanders, since Frederick down to the recent war in Italy, on both sides.

About the middle of May, 1864, General Beauregard reached Drury's Bluff below Richmond, and had an interview with General Bragg, at the time exercising a species of general command. This officer appeared to apprehend that General Lee, yielding to the pressure of superior numbers, must before long give way and lose Richmond. Beauregard replied that he did not regard the situation as so unfavorable if the right remedy were promptly applied. He then pointed out the isolated position of Butler, south of the James, as affording an opportunity for his destruction with a superior force, and that such a force might be assembled if General Lee would furnish 10,000 men. Falling upon Butler under such circumstances General Beauregard thought his capture was inevitable, and with him must fall the *dépôt* at Bermuda Hundreds. This effected, at a concerted moment he would throw his whole force upon General Grant's flank while General Lee made an attack in front. All circumstances favored the plan, and General Bragg expressed his approbation. Mr. Davis, informed of it, came at once to see General Beauregard, who explained all its details and earnestly urged the attempt. Mr. Davis seemed much impressed, but objected that it would involve the retrograde of General Lee from his position at Spottsylvania Court House, which "could not be thought of." "Yes," rejoined the General, "what of that when it will enable him in two or three days at most to gain a great victory?" That is, when like the Titan he would touch the earth to spring up refreshed and all the stronger. This line of argument was fruitless. Nothing that affected General Lee's army, howsoever temporarily, could be entertained. Beauregard had said that he might beat Butler without the force he desired, though it would be, like so many other Confederate successes, without material profit. This ability to gain the color of victory caught Mr. Davis's attention and the attempt must be made. It was made. Butler was driven from his position the next day; but, just as Beauregard predicted, no

substantial results followed the success. In the end, too, as might have been anticipated, unless some such decided success as that sought over Butler had been gained and enabled the concentration of the scattered Confederate forces, General Lee was forced step by step to follow the march of his opponent.

The removal of Johnston from his command and the substitution of Hood, who was expected by Mr. Davis to strike at least "one manly blow" for the defense of Atlanta, few will now venture to deny was a sad mistake for the Confederates. That was indeed "the feather that broke the camel's back." When Sherman began his march from Atlanta the inevitable issue was pointed out unless a force was collected strong enough to vanquish him after he had penetrated deeply into the interior, where defeat would entail not merely a foiled but a destroyed army. If permitted to traverse the land unchecked the consequences were *mortal*. Bold, prompt measures alone could avert dire calamity. Great sacrifices had now become inevitable; the "heroic treatment" could alone serve the "sick man" now. Especially after the fall of Savannah was this urged upon those in power, who as little comprehended the crisis as the antidote. Even when General Beauregard directed the evacuation of Charleston, and urged a similar course with respect to Wilmington, so as to provide a force with which to fall upon Sherman, Mr. Davis wrote such a dispatch to General Hardee, commanding in Charleston, as led him to suspend the evacuation, and obliged Beauregard to assume command and to direct imperatively the measure to be completed. Of course Wilmington, of no use since the fall of Fort Fisher, was held to the last; and with no force afled to check his course Sherman marched like Fate through the heart of the country.

In the conduct of civil affairs the same traits have characterized the régime of Jefferson Davis which we have sought to show governed his military administration, and with the same baleful results for the cause placed in his keeping. We shall not have space, however, to spread the proof upon the record, except so far as this may be done by the relation of two occurrences.

When Mr. Toombs quit the Cabinet to become a Brigadier-General, Mr. Hunter of Virginia took his place, which he soon left, for reasons best known to himself, to take the seat of Senator in Congress, only secured after a warm contest. There was a Virginia statesman preeminently fitted to succeed Mr. Hunter in the Cabinet. We mean W. C. Rives, whom all recognized as a man of great breadth and accuracy of culture, enlarged views of statesmanship, and who, having served as a diplomatist with high credit, was regarded as of a grade superior to those generally employed in that capacity by the United States. His connection with the Cabinet must have given weight to the cause abroad. But Mr. Davis could not stifle that characteristic distrust and intolerance of superior men of independent minds, which have made him,

* And yet Soult had been Chief of Staff in Spain; also in 1794, under Lefebvre, at battle of Fleurus.

by his course as President of the Confederate States, at once a patricide and a moral suicide. It was enough that Mr. Rives was brought to his notice as one whom the people would like to see among his advisers. That looked like dictation—like an interference with his prerogative. Mr. Judah P. Benjamin was transferred to the State Department; General Randolph—as it happened, a gentleman of real administrative ability as well as of too much independence to remain a Cabinet officer merely in name—was made Secretary of War, though at the time little known for capacity beyond the place of his residence.

A little later Mr. Davis also appointed as his Attorney-General—the law adviser of his Government—a gentleman doubtless of much civil worth, but who at the time was a lieutenant-colonel under General Bragg, in arrest under charges for an act of recent insubordination of such flagrant character as to make General Gladden place him for a time in close arrest in his tent in charge of an armed sentinel.

Mr. Davis must be judged at the bar of history by the aggregate results of his administration. He must be measured by what was done or left undone—successes and reverses—either directly by himself or through the instruments of his will, the men on whom he relied for the performance of the highest services of the State. Brought to this rightful test, what statesman of whom history tells us will be found more deficient than Jefferson Davis?

Had he been equal to his position he would have known how to develop, combine, wield the splendid resources of his land in such a manner as to produce the largest possible results. With his long experience and acquaintance with the public men of the United States he should have known the best men to call around him, and should have known, too, the best course for baffling the statesmen opposed to him. Foregoing his predilections as well as his antipathies—like Napoleon as in the case of Moreau and Talleyrand—he should have been wise enough to attach to his Government and secure the services of men of talent, even though perchance not well affected personally toward them. A genuine leader of men would have done so—would have stifled personal passions, which alone, it would appear, have influenced Mr. Davis since an early day. Swayed by these, and amorous to an incredible degree of the office-giving powers of his place, and the exercise of which absorbed by far the larger part of his waking hours, he was blind alike to those insuperable as to those favoring circumstances or favorable occasions which the statesman will be quick to recognize.

As a natural consequence of the predominant qualities of the man, there immediately grew up in the South a party of "President's Friends," from whose ranks, as far as possible, were drawn the occupants of all civil places. Men for the most part malleable to his will, who, looking up to him as the source of the highest wisdom in both civil and military affairs, upheld his views

and wishes as the only safe rule and law for the times. Thus in a little while almost every person of ability, nearly every one of spirit, was driven from the councils of the South and the direction of affairs, leaving the Government to a large degree in the hands of those from whom efficient administration was not to be expected—selected as they were for instruments thought to be best adapted to his purpose: that of absorbing in himself all the substantial functions of the State.

As obstinate as James II. or George III., whom he greatly resembled in many traits of character, as in the management of public business—with the same tendency to employ mediocrity and the same dislike for independent ability—Jefferson Davis for four years illustrated, like his monarchical prototypes, that no two natures are so widely opposite and unlike as the willful and the wise. Imperious, yet without genuine vigor of character, pride and weakness were strangely blended in his actions. It was said of George III. that he even scorned victory whose laurels had been culled by Chatham. Mr. Davis looked with a moody brow and a skeptical lip when either Johnston or Beauregard tendered the trophies of successful war. Napoleon, once urged by an undistinguished general to confer upon him the marshal's *baton*, exclaimed: "It is not I who make a marshal—it is victories!" What Napoleon would not attempt Mr. Davis did without hesitation, making major and lieutenant generals who previously had not been in battle, and if possibly capable, had never had opportunities to show capacity for high command; some of whom too, we may add, whose promotion has not been justified by subsequent events.

The longer he held power the narrower grew his conceptions, the more imperious his will, until to differ from or cross the orbit of his fancies, or even to run counter to the plans and wishes of his favorites, became a personal affront. No man in as high and critical a position ever less understood the value of wise, independent ministers, or was ever less able to give up a minor personal object for the sake of a major advantage. He and his ministerial clerks, always as sanguine as Napier describes the British Cabinet to have been in 1810, like that Cabinet were always "anticipating success in a preposterous manner"—always displaying little practical industry, and quite as little judgment in preparing for contingencies. In no instance did he and his favorites comprehend at their value the golden opportunities that more than once were vouchsafed them, and by seizing which with a resolute hand they might have neutralized the superior resources of the United States. With a leader like William of Orange in his stead this had surely been accomplished.

We have heard much, from Mr. Davis and his friends in the last months of the struggle, concerning the frightful extent of desertions from Confederate armies. Unquestionably this evil was very great; indeed, so numerous had deser-

tions become that, added to the natural tendency of all but regular troops to quit their colors in times of serious reverses, some of the Confederate corps, like a circle in the water, were almost "dispersed to naught." But here too the handiwork of Jefferson Davis may be made apparent. The broadcast, inevitable interposition of his prerogative of pardon by the second year of the war had made it plain to the men of the army that there was the fullest immunity for desertion. A merciless, inexorable personal adversary we know Mr. Davis ever was, and never less so than during the time of the giant struggle of his section for independence. How then may we account for this almost invariable mercy granted to those whose acts made success impossible?

Gibbon, summing up the character of Constantine, uses language which we find singularly applicable to our subject—in whom there has been manifestly the same "timid policy of dividing whatever is united, of reducing whatever is eminent, of dreading every active power, and of expecting that the most feeble will prove the most obedient." In fine, his course may be likened to that of the captain of a ship of war in action with a greatly superior adversary, who, while nailing his flag to the mast-head and shouting stout words of defiance to his foe and of supreme confidence to his crew, nevertheless from the outset of the battle has been secretly scuttling his vessel and all his boats besides.

[Since the foregoing paper was in type I have read an able article, in the July number of the *Quarterly Review*, on "The Close of the War," which presents Mr. Davis in a highly favorable light as a wise statesman, to whom was mainly due such successes as the Confederates achieved. This writer urges as the "obvious" and "the principal cause" of the failure of the Southern people to win independence, "the great superiority of the North in numbers and resources." In other words, that necessarily 23,485,722 souls overcame 7,666,325. This proposition, in the face of history, I dispute. The disparity in numbers and resources was formidable truly, but not so great, after all, as that with which Frederick the Great had to contend during the "Seven Years' War," when handling his resources in accordance with the true principles of the art of war—not squandering them habitually by division, as did the Confederate President—he foiled and defeated the combinations of Austria, Russia, Sweden, and France, despite their "numbers and resources," and raised up "a new power to rank among the first-rate monarchies of Europe."—T. J.]

MY BURGLAR.

THE story of my burglar is as follows: if indeed you can call a man a burglar who meets you at mid-day, sitting on the grass, instead of choosing the far more appropriate and classical midnight hour, illumined by the fitful rays of a dark-lantern and the gleam of a polished blade. Such as he was, however, he was the only burglar I ever met, although I have been nightly on the watch for him ever since I can remember.

I must begin by describing what delightful little picnics our particular "set" used to indulge in a few years ago. Model picnics; none of your crowded omnibuses, with a brass band

on the top, and fifty incongruous people unable to escape from each other for a long, long weary day; spoiling all the silent beauty of woods and rocks; flinging their lemon peel and empty bottles down the silver waterfalls, and generally fulfilling the spirit of the old hymn-lines:

"Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."

Ours were little impromptu affairs: a boat-load of friends sailing down to the Cove or Lighthouse, or some other favorite spot, or a drive in our several carriages to Mount Carmel or Wintergreen Falls; with no greater preparation than could be crowded into the hour during which the party would be proposed, arranged, and started.

It was on a bright June morning five years ago that such a boat-load of friends assembled at the water-side, matronized as usual by sweet bright little Mrs. Gilbert and her dear old doctor, whose united presence insured the complete success of any of our little festivities. There was the usual set, Amy and Adelaide, Professor Tucker and his sister, a clergyman, a lawyer, an officer, my rattle-brained cousin Charley of the senior class, and last but not least to each other were Frank and myself. As usual, Mrs. Gilbert's immense hamper was lifted out of the carriage with much ceremony and deposited on the wharf, putting to shame the little baskets which Amy and I carried, filled with any thing we could find at the moment in the larder. Mrs. Gilbert's larder was always in picnic order, and we grew to depend a good deal upon that well-known hamper, and to think our duty done if we carried forks, spoons, and cups enough to aid in dispatching its liberal contents. Frank's great dog, of course, accompanied him, for our picnics would not have been at all complete without good old Nero. But unfortunately this day, as we sat on a pile of boards waiting for the sails to be hoisted and the cushions to be placed, Amy's red shawl, which she always carried for the picturesque, was flung not into the boat but into the water; and, of course, dear old Nero, being a Newfoundland, could not for an instant refrain from jumping to its rescue, so that both were in quite too dripping a condition to be thought of as companions in so limited a space. "No, no, Nero!" cried Frank, as the dog sidled up to me for a comfortable shake over my white dress, "you're in no state for a boat ride with ladies, so you may lie down and take care of this till we come back;" and he flung the dripping shawl up on the wharf, where it lay in a gorgeous scarlet heap, and beside it lay down its obedient guardian; and as we pushed off we knew that thus they would lie, and so we would find them when we sailed home under the setting sun.

How beautiful was the sea that day! how cool the breeze which swept us dancingly along, and how the *Fairy* dipped and skimmed with her great white wings spread and her colors flying! Frank took his seat by me, yielding his post of responsibility and honor as master of the

CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

LETTER

FROM

THE SECRETARY OF WAR,

TRANSMITTING

All information on file in that department relative to the capture of Jefferson Davis.

JANUARY 24, 1868.—Read twice, referred to the Committee of Claims, and ordered to be printed.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Washington City, January 23, 1868.

SIR: As desired in a communication of the 10th instant from the Committee of Claims of the House of Representatives, I have the honor to send herewith all the information on file in this department respecting the capture of Jefferson Davis.

The report of Colonel Pritchard, commanding the expedition, states that at the time of the capture there were present eight officers and one hundred and twenty-eight enlisted men, but their names are not given. Captain Hathaway, of the fourth Michigan cavalry, in a list subsequently furnished, accounts for eight commissioned officers and one hundred and forty-five enlisted men present at said capture. A copy of said list is sent herewith.

There is no record showing the name of Lieutenant J. O. Yeoman, first Ohio cavalry.

The report of General J. H. Wilson, United States army, made to General Grant, January 17, 1867, narrates the circumstances of Lieutenant Yeoman's expedition.

No other information on this subject can be given, except what is in Executive Document No. 90, 39th Congress, first session, House of Representatives, containing a report by the Adjutant General and Judge Advocate General, to which reference is made.

Your obedient servant,

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Hon. SCHUYLER COLFAX,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

List of officers and men of the 4th Michigan cavalry that were present at the capture of Jefferson Davis and party, on the morning of May 10, 1865.

No.	Names.	Rank.	Co.	Remarks.
1	Benj. D. Pritchard.....	Lieut. Colonel.....	----	Commanding.
2	Julian G. Dickinson.....	Adjutant.....		
3	Perry J. Davis.....	Reg. Q. M.....		Wounded.
4	Charles T. Hudson.....	Captain.....	E	
5	Silas I. Stanber.....	1st Lieutenant.....	G	
6	Henry S. Boutell.....do.....	C	
7	Alfred B. Purinton.....	2d Lieutenant.....	I	
8	John Bennett.....do.....	B	
1	Thomas Davis.....	Com. Sergeant.....	A	Killed.
2	Georga H. Simmons.....	Sergeant.....	A	
3	Thomas Riley.....do.....	A	
4	Rezin Wright.....do.....	A	
5	Darwin Dunning.....	Corporal.....	A	
6	Robert L. Reynolds.....do.....	A	
7	Lyman J. Russell.....do.....	A	
8	William Balon.....	Private.....	A	
9	Daniel C. Blinn.....do.....	A	
10	Gilbert Coata.....do.....	A	
11	James Fullerton.....do.....	A	
12	Caspar Knable.....do.....	A	
13	Philo Morse.....do.....	A	
14	Charles W. Nichols.....do.....	A	
15	Henry Provost.....do.....	A	
16	George Rinke.....do.....	A	
17	A. E. Ford.....	Sergeant.....	B	
18	A. A. Braley.....do.....	B	
19	J. F. Sherbourne.....	Corporal.....	B	
20	C. F. Parker.....do.....	B	
21	William Crow.....do.....	B	
22	N. B. Tuttle.....do.....	B	
23	B. B. Bennett.....do.....	B	
24	A. F. Sheppard.....	Private.....	B	
25	W. P. Steadman.....do.....	B	
26	Frank Crim.....do.....	B	
27	Augustus Armstrong.....do.....	B	
28	William V. Wood.....do.....	B	
29	John Nicholas.....do.....	B	
30	J. J. Boutell.....do.....	B	
31	L. H. Wilcox.....do.....	B	
32	Abram Sebring.....	Corporal.....	C	
33	Ruben Palmerton.....do.....	C	
34	David Q. Curry.....do.....	C	
35	George M. Munger.....do.....	C	
36	James F. Bullard.....	Private.....	C	
37	David Dillon.....do.....	C	
38	Frank C. Leach.....do.....	C	
39	James H. Lynch.....do.....	C	
40	Stephen B. Munson.....do.....	C	
41	John Ruppert.....do.....	C	
42	Ranselear Riggs.....do.....	C	
43	William J. Smith.....do.....	C	
44	Harmon Stepheus.....do.....	C	
45	James H. Place.....	Corporal.....	D	
46	Burt Judson.....	Private.....	D	
47	Horace C. Jenney.....do.....	D	
48	William H. J. Martin.....do.....	D	
49	William Parker.....do.....	D	
50	Francis E. Thompson.....do.....	D	
51	Z. H. Wilcox.....do.....	D	
52	John Brown.....do.....	D	
53	Jacob E. Munn.....do.....	D	

List of officers, &c.—Continued.

No.	Names.	Rank.	Co.	Remarks.
54	George A. Bullard	Sergeant	E	Killed.
55	David B. Green	do	E	
56	John Hines	Corporal	E	
57	Charles W. Tyler	do	E	
58	Dewitt C. Carr	do	E	
59	William H. Crittenden	do	E	
60	Silas Bullard	Private	E	
61	Robert G. Tripp	do	E	
62	Oscar E. Tefft	do	E	
63	Henry Johnson	do	E	
64	William F. Driesman	do	E	
65	Peter Legarry	do	E	
66	George F. Dalmage	do	E	
67	John G. Stephens	do	E	
68	John Correnton	Sergeant	F	
69	William F. True	Corporal	F	
70	Dewitt C. Cobb	do	F	
71	B. Franklin Nichols	Private	F	
72	James Patterson	do	F	
73	Ira Harrington, jr.	do	F	
74	John F. Grossman	do	F	
75	Homer Hazelton	do	F	
76	Henry Frickey	do	F	
77	George Raab	do	F	
78	Joseph Bellinger	do	F	
79	Henry Bradock	do	F	
80	Dennis Dresco	do	F	
81	William Wright	do	F	
82	Jacob N. Trask	Sergeant	G	
83	James F. O'Bryan	do	G	
84	John Cavanagh	do	G	
85	Jeremiah P. Craig	do	G	
86	William H. Palmateer	do	G	
87	George W. Van Sickle	Corporal	G	
88	John Ballou	do	G	
89	George Myers	do	G	
90	Leander B. Shaw	do	G	
91	Joshua Parks	Private	G	
92	Cary Reed	do	G	
93	John A. Skinner	do	G	
94	Joseph Odrin	do	G	
95	David Cunningham	do	G	
96	John H. Kelch	do	K	
97	Joseph Hofmaster	Sergeant	L	
98	Benj. K. Colf	do	L	
99	Charles C. Marsh	Corporal	L	
100	William Oliver	do	L	
101	Ed. Lane	Private	L	
102	J. W. Linsley	do	L	
103	Perry Phelps	do	L	
104	Benj. F. Carpenter	do	L	
105	Joseph Stewart	do	L	
106	William Newkirk	do	L	
107	George Noggle	do	L	
108	Jesse J. Penfield	do	L	
109	William Munn	do	L	
110	Andrew Bee	do	L	
111	Daniel Edwards	do	L	
112	Wesley D. Pond	1st Sergeant	M	
113	Simeon Huff	Corporal	M	
114	Henry Shanahan	do	M	
115	Emanuel Beazan	Private	M	
116	Andrew Anderson	do	M	

List of officers, &c.—Continued.

No.	Names.	Rank.	Co.	Remarks.
117	Robert Arnold.....	Private	M	
118	John Vantyle	do.....	M	
119	Daniel Graham.....	do.....	G	
120	Elias Fierce.....	1st Sergeant.....	I	
121	Lester P. Bates.....	Sergeant.....	I	
122	Jerome B. Heath	Corporal	I	
123	Preston W. Brown.....	do.....	I	
124	Luke M. Thayer.....	Private	I	
125	Martin L. Brown	do.....	I	
126	George W. Bodwell.....	do.....	I	
127	William Dill	do.....	I	
128	George W. Dutcher.....	do.....	I	
129	Charles Flugger	do.....	I	
130	Daniel E. Krumm	do.....	I	
131	Charles M. Middaugh.....	do.....	I	
132	Peter McKennedy	do.....	I	
133	Hiram H. McCollough.....	do.....	I	
134	Marwin R. Pettit	do.....	I	
135	Ansel Adams.....	Sergeant	K	
136	Alonzo Moe.....	Corporal	K	
137	James R. Norton	Private	K	
138	John Nelson	do.....	K	
139	Jacob D. Newith	do.....	K	
140	Edwin Mabie	do.....	K	
141	Smith B. Mills	do.....	K	
142	Decater Jacox.....	do.....	K	
143	Enoch L. Rhodes.....	do.....	K	
144	Thomas Folley	do.....	K	
145	Nathaniel Root	do.....	K	

was strolling up a hill-path with the new "event." I returned to my friends laughing invarily, and wondering how it would end. Was Alice, this little, gay, coquetish Alice, with her fine ideas and her theories, really touched at last, and by the very type of man whom she had always affected to half-despise? It looked very like it I had to confess. That evening there was a "hop" in the hall, and as I stood talking to one of the young Warehams Alice came up from a waltz with the identical gentleman.

"This is Mr. Alney, Sara; my cousin Miss Chester, Mr. Alney."

I received a very pleasant smile from the very handsome youth shrined between those nuttish chop whiskers, and then the usual commonplace were gone through with about the weather, and the room being warm, etc., until another waltz struck up, and another aspirant came flying across the floor to keep his engagement with Alice; and so it happened that I was left alone with Mr. Alney, for by this time young Wareham had disappeared. Again the very pleasant smile from the handsome youth, and,

"Will you waltz, Miss Chester?"

"No, I didn't care to," and I told him so. "But pray, Mr. Alney, don't let me keep you here. There's Katy Wareham now who will be delighted to dance, I dare say; let me introduce you. See that pretty young girl in blue across there;" and saying this I had already started forward a step or two toward Katy, expecting my companion to follow. But he stopped me with his outstretched hand laid on my sleeve and the words:

"Stay a moment, Miss Chester. I can do something besides dance; and if you have no objection I won't know Miss Wareham just yet."

There was a queer, quizzical look in his face, a glimmer of fun in his eyes as he said this which made me strongly suspect that he had a suspicion of my probable estimate of him.

Well, we staid there and talked. It wasn't a very remarkable conversation. We neither of us said any thing very wonderful; yet at the end of it I knew that Mr. Alney was neither wanting in sense nor manliness. Perhaps, after all, he might turn out to be one of those strongly individual persons whom Alice affected so much. It was pretty evident that she fancied he was now. As I thought this I looked up at the immaculate neck-tie, the carefully-arranged hair, and faultless detail of elegant attire. It was too faultless by half, too careful. "I should like you better, or at least believe in your possibilities more," was the conclusion of my thought, "if you were not quite so much of a dandy."

But my thoughts were of very little consequence in this matter. There were just two people who were concerned here, and these two seemed to be perfectly well suited with the development of things. I was not surprised, therefore, when one evening

dows were close neighbors, we entered from different ways and never encountered each other. I did think it was rather strange we never saw a face at the window; but then gentlemen are very little in their rooms at a watering-place, and this one, I knew quite well, kept very early hours; for wasn't that industrious bow scraping away some mornings by five o'clock? And every one of these mornings Alice would wake up with a grimace and the most unflattering mimicry. Then would follow the usual chaffing about my mysterious adorer.

"You'll never see him, Sara; you'll only *learn* him, I'm afraid," she said to me at one time. But we did see him sooner than she expected. It was that very day, at the close of the afternoon, we three—Alice and Mr. Alney and myself—were sitting out on the terrace. By this time Alice had come out of her clouds enough to know, and then discuss, the things pertaining to this earth, and so it happened that she began quizzing about my "mysterious adorer." A word or two of this kind pricked up Mr. Alney's ears.

"Eh? What is that? Has Miss Sara a mysterious adorer here?" he asked.

"Indeed she has, Richard; and he serenades her every morning with 'Annie Laurie' on the violin. You ought to hear it. And what is more, he has followed us away up here from New York, where for two months before our leaving he went on in the same mysterious manner next door to us. Think of his being next window to us now. Isn't it romantic?"

"Next window to you? Where is your window, pray?"

"Why, at the southeast corner, where the mulberry-trees are; and our fiddler's is just here," drawing out a little diagram on the letter she held for indication. "Do you see?" pointing her pencil at the two windows.

"Yes, I see." And Mr. Alney's look of amaze suddenly broadened into an unmistakable grin.

Alice, glancing up at him, exclaimed, "Richard, you know who it is, I am perfectly sure. Oh, tell us, tell us!"

"Wait a minute, Alnee. What is the number of your house in town?"

"570."

"And the street?"

"Why, I soul you the other day it was—teenth Street."

"Bless my soul! No! I thought you said—" and here his words were lost in an uncontrollable burst of laughter.

"Richard, for pity's sake what is it—who is it?" exclaimed Alice.

"What is it? Who is it?" burst through the laughing tones. "It is just this—your neighbor was, and is—" and here another great laugh broke down the words, and then he suddenly resumed: "Alice, here is a very simple explanation of the mystery. Your number in town is 570—teenth

isn't he splendid, say?" she asked me. "And don't you think now he is one of my individual people after all?"

"After all, Alice—inmaculate neck-ties, varnished boots, primrose kids, and all."

But he earned his title to individuality by something more than this. When the talk of the marriage drew nearer he brought out a scheme of his which astonished me.

He was holding, and had held some time, an honorable government appointment, but he wished to give this up, and go out to a new country. He had a friend in Colorado who had offered him a partnership in his business. It was a life much harder, he knew, than what he would leave, but it seemed to him finer and more manly, for he hated to be a hanger-on at office. And then it seemed to him that these new countries were meant for the young men, and were better for them. This was the way he talked, and, Alice agreeing with him, he speedily put his talk into action.

"Yes; plenty of individuality, Alice," I whispered to her on her wedding-day. "But where will you put that fiddle when you are in Colorado?"

The bridegroom heard this last question; and, handing down to me, he answered: "Sara, I've made it over to Tom Granger; so I dare say you'll hear it when you are at 570—teenth Street, for Tom is going to take my old room at cousin Sue's."

Reader, can you believe it? Tom Granger has actually taken possession of that room; and as I write this he is actually sawing out "Ma-ax-welton's banks are bonnie."

And furthermore, Tom Granger is the identical

"red-haired" who, coming out from a call that day, stared at me so persistently.

"Musie o' mornings, they say it will penetrate." I wonder if it will penetrate to Mount Vernon this summer; and I wonder if I—? But I think I have wondered quite enough; and I think all such wondering had better be left for time to settle, or till another season of "Summer Boarding."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ONE of the popular Magazines (Philadelphia) for July, in speaking of New York and Philadelphia, says—evidently in anticipation—"Our hot, dusty cities are beginning to look deserted." Not a bit of it. New York, at least, is as lively as a bee-hive. We can not, to be sure, *assert* it to be true of Philadelphia! At mid-day, when the old Sol is unusually lavish of his rays, it is not unlikely that some of the many seek a shady shelter, and enjoy a quiet *siesta*. But if you want to know whether our great metropolis is deserted or not, go out about six in the evening, and stroll through the streets and avenues for a couple of hours. "Deserted?" One would almost wish it, to escape the crowd!

In the fashionable avenue, and in the stifled alley; in the clean, grassy parks, and in the dirty, open lots, swarm the myriads who from costly mansions and from comfortable lodgings come forth alike to revel in the delicious cool of

was known as a "nice young man of good habits," she married him. By accident letters came into her hands alluding to another wife. Investigation showed Collins to be a great scamp, and that he had a wife in Canada West (No. 1), one in Michigan (No. 2), and another still in Rockford, Illinois (No. 3). Mrs. Collins, No. 4, declined any further acquaintance with the gentleman, who is likely to meet with the reward of his deeds. *Moral*.—Investigations are better before than after marriage.

Some Western writer, commenting upon the law passed not long since prohibiting the free-pass system on railroads in New York State, gives some amusing accounts of people, particularly editors, who, their passes becoming useless, were caught away from home without money. One poor fellow, who was caught a long way from home, it being on a small town on the Illinois River, nearly despatched of ever getting back again. This was his dispatch, sent by the kindness of the Telegraph Company, who granted him the free use of the wires:

"DEAR WIFE,—Sell my tattered clothes for what they will bring, and remit at once. Had my linen duster for supper, and my spare shirts will have to go for nothing. May be able to make a light breakfast on a German silver comb and a pair of steans that I cleaned to hang with me. Don't know when I shall get home. It will depend a good deal on the walking. Don't hurry for a few months; there is a bare possibility of my getting back."

"SIMON."

Hartford can boast of a youthful astronomer, who has already made himself famous. A few weeks since a lad by the name of Augustus Taft, a son of Dr. Taft of that city, thirteen years of age, discovered a hitherto unknown star, in the constellation of the Crown. At first it was invisible to the naked eye, but rapidly grew brighter, till it could be seen without the aid of a glass. A day or two after young Taft's discovery, Professor Gould, of the Cambridge Observatory, discovered the same star. It proves to be one of the third magnitude.

In some English town—the exact locality of which the report does not state—a company of Spiritualists met one evening to hold communications with unseen worlds. A gentleman was asked if he should like to call a spirit, "I should," the gentleman replied. "Whose?" asked the medium. "Jindley Murray's," Jindley Murray's ghost appeared erect right through the table. The gentleman shuddered. All trembled. The medium was visibly affected. "Are you the spirit of Jindley Murray?" asked the gentleman, astonished at his own courage in addressing a visitant of the lower world. "Yes, I am!" boldly responded Jindley Murray's ghost. Poor Jindley Murray!

A good story is told of the late Cardinal Wiseman. When he was plain Dr. Wiseman of the Sardinian chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, a pious friend knelt to him in confession. After the process he retired to a quiet corner and lost himself in an ecstasy of contrite fervor. When he rose from his knees at length his hat was gone; he searched far and near but nowhere could he find it. Finally he betook him to Dr. Wiseman. "Father, I have lost my hat; I fear somebody has taken it." "And what were you doing when it was taken?" "Praying." "Ah! my child," said the Doctor, with a quiet smile, "you know what the Scriptures tell us, we must *watch* as well as pray."

An Irish journal, in describing a fight which took place in the streets of Cork, says that one of the belligerents, "named Thomas Hurley, has lost his left eye, and it is said he lost it in the same way as he lost six months ago, and is

List of officers, &c.—Continued.

No.	Names.	Rank.	Co.	Remarks.
117	Robert Arnold.....	Private	M	
118	John Vantyle	do.....	M	
119	Daniel Graham.....	do.....	G	
120	Elias Fierce.....	1st Sergeant.....	I	
121	Lester P. Bates.....	Sergeant	I	
122	Jerome B. Heath	Corporal	I	
123	Preston W. Brown.....	do.....	I	
124	Luke M. Thayer.....	Private	I	
125	Martin L. Brown.....	do.....	I	
126	George W. Bodwell.....	do.....	I	
127	William Dill	do.....	I	
128	George W. Dutcher.....	do.....	I	
129	Charles Flugger	do.....	I	
130	Daniel E. Krumm	do.....	I	
131	Charles M. Middaugh	do.....	I	
132	Peter McKennedy	do.....	I	
133	Hiram H. McCollough.....	do.....	I	
134	Marwin R. Pettit	do.....	I	
135	Ansel Adams.....	Sergeant	K	
136	Alonzo Moe.....	Corporal	K	
137	James R. Norton	Private	K	
138	John Nelson	do.....	K	
139	Jacob D. Newith	do.....	K	
140	Edwin Mabie	do.....	K	
141	Smith B. Mills	do.....	K	
142	Decater Jacox.....	do.....	K	
143	Enoch L. Rhodes.....	do.....	K	
144	Thomas Folley	do.....	K	
145	Nathaniel Root	do.....	K	



WHY HE CANNOT SLEEP.

extraordinary instance is this of the recuperative power of nature! We wonder if any where else besides in Ireland a man can be supplied by nature with a new eye in six months!

Quite a novel method has been invented out West, whereby persistent suitors can accomplish their end. The following is an instance:

A young man wanted to marry a young girl out in Wisconsin, but her rich parents forbade the match. The young man became sick—very sick—and had terrible fainting fits. The doctors were called, and said he would soon die, and he said he wanted to. The father of the girl visited the patient, and agreed with both him and the doctors. The poor fellow said that if he could marry his Mary Anne he would die happily. His dying request certainly could not be refused, and Mary Anne having no objections the minister was sent for, and the solemn ordinance of marriage was performed before the most solemn messenger of death should step in to snatch away the grasping bridegroom from time to the regions of eternity. The knot being securely tied, the patient rose from the bed a well man. It was a great cure, astonishing both the cruel "patients" and the doctors, but the bride acted as though she had expected it all the time.

An English journal divides the human race into four great classes, as follows: First, those whom every one would wish to talk to, and whom every one does talk to; these are that small minority that constitute the great. Secondly, those whom no one wishes to talk to, and whom no one does talk of; these are the vast majority that constitute the little. The third class is made up of those whom every body talks of, but nobody talks to; these constitute the knaves. And the fourth is composed of those whom every body talks to, but whom nobody talks of; and these constitute the fools.

The following singular story comes from Paris. A rich old miser, who died lately, left a will couched in these terms: "I give and bequeath all my fortune, amounting now to 673,553, 50c, in railway shares, to the young girl who, having lost the left eye and the right leg, should please and get married to a young man of her own age, handsome, honest, and well educated." An executor was appointed who was to search for a young girl distinguished as above-mentioned; and if he could not find one, he was authorized to make a charitable disposition of the property. Not long since, however, he saw a young girl waiting in a shop who had not the use of her left eye, and he was quite delighted also to find that she had a wooden leg. The executor still further ascertained that the girl was about to be married to a young man. A week afterward when the young couple with their friends were about to terminate their nuptial evening by a modest repast, to the astonishment of all present, the executor of this strange will entered and seated himself without ceremony at the table, and made known the dispositions of the will. It is almost unnecessary to say that some additions and improvements were made in the bill of fare, and the first toast was to the memory of the testator.

A letter from Berlin says:

"Considering the enormous rise in the price of meat which the reader will probably occasion within a very few months, it may be interesting to your readers to hear of the great success which has attended the introduction of horse-flesh in Berlin as an article of human food. In 1860 the number of horses slaughtered for this purpose was 613, in 1861 it was 700, but in 1864 it had increased to 1742, and in 1865 to 2241. The meat is perfectly wholesome, and very tolerably palatable, resembling rather coarse beef. Grand dinners have been given by a society interested in its introduction, at which horse-flesh alone was produced, though prepared in various ways. Old cab-horses, wall-eyed and broken-kneed, are found to be delicious eatings when treated by a really artistic hand."

We had rather be excused from attending any of those "grand" dinner-parties at present! Nobody can foretell to what straits Americans may yet be reduced. But may the day be far distant when we shall follow Berlin fashions!

dandy, and the rough laborer; the gay coquette, and the weary washwoman; the solitary bachelor, and the social German, with all his family, form a motley yet picturesque throng. And children—such flocks!—laughing, running, jumping, crossing and recrossing your path, it requires not a little skill to make a passage through them without crushing sundry toes. Nice little masters and misses, in white *petit* and blue ribbons, taking a prim walk with their nurses. Gay little lads and lasses, in neat plaids and muslins, joyously chatting with papa and mamma. Dirty little boys and girls, in rags and tatters, with nobody in particular but themselves, yet none the less folksome for all that. Pretty children and homely children—fair and dark—blue-eyed and black-eyed—rosy and plump—healthy-looking children, and children with faces all blotched from their impure blood. And babies!—laughing babies and screaming ones—fat babies and lean ones—lace-robed babies, and babies with no robes at all to speak of—jolly-looking babies, and forlorn little creatures, wan and pale—clean babies, and oh! so many dirty ones!—"Deserted?" No, New York is not deserted yet!

For those interested in West Point the following extract, in reference to the recent "Fairwell Hop," is given. It is evidently written by a looker-on:

"Beauty and fashion, particularly fashion, flaunt about the rooms and halls. Talk about Broadway, Fifth Avenue, or Central Park—they are as nothing before the absurdities of to-night's display. Fashion with her curly wig, her frizzed front, her huge round hats, her jaunty *Éclair* miter, her ponderous rolls, her tremendous waists, her great bags of netted hair, cut from the Lord knows who, her spangles and brilliants, her turbans and hoops; and despite all the fashion beauty is here too. The ladies are dressed elegantly, and, with the exception of their hands, with great taste. Such webs of illusion, tulle, tarlatan-muslin, and all that sort of thing, were never woven in the imagination of Scholcherzade, or any other Oriental story-teller."

A brisk business in dogs has been going on for a week or two past. Fear of hydrophobia is reduced to a minimum in view of recent reports. The surplus population of "canines" is manifestly reduced, and owners of favorites are forced to keep a vigilant watch over them lest they vanish from their sight. A correspondent of the New York Times in remarking upon the final disposition of these animals, facetiously remarks:

"The quadrupedal corpses are placed upon barges and taken in charge by the proper contractors, and, we believe, buried, the new machine for grinding them up and extracting their *baux* for medical purposes having thus far proved a failure."

A certain Mrs. De Wolfe has been making quite a stir in San Francisco by appearing in the streets in a "retourné dress," as she calls it—in "male attire" the courts state it. The police court fined the lady \$21; but some warm-hearted advocate has espoused her cause, and discourses at length to the editor of the *Bulletin*. We have room only for a short quotation:

"This woman's offense against the community lies in boots, jacket, hat, and pantaloons. Other ladies walk the principal streets of San Francisco in tightly-fitting coats, high-heeled boots, jockeys and jockey hats, worn powdered on one side of the head. So far, wherein does the dress worn by her differ from that worn by the fashionable lady? Simply, pantaloons. Other ladies wear instead of pantaloons hoop skirts, and such hoops!.... Ladies appear on the streets of San Francisco in trailing dresses, dragging three-quarters of a yard of rich silk or velvet after them, performing the work of the street-sweeper. They collect on their skirts the combined filth of the streets, and with these trailing skirts envelop themselves in a cloud of dust. This fashion is disgusting to a sense of decency even; but I never heard of a lady being arrested and fined for appearing on the street in a trailing dress. 'Oh, comeliness, thou art a jewel!'"

A young lady of a most respectable family, living in Rock Island, Illinois, has recently been brought into a most unfortunate position. It appears that after a few months' acquaintance with a youth named Collins, who

Street. Mine is 372. Your room here is at the southeast corner, by the mulberry-trees. Mine is in the adjoining angle."

"Richard! you don't mean to say that—"

"That I am the mysterious stranger who performs 'Annie Laurie' on his violin? I do mean to say just that, my dear Alice."

His eyes twinkled with the fun of the thing. As for me, I could contain myself no longer, but gave vent to the laughter that assailed me, wherein Mr. Alney joined most heartily, and after a moment Alice herself.

"To think we should have been next-door neighbors, Alice, all this time, and never known it!" he cried, merrily, as soon as words could steadily themselves again. "And to think I should have serenaded you unwittingly for the last four months! Music 'o' mornings, they say it will penetrate. Did it penetrate, Alice? Did your fastidious German taste, your classical 'ear,' get offended by my clumsy efforts? Confess now that you anathematized me; that you wished the fiddler would keep the peace, and have done with his murderous attempts at music!"

Alice colored so violently that all reply was needless. And I never was better pleased with Mr. Alney than when he said consolingly to her: "Come, Alice, you needn't feel badly about it at all. My cousin Sue used to declare the yelping of her poodle was melody to my scraping. She had the German 'ear,' you see, just as you have, and I haven't a little lady."

The splendid fellow, he hadn't a spark of vanity in him! And when he said next: "But I do like my old fiddle; it was a great friend to me in camp, and I think you'll have to let me have a far corner somewhere, Ally, where I can scrape away a little one of these days." When he said this I could have kissed him. But I didn't!

"In camp!" cried Alice. "Were you in camp?" "To be sure I was, and on the field, which was better;" and lifting a lock of falling hair, he showed a small but deep scar, saying, with rising color and a smile, "I'm very proud of that."

"Oh, tell me all about it," Alice exclaimed. "There's nothing to tell, Alice. I performed no wonderful deeds; I only did my duty as a Lieutenant—that was all. You see I wasn't famous any way."

Only did his duty! The manly, simple words touched me strangely, and, looking up, I saw the tears in Alice's eyes. At this I stole away and left them.

Only did his duty! "and wasn't famous any way." To be sure. How many noble fellows might tell the same story! But they were all heroes—just the same—all possible Balaklava heroes, I thought.

Well, well, well! So this was the end of that fiddling! We had come all the way from New York to get acquainted with a next-door neighbor!

"You think, Alice," I said afterward, "that you came up here to find your 'event,' when there was only a partition between you." Alice was ready to laugh at any thing now, for she was very proud and very happy; and her voice sounded here in a tinkling like merry bells. "But

Alice came up and acquainted me with the fact of her engagement to Mr. Richard Alney. I offered my congratulations in the prettiest way I could, but I couldn't quite conceal the amusement I felt at the recollection of "our set." But then, as Alice said, I did stick so persistently to the letter of one's words.

"I know what you mean, Sara!" she exclaimed, half laughing herself as I told her I was glad that her great "event" had come to her at last. "I know you think I have come all the way to Mount Heron to find what I might have found in any drawing-room in New York—a superfluous dandy. But you are mistaken. Richard is nothing of the kind, though he does wear his hair parted in the middle sometimes."

"Oh, does he?" I answered. "Well, I didn't notice that, my dear, and I'm sure I don't see why he shouldn't; it's nothing to me; but you know your great hobby has always been—"

"Yes, I know, Say, but Dick is better than my hobby." And with this confession we both of us became silent, and presently lost ourselves in sleep, which was certainly the best thing we could do, as it was almost midnight.

I was dreaming a very odd dream the next morning, where I seemed to be in our old room in town trying to shut out the sound of that baby's screams, which Alice had told me about; and in the midst of my fruitless efforts I woke up to hear—no, not "that baby," but, as you live, that fiddle! There it went, I knew it could be no other, scrape, scrape, scrape—on "Ma-ax-welton's" banks. I could have shouted with laughter, but I wouldn't; I waited for Alice. Presently I heard that regular respiration suspend, then a little start, and then:

"Say, there's that fiddle, as sure as you are alive!" And at this I gave way and shouted out my laughter, wherein Alice joined.

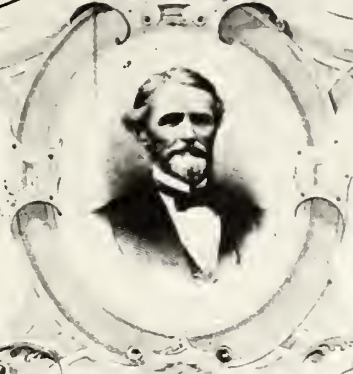
"Oh, Say, he's certainly followed you here! I know he has. I know it's you, Say, for don't you remember, the day we left, that red-haired, red-whiskered young gentleman who came down the steps of the next house, and how he stared at you! He never once looked at me."

Again her laugh tumbled out, and again and again she reverted to the subject, calling him, in gleeful retributive malice, "my event," and looking about with mischievous eyes at the breakfast-table for the red-haired stranger.

I expected when Mr. Alney came in that she would tell him the story, but Mr. Alney was too sacred yet to be funny with; for I have noticed that your gay, mischief-loving girls are invariably the most pensive in the early days of their engagements. No, she didn't tell Mr. Alney yet; her mind was too full of other things when that handsome face appeared; and I am not sure but she would have forgotten the fiddler altogether during those days if he hadn't kept himself in mind by "Ma-ax-welton's banks" every morning.

The house we were in was built in what is called a hollow square. Our room was at the further end of a long hall; that of our fiddling friend was in the next angle—just around the corner, as it were, but of course utterly separated by the division of the halls. Situated thus, you see, though our win-

THE CAROLINA LIFE



JEFFERSON DAVIS

Life Insurance Company

Memphis, Tennessee

This Policy of Insurance Witnesseth, That the Carolina Life Insurance Company, in consideration of the sum of Twenty Eight DOLLARS and Twenty Eight CENTS, to them in hand paid by Philetus Gale Roddy, for the benefit of his wife, Marion A. Roddy, and Children Wife to be born to.

and of the Shirley - sum of Twenty Eight DOLLARS and Twenty Eight CENTS, to be paid to and Company in or upon the Death - day of June 1877 Do Insure to pay to Philetus Gale Roddy of Des Moines in the sum of One Thousand and the said Company in every Promise and Agree to and with the said Philetus Gale Roddy and assigns, not only to pay, or cause to be paid, the sum and amount to the said Philetus Gale Roddy and assigns, within sixty days after the date and proof of the death of the said Philetus Gale Roddy and in all case any balance of your premium, and all indebtedness of the party to the Company, shall be deducted from the sum assured.

Provided, Always, that Philetus Gale Roddy entered upon the Policy of Insurance on the 1st day of June 1877 and shall be bound to pay the said premium of Twenty Eight DOLLARS and Twenty Eight CENTS, to the said Company, on or before the 1st day of June 1877 and in case the said premium is not paid on or before the 1st day of June 1877 the said Policy shall be void and the said Company shall be under no obligation to pay the sum assured.

And it is also Understood and Agreed that the said Philetus Gale Roddy shall be bound to pay the said premium of Twenty Eight DOLLARS and Twenty Eight CENTS, to the said Company, on or before the 1st day of June 1877 and in case the said premium is not paid on or before the 1st day of June 1877 the said Policy shall be void and the said Company shall be under no obligation to pay the sum assured.

In Witness Whereof, The said Carolina Life Insurance Company have, by their President and Secretary, signed and executed this Contract, in the city of Memphis, this 28th day of June 1877, but the same shall not be binding until countersigned by Jefferson Davis Secretary. Jefferson Davis President. 1877 AGENT.

Policy in Small Print

PROVIDED, ALWAYS, and it is hereby declared to be the true intent and meaning of the Policy and the First, in case the said Phillip Dale Roddy shall without the consent of the Company previously secured and endorsed upon this Policy, pass beyond the settled limits of the United States (excepting into the settled limits of the Dominion of Canada, or to Europe by the usual mode and conveyance of, or shall, without such previous consent, thus endorsed pass to or west of the Rocky Mountains (except to California and Oregon, by first class steamer or sailing vessel or railroad car) or shall without such previous consent, thus endorsed enter into any military or naval service whatsoever, the militia, not in actual service, excepted, or shall, without such previous consent thus endorsed, be personally employed as an Engineer or Fireman in charge of a steam engine, or as Conductor or Brakeman upon a Railroad, or as an official hand or servant of any steam train in the manufacture or transportation of gunpowder or in case he shall become so far intemperate as to impair his health seriously and permanently, or brain delirium tremens, or shall die by his own hand, or in a duel, or in consequence thereof, or by the hands of justice, or in the known violation of any law of the States, or of the United States or in consequence thereof, or of any Government where he may be, this Policy, shall be void.

AND IT IS ALSO UNDERSTOOD AND AGREED to be the true intent and meaning hereof, that if the proposed answers and declarations made by the said Phillip Dale Roddy and bearing date the Fifth day of June 1871 and which are hereby made part and parcel of this Policy as fully as if herein recited, and upon the faith of which this agreement is made, shall be found in any respect false or fraudulent, then and in such case this Policy shall be null and void; or in case the said Assured shall not pay the Annual Premium on or before the day herein mentioned for the payment thereof, then and in every such case the said Company shall not be liable to the payment of the sum insured, or any part thereof, and this Policy shall cease and determine, except that in case of non-payment of premium on this Policy after two annual premiums have been paid, it is agreed that it shall be good for two Tenths of the amount insured; after three annual payments, three Tenths of the insured, and so on.

Memphis

29th June 1872

Genl. B. Bragg

My dear Sir, yours of the 27th Inst. received. In regard to the main facts of the case to which you refer my recollection is quite distinct.

Genl. Pemberton left by the fall of Vicksburg without a command reported at Richmond for duty as soon as his exchange permitted him to do so. I then as now held him in high estimation and regarded him as an officer most unjustly censured. Being about to visit the army under your command I invited Genl. Pemberton to accompany me under the hope that some duty appropriate

to his rank might be found
and his desire for active service
be gratified. After reaching
your Hd. Qrs. and when the
painful fact had been realized,
as was manifest in the council
held with the senior officers,
that there was not the harmony
and subordination essential to
success, my thoughts were directed
to the changes which the good of
the service required. You had
previous to the meeting of that
council requested to be relieved,
and the answer to your request
had been delayed. The conference
satisfied me that no change
for the better could be made in
the command of the Army.

That decision made it necessary
to consider other changes, and
I found then as on other occas-
ions that your views and recom-

meditations rested on facts which had been developed and pointed only to the efficiency of the army as the object.

Thus when I inquired whether Subl. Pemberton could be advantageously employed, you said you would have to make inquiry before expressing an opinion. Not that you esteemed him less than I did; but that notwithstanding your confidence in his worth and your personal attachment to him, you did not wish him to be assigned to a command in that Army unless he would be acceptable to the troops. Subsequently you informed me that after consultation with officers you thought it would not be advisable to carry out my suggestion. Having recently assigned an officer to the command

of a Corps in that army who
had not previously served with
it or been applied for by you
& the result having proved unsat-
isfactory I had no disposition
to insist on repeating the experi-
ment.

The subsequent conduct of
Genl. Pemberton in resigning
his commission as a Lieut. Genl.
when he found there was no Corps
for him, and applying for duty
in his army rank of Lt. Col. of
Artillery maintains my opin-
ion of his zeal and soldierly
spirit.

Very Respectfully,
I truly yours
Jefferson Davis

DAVIS, Jefferson, an American soldier and statesman, born June 3, 1808, in that part of Christian co., Ky., which now forms Todd county. Soon after his birth his father removed to Mississippi, and settled near Woodville, Wilkinson county. Jefferson Davis received an academical education, and was sent to Transylvania college, Ky., which he left in 1824, having been appointed by President Monroe a cadet in the military academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1828. He remained in the army seven years, and served as an infantry and staff officer on the N. W. frontier in the Black Hawk war of 1831-'2, and in March, 1838, was made first lieutenant of dragoons, in which capacity he was employed in 1834 in various expeditions against the Comanches, Pawnees, and other hostile Indian tribes. He resigned his commission June 30, 1835, and having married the daughter of Zachary Taylor, afterward president of the United States; but at that time a colonel in the army, he returned to Mississippi, and became a cotton planter. For several years he lived in retirement, occupied chiefly with study. In 1843 he began to take an active part in politics on the democratic side, and in 1844 was one of the presidential electors of Mississippi to vote for Polk and Dallas. In 1845 he was elected a representative in congress, and took his seat in December of that year. He bore a conspicuous part in the discussions of the session on the tariff, on the Oregon question, on military affairs, and particularly on the preparations for war against Mexico, and on the organization of volunteer militia when called into the service of the United States. In his speech on the Oregon question, Feb. 6, 1846, he said: "From sire to son has descended the love of union in our hearts, as in our history are mingled the names of Concord and Camden, of Yorktown and Saratoga, of Moultrie and Plattsburgh, of Chipewa and Erie, of Bowyer and Guilford, of New Orleans and Bunker Hill. Grouped together, they form a monument to the common glory of our common country; and where is the southern man who would wish that that monument were less by one of the northern names that constitute the mass?" While he was in congress, in July, 1846, the first regiment of Mississippi volunteers, then enrolled for service in Mexico, elected him their colonel. Overtaking the regiment at New Orleans on its way to the seat of war, he led it to reinforce the army of Gen. Taylor on the Rio Grande. He was actively engaged in the attack and storming of Monterey in September, 1846; was one of the commissioners for arranging the terms of the capitulation of that city; and distinguished himself in the battle of Buena Vista, Feb. 23, 1847, where his regiment, attacked by an immensely superior force, maintained their ground for a long time unsupported, while the colonel, though severely wounded, remained in the saddle until the close of the action. At the expiration of the term of its enlistment, in July, 1847, the Mississippi regiment was ordered home; and while on his return he received at New Orleans a commission from President Polk as brigadier general of volunteers, which he declined accepting, on the ground that the constitution reserves to the states respectively the appointment of the officers of the militia, and that consequently their appointment by the federal executive is a violation of the rights of the states. In August, 1847, he was appointed by the governor of Mississippi United States senator to fill a vacancy, and at the ensuing session of the state legislature, Jan. 11, 1848, was unanimously elected to the same office for the residue of the term, which expired March 4, 1851. In 1850 he was reelected for the ensuing full term. In the senate he was chosen

chairman of the committee on military affairs, and took a prominent part in the debates on the slavery question, in defence of the institutions and policy of the slave states, and was a zealous advocate of the doctrine of state rights. In September, 1851, he was nominated for governor of Mississippi by the democratic party, in opposition to Henry S. Foote, the candidate of the Union party. He resigned his seat in the senate on accepting the nomination, and was beaten in the election by a majority of 999 votes; a marked indication of his personal popularity in his own state, for at the "convention election," two months before, the Union party had a majority of 7,500. After his defeat he remained in retirement until the presidential contest of 1852, when he delivered speeches in behalf of Gen. Pierce in Mississippi, Tennessee, and Louisiana. In 1853 he was appointed by President Pierce secretary of war, which post he held till the inauguration of President Buchanan in 1857. His administration of the war department was marked by ability and energy, and was highly popular with the army. He proposed or carried into effect, among other measures, the revision of the army regulations; the introduction of camels into America; the introduction of the light infantry or rifle system of tactics; the manufacture of rifled muskets and pistols and the use of the Minié ball; the addition of four regiments to the army; the augmentation of the seacoast and frontier defences; and the system of explorations in the western part of the continent for geographical purposes, and for determining the best route for a railroad to the Pacific ocean. On his retirement from the war department he reentered the senate for the term ending March 4, 1863. In the 35th congress he was conspicuous in the discussions on the French spoliation bill, which he opposed, and on the Pacific railroad, for the southern route of which he was a zealous advocate. He was also prominent in the contest growing out of the Lecompton constitution for Kansas, in which he opposed Mr. Douglas, and in the settlement of which by the Kansas conference bill he took a chief part, declaring in a letter to the people of his state that the passage of that bill was "the triumph of all for which we contended." In the 36th congress, which met in December, 1859, he was the recognized leader of the democrats in the senate. His name for years had been frequently mentioned as a candidate of the democratic party for the presidency. In the summer of 1858 he made a tour of the eastern states, and in October addressed a democratic meeting in Boston, and a few days later a similar meeting in New York. In reply to an invitation to attend a festival in Boston in January, 1859, to celebrate the birthday of Daniel Webster, he wrote a letter expressing strong Union sentiment, and concluding thus: "I send you my cordial greetings to the friends of the constitution, and ask to be enrolled among those whose mission is, by fraternity and good faith to every constitutional obligation, to insure that, from the Aroostook to San Diego, from Key West to Puget Sound, the grand arch of our political temple shall stand unshaken." He failed, however, to receive the nomination for president in 1860, and on the assembling of congress in December of that year he took an active part in the conspiracy which planned the secession of the southern states from the Union.² He was a leading member of the secret caucus of the senators from Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, which met on the night of Jan. 5, 1861, in a committee room of the capitol, and framed the scheme of revolution which was implicitly and promptly followed at the south; and he was chairman of the executive committee of three appointed by that caucus "to carry out the objects of the meeting." The

other members were John Slidell of Louisiana and Stephen R. Mallory of Florida. Their plan was to hasten the secession of the southern states, of which South Carolina alone had yet openly left the Union; to call a convention of the seceded states at Montgomery; to accumulate munitions of war; to organize and equip a force of 100,000 men; and lastly, to hold on as long as possible to the southern seats in congress, in order to paralyze the government, and to gain time for the south to arm and organize. Mississippi seceded Jan. 9, 1861; but it was not till the 21st of that month that Mr. Davis made his farewell speech in the senate, and departed for his home. Soon after his arrival there he was appointed commander-in-chief of the militia of the state, with the rank of major general. In a speech to the Mississippi legislature in December, 1862, he said: "I then imagined that it might be my fortune again to lead Mississippians in the field, and to be with them where danger was to be braved and glory won. I thought to find that place which I believed to be better suited to my capacity, that of an officer in the service of the state of Mississippi." On Feb. 4, 1861, the confederate congress met at Montgomery, organized a provisional government for the seceded states, and on the 9th, by a unanimous vote, elected Jefferson Davis "president of the Confederate States of America." He arrived at Montgomery on the 16th, and was inaugurated on the 18th, Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia having been inaugurated as vice president about a week earlier. There can be no doubt that in this selection of the president of the confederacy the congress ratified the previous choice of the southern people, who almost unanimously regarded Mr. Davis as the man best fitted for the position by ability, character, and political and military experience. He selected for his cabinet Robert Toombs of Georgia as secretary of state, Leroy P. Walker of Alabama as secretary of war, Charles G. Memminger of South Carolina as secretary of the treasury, Stephen R. Mallory of Florida as secretary of the navy, Judah P. Benjamin of Louisiana as attorney general, and John H. Reagan of Texas as postmaster general. The last three continued in the cabinet as long as the confederate government maintained its existence. Toombs, Walker, and Memminger were sooner or later supplanted by others. In his speeches on his way to Montgomery Mr. Davis expressed himself in a confident manner as sure of ultimate success. In one he said: "England will recognize us, and a glorious future is before us. The grass will grow in the northern cities, where the pavements have been worn off by the tread of commerce. We will carry the war where it is easy to advance, where food for the sword and torch awaits our armies in the densely populated cities. The enemy may come and spoil our crops, but we can raise them as before; they cannot rear again the cities which took years of industry and millions of money to build. We are now determined to maintain our position, and make all who oppose us smell southern powder and feel southern steel." In marked contrast, however, to these confident menaces, Mr. Davis, in his first message to the confederate congress, April 29, concluded an argument in defence of the right of secession with the remark, "All we ask is, to be let alone," a phrase which gave rise to numerous caricatures and parodies. A fortnight earlier Mr. Davis had ordered Beauregard, the confederate general at Charleston, to reduce Fort Sumter, the attack on which began the civil war. On May 20 the confederate government was transferred from Montgomery to Richmond, and a few days later Mr. Davis followed it. On the journey to Richmond he was received with every demonstration of popular favor and ex-

ultation, and his first days in the new capital were devoted to ovations, reviews of troops, and speeches to the multitude. An army of 50,000 men, commanded by Beauregard and Johnston, had been gathered in northern Virginia. In July the Union troops advanced toward Manassas, and were routed in the battle of Bull Run. Mr. Davis left Richmond on the morning of the battle, intending to take command in person; but the victory was won before he arrived. On his return to Richmond he was greeted by an enthusiastic crowd, to whom he addressed a short speech, in which he said: "We have taught them a lesson in their invasion of the sacred soil of Virginia; and a yet bloodier and far more fatal lesson awaits them unless they speedily acknowledge that freedom to which you were born." A period of inaction on the part of the confederates followed their success at Bull Run, which it is said was in accordance with the policy adopted by the president in opposition to the advice of the generals, who were in favor of concentrating the southern forces in Virginia and invading the north. Mr. Davis preferred the policy of diffusion, and of standing on the defensive. These and other differences of opinion resulted in an estrangement between Mr. Davis and Generals Beauregard and Johnston, which continued through the war. Mr. Hunter of Virginia, who in the summer of 1861 had succeeded Mr. Toombs as the confederate secretary of state, and who was a person of the highest consideration, having during the ensuing winter offered some advice about the conduct of the war, was haughtily reminded that his department did not comprise military affairs; he sent in his resignation next day, and was succeeded by Mr. Benjamin, who, originally attorney general, had been temporarily assigned to the war department upon the resignation of Mr. Walker. In November, 1861, a presidential election was held throughout the confederacy, and Mr. Davis was chosen president for the full term of six years, and Mr. Stephens vice president. On Feb. 18, 1862, the first congress under the permanent constitution of the Confederate States assembled in Richmond. On the 22d Mr. Davis was inaugurated president. His inaugural address, and his subsequent message, sent to the congress a few days afterward, were largely devoted to explanations of the recent disasters to the confederate arms at Roanoke island and Fort Donelson, and to confident predictions that the period was near at hand "when our foes must sink under the immense load of debt which they have incurred." One of the first measures of the confederate congress after the inauguration was the passage of a conscription law, to which Mr. Davis reluctantly assented. The conscription undoubtedly saved the confederacy for a time; but it established at Richmond a military despotism, which was warmly opposed in many quarters of the south, and especially in Georgia, whose governor, Joseph Brown, came out against the measure in proclamations and speeches, and drew Mr. Davis into a correspondence which lasted several months. On the approach of McClellan's army to Richmond in the spring of 1862, President Davis declared martial law for ten miles around the city, and supplanted the civil authorities by a military police, under Gen. Winder, which continued in power to the end of the war. The reason given for this step was that a Union sentiment was being developed as McClellan advanced, which made summary arrests of suspected persons necessary, and that a new police was required to guard against political conspiracies. In December, 1862, Mr. Davis visited the confederate camps in the western department, spending several weeks in obtaining information as to the conditions and wants of that section of the confederacy. During this

excursion he visited the capital of Mississippi, and made an address to the legislature, defending the conscription law, and ending with the declaration that "in all respects, moral as well as physical, the confederacy was better prepared for war than it was a year previous." This declaration was justified by the facts of the case. The confederacy was undoubtedly in its best estate and strongest condition at the end of 1862 and the beginning of 1863. The proclamation of emancipation by President Lincoln, to take effect Jan. 1, 1863, called out from Mr. Davis, in his next message to the confederate congress, an indignant commentary on the cruelty of a measure by which "several millions of human beings of an inferior race, peaceful and contented laborers in their sphere, are doomed to extermination." He pronounced the emancipation proclamation "the most execrable measure recorded in the history of guilty man." In April, 1863, in compliance with a request of the confederate congress, he issued an address to the people of the south, in which he said: "Alone and unaided we have met and overthrown the most formidable combinations of naval and military armaments that the lust of conquest ever gathered together for the subjugation of a free people. We began this struggle without a single gun afloat, while the resources of our enemy enabled them to gather fleets which, according to their official list, published in August last, consisted of 437 vessels, measuring 840,000 tons, and carrying 3,026 guns. To oppose invading forces composed of levies which have already exceeded 1,300,000 men, we had no resources but the unconquerable valor of a people determined to be free. . . . The contrast between our past and present condition is well calculated to inspire full confidence in the triumph of our arms. At no previous period of the war have our forces been so numerous, so well organized, and so thoroughly disciplined, armed, and equipped as at present." Three months later these brilliant prospects were clouded by the defeat of Gen. Lee at Gettysburg on July 3, and the equally disastrous surrender on the following day of Gen. Pemberton at Vicksburg, with 27,000 men, soon followed by that of Port Hudson with 6,000. These conspicuous failures were the signal for a fierce arraignment of the administration of President Davis in all parts of the Confederate States. He was held responsible for the advance into Pennsylvania, though it had been advised by Gen. Lee, and had been made with the exultant approval of the whole south. He was charged with unworthy partiality in appointing his personal favorite Pemberton to the command in the southwest; and Pemberton himself, a northerner by birth, was accused of having betrayed his command. To add to the discontent produced by these severe military reverses, the finances of the confederacy became in 1863 hopelessly depreciated. They had never been on a sound basis, nor were they ever well managed; but the disasters of July, 1863, caused such a decline in confederate currency that it became almost worthless. The annual message of President Davis to congress in December, 1863, frankly stated the peril of the position, and indicated as the three great wants of his government men, money, and food. The army of northern Virginia had lost more than a third of the force with which it invaded Pennsylvania; the losses of the western army were still greater. To remedy these deficiencies the president recommended "restoring to the army all who are improperly absent, putting an end to substitution, modifying the exemption law, restricting details, and placing in the ranks such of the able-bodied men now employed as wagoners, nurses, cooks, and other employees as are doing service for which the negroes may be found competent." For the

financial troubles no remedy could be found. Mr. Memminger, whose administration of the treasury department had proved a palpable failure, resigned, and Mr. Trenholm took his place with a reputation for financial talent from which much was expected. But no talents, no ingenuity could arrest the downward tendency of the confederate currency. There was little coin in the country, the people would not submit to taxation, and enormous issues of paper promises to pay stimulated a general spirit of speculation, which accelerated the downfall of the already tottering structure of the confederacy. Equally difficult of remedy was the deficiency of food. With the loss of Kentucky and Tennessee the confederacy lost the main source of its supplies of meat. The army was already on half rations, and the management of the confederate commissary department was a cause of much complaint against the president, who was charged with keeping for personal reasons an unfit man, Col. Northrop, at the head of it. A committee of the confederate congress, however, who investigated the matter, made a report which amply vindicated the commissary general. It was not his mismanagement, but the failure of the resources of the confederacy, that was reducing the army to starvation. The same excuse can also be assigned for the alleged indifference of Mr. Davis to the sufferings of the Union prisoners, who were unquestionably insufficiently fed; though no excuse can be given for the ill treatment to which they were subjected by brutal jailers acting under the authority and control of the confederate president. It is said by confederate writers that President Davis displayed unusual energy and skill in preparing for and carrying on the campaign of 1864, which it was felt by both parties was likely to decide the issue of the war. It opened with confederate successes in Florida, in the southwest, and in North Carolina; which however were of little importance compared with the great struggle in Virginia between Lee and Grant, and the brilliant march of Sherman upon Georgia and through Georgia to the sea. The confederate general in command of the forces opposed to Sherman was Joseph E. Johnston, between whom and President Davis no great cordiality had existed since the beginning of the war, while during the progress of events in Georgia a marked difference of opinion had developed itself. Early in 1864 Mr. Davis had warmly approved an offensive campaign, while Gen. Johnston maintained that it would be impolitic to risk a battle, and insisted upon standing on the defensive. The result of this conflict of opinion was that on July 17, 1864, an order was issued to Gen. Johnston requiring him, as he had "failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta," to turn over the command of his army to Gen. Hood. This change of commanders in the very crisis of a great campaign was loudly complained of by a large portion of the southern press, and was imputed to personal motives on the part of the president. These criticisms were apparently justified by the ill success of Hood in attempting to arrest the advance of Sherman, and his consequent evacuation of Atlanta on Sept. 1. This great blow to the confederacy caused President Davis to visit Georgia, partly to attempt to restore harmony in that state and to check the advance of Sherman. Governor Brown was notoriously disaffected to the confederate administration, and to President Davis, whom he charged with total disregard of the rights of the states. Mr. Davis, in repeated interviews, sought to convince the governor that he was mistaken in this particular, but to no purpose. On his way to Hood's army Mr. Davis made a speech at Augusta, in which he said: "Four years we have stemmed the tide

of invasion, and to-day are stronger than when the war began; better able now than ever to repulse the Vandal who is seeking our overthrow. . . . All things are fair; and this confederacy is not yet played out, as those declare who spread their own despondency over the whole body politic." He also addressed the citizens of Macon, admitting the perils of the situation, and concluding thus: "If one half of the men now absent from the field would return to duty, we can defeat the enemy. With that hope I am now going to the front. I may not realize this hope; but I know that there are men there who have looked death too often in the face to despond now." On Sept. 18 he reached Hood's headquarters, and reviewed the army, making a speech of encouragement, and promising a speedy advance northward. This advance was made. Hood's army marched into Tennessee, expecting to deter Sherman's advance by cutting his communications; but the movement left Georgia and South Carolina unprotected, and Sherman, regardless of the force in his rear, marched with little molestation upon Savannah, and thence toward Richmond. Southern writers friendly to Mr. Davis maintain that Hood's campaign was not planned or authorized by the president, while those not friendly to him assert just the contrary. Hood himself, in taking leave of his army in January, 1865, said in speaking of his unfortunate campaign, "I alone am responsible for its conception." The whole situation was succinctly described by Sherman in a telegram to Washington: "Hood has crossed the Tennessee. Thomas will take care of him and Nashville, while Schofield will not let him into Chattanooga or Knoxville. Georgia and South Carolina are at my mercy, and I shall strike." The conquest of Georgia and South Carolina, the disasters amounting almost to destruction of Hood's army in Tennessee, the defeats of Early in the Shenandoah valley, the steady advance of Gen. Grant upon Richmond, and especially the reelection of Mr. Lincoln, and the evident determination of the north to continue the contest till the Union was restored, had produced at the beginning of 1865 a despondent conviction in the south that the struggle was hopeless. The confederate congress which assembled in November, 1864, was palpably demoralized, and made a signal display of timidity and vacillation. It did little in the way of legislation, and its occupation during the winter was mainly crimination of the president. Mr. Davis, on the contrary, was still confident and resolute, and with the concurrence of Gen. Lee was planning schemes for concentrating forces to oppose and destroy the army which Sherman was rapidly leading northward from Savannah and Columbia. One of the measures he proposed was the emancipation and enlistment of slaves as soldiers; but this, which might have been of service earlier in the war, came too late. Another measure which attracted great attention at the time was to authorize commissioners to hold a conference with President Lincoln, with a view to discussing terms of peace. The commissioners appointed were Stephens of Georgia and Hunter and Campbell of Virginia, who on Feb. 3 met President Lincoln and Secretary Seward on a steamer anchored in Hampton roads, and had a conference which lasted for several hours, but resulted in nothing. President Davis now began to make preparations for the abandonment of Richmond and retirement to an interior line of defence near the Roanoke river. A part of his plan involved the union of the armies of Lee and Johnston and the defeat of Sherman by their combined forces. Grant's defeat of Lee, however, at Five Forks on April 1, made this plan impracticable. On April 2, while seated in his pew during divine service in St. Paul's church, Mr.

Davis received a note from the confederate war department communicating the news of Lee's defeat, and the consequent necessity of removal from Richmond. His family had been sent southward some days before, and at 8 P. M., attended by his personal staff, members of his cabinet, and several other officials, he left Richmond on the train for Danville, where he issued a proclamation declaring that the capital had been abandoned only in order to leave the army free to act. "Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point, to strike the enemy in detail far from his base." He declared it to be his purpose never to submit, and exhorted his countrymen "to meet the foe with fresh defiance and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts." An attempt was made to keep up at Danville the forms of government, but this was abandoned in little more than a week, when the news arrived that Lee's army had surrendered to Grant. Mr. Davis and his party then went by railroad to Greensboro, N. C. Here he met Johnston and Beauregard, who plainly told him it was useless to continue the struggle. From Greensboro he proceeded to Charlotte, where he remained about a week, and where he heard of the assassination of President Lincoln. A few days later he heard that he was accused of having instigated the assassination, and that a proclamation had been issued offering \$100,000 for his apprehension. He still contemplated resistance. His plan was to cross the Mississippi with some troops that had joined him from Johnston's army, which, added to the force beyond that river, would make an army respectable in numbers and abundantly supplied from a productive and unexhausted country. Before putting this design into execution, however, he sought an interview with his wife, who had preceded him with a small escort; and having overtaken her, he was encamped near Irwinsville, Ga., May 10, when a body of Union cavalry commanded by Gen. J. H. Wilson captured his camp and arrested him. At the moment of his arrest he had on his wife's cloak, and with an empty bucket in his hand was seeking to escape under the pretence of being a woman going for water to a neighboring spring. He was conveyed to Fortress Monroe, where he arrived May 19, and where he was confined for two years. In May, 1867, he was brought before the United States circuit court at Richmond on a charge of treason, and was admitted to bail, the charge of complicity in the assassination of Lincoln being dropped, as there was no evidence to substantiate it. He made a brief stay in Richmond, where he was well received by the people, and went thence to New York, and then to Canada. In the summer of 1868 he went to England, a mercantile house in Liverpool having offered to take him as a partner without any capital. On arriving in England he became satisfied that the offer was one which he had best not accept. He made a brief visit to France, and soon returned to America. At the term of the United States circuit court held in Richmond in December, 1868, a *nolle prosequi* was entered in his case, and he was accordingly discharged. He was included in the general amnesty of Dec. 25, 1868. Since his discharge he has lived at Memphis, Tenn., where he is president of a life insurance company. In June, 1871, he had a public reception at Atlanta, Ga., and made a speech in which he said that he still adhered to the principle of state sovereignty, but declared that the power of the Union was too great to be resisted. He also said, "I don't believe I did any wrong, and therefore don't acknowledge it."—See "The Life of Jefferson Davis," by Frank H. Alfriend (1868), and "The Life of Jefferson Davis," by Edward A. Pollard (1869).

where it was halted for the night, lying in bivouac till the next day, the brigade of Wilcox being on picket or guard service during the night about a mile farther to the right. In the absence of other evidence, one might be at a loss to know which of these accounts was intended in the Pickwickian sense, but the account of General R. H. Anderson, who was guileless and truthful, supports the official reports. General A. A. Humphreys (of the other side), late chief of the United States Corps of Engineers, a man whose entire life and service were devoted to official accuracy, gives similar evidence in his official report.

All the subordinate reports on the Confederate side confirm the account by General Anderson, while the reports of subordinate officers on the Federal side conform to that of General Humphreys. It is conclusive therefore that the Confederates occupied no ground east of the Fairfield road till R. H. Anderson's division advanced on the morning of the 2d at ten to find its position on the right of the Third Corps.

When it is remembered that my command was at the close of the first day's fight fifteen to twenty miles west of the field, that its attack as ordered was to be made along the east side of the Emmetsburg road, that no part of General Lee's army touched that road till 10 A. M. of the 2d, that up to that hour it was in possession of the Federals, and that their troops had been marching in by that road from early on the 1st till 10 A. M. on the 2d, it will be seen that General Pendleton's reconnaissance on the 1st was made, if made at all, by his passing through the Federal lines on the afternoon of the 1st and again on the morning of the 2d. If he had there delivered his memorial lecture, Sickles's corps would have been driven off in confusion, to the great benefit of the Confederate cause.

General Wilcox confesses want of personal information of the order for daylight or early attack, but expresses his confidence that the order was given. That is, he, occupying our extreme right, on picket on the 1st, at a point considerably west of the Emmetsburg road, believes that General Lee ordered troops some fifteen or twenty miles further west, and yet on the march, to pass his picket guard in the night to its point of attack, east of the Emmetsburg road, through the Federal lines, to make a daylight attack east of the Emmetsburg road. While I am prepared to admit that General Lee ordered, at times, desperate battles, I cannot admit that he, blindfold, ever led or ordered his next in rank, also blindfold, into night marches through the enemy's lines to gain position and make a battle at daylight next morning.

In articles formerly published on this charge of Mr. Pendleton, masses of evidence were adduced showing that my column when ordered to the right, east of the Emmetsburg road, was conducted by General Lee's engineer officer; that when halted under the conduct of that officer I doubled the rear division on the leading one so as to save time; that my arrangements were promptly made, and that my attack was made many hours before any of our other troops were ready to obey their orders to coöperate. As I was the only one prepared for battle, I contended against the Federal army throughout the contest with two divisions and some misguided brigades sent to cover my left.

Colonel Taylor, of General Lee's staff, takes exception to the delay in the attack of Pickett on the last day under the impression that had I attacked earlier and before Johnson was driven from the Federal right, the latter might have held his ground longer and to some advantage to the Confederates. He seems to lose sight of the fact that General Lee, not I, was commanding our left under Johnson, and that he alone could order concert of action. On the 2d, notwithstanding his orders to move in concert with my attack at 4 P. M., Johnson did not go in till eight at night, long after my battle was ended. Colonel Taylor thinks the forlorn hope should have gone in sooner. The universal opinion now is that it should not have gone in at all; and, as already stated, that was the opinion General Lee expressed soon after the battle.

Some of our North Carolina troops seem to consider the less conspicuous part given them a reflection upon them as soldiers of true mettle and dash. This sensitiveness is not well founded. Every officer of experience knows that the best of veteran soldiers, with bloody noses, from a fresh battle, are never equal to those going in fresh in their first stroke of the battle. Had Pickett's men gone through the same experience of the other troops on the 1st, they could not have felt the same zest for fighting that they did coming up fresh and feeling disparaged that the army had won new laurels in their absence. There is no doubt that the North Carolinians did as well as any soldiers could have done under the circumstances. I can truthfully attest that the old North State furnished as fine and gallant troops as any that fought in the Confederate ranks — and that is saying as much as can be said for soldiers. They certainly made sufficient sacrifice, and that was all we had left to do on that day.

DURING the Franco-Prussian war I kept a map of the field of operations with col-

ored pegs, that were moved from day to day to indicate the movements of the two armies. Bazaine had been driven to shelter at Metz, McMahon had been driven back to the route leading from Paris to Metz and seemed in doubt whether he would go to Paris or to Bazaine's relief. He suffered himself to be forced north of the route between these points. On the morning that the wires brought us that information two or three of the French Creoles of New Orleans visited my office to inquire my views of the movements then proceeding. I replied, "McMahon's army will be prisoners of war in ten days." They were very indignant and stated that I was a republican and in sympathy with the Prussians. My reply was that I had only given them my solution of a military problem. The Prussians were on the shorter route to Paris or to Metz, so that if McMahon should attempt to move in either direction the Prussians, availing themselves of the shorter

lines, would interpose and force McMahon to attack, but he had already been so beaten and demoralized, that he could not be expected to make a successful attack and would therefore be obliged to surrender. If he had gone directly to Paris before giving up his shorter route, it is possible that he could have organized a succoring army for the relief of Metz.

Had we interposed between Meade and Washington our army in almost as successful prestige as was that of the Prussians, Meade would have been obliged to attack us wherever we might be pleased to have him. He would have been badly beaten like the French, and the result would have been similar.

I do not mean to say that two governments would have been permanently established; for I thought before the war, and during its continuance, that the peoples would eventually get together again in stronger bonds of friendship than those of their first love.

James Longstreet.

THE FINDER OF THE ANTIETAM ORDER OF GENERAL LEE.

IN THE CENTURY for November appear two communications, one by myself, and one from the late General McClellan relating to a pension for the widow of John B. Mitchell, late of Company "F" Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, the finder of the famous Antietam order of General Lee.

Neither the soldier nor the widow has ever filed a claim for pension, and any seeming failure of recognition is not due to neglect on the part of the Pension Office.

S. Colgrove.

WASHINGTON, D. C., November 15, 1886. *Page 134*

THE BAILING OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.



SHORTLY after daybreak of a morning near the end of June, 1865, Horace Greeley came to the house of George Shea (then Corporation Attorney, and afterwards Chief-justice of the Marine Court), in New York. His errand was urgent. The preceding day he had received a letter, dated June 22, from Mrs. Varina Davis, whose husband, Jefferson Davis, was a prisoner at Fort Monroe. The "Bureau of Military Justice," headed by General Joseph Holt, had already charged him with guilty knowledge concerning the assassination of Lincoln. Mrs. Davis wrote from Savannah, and implored Greeley to obtain if possible a speedy public trial of Davis on this charge, and on any inferred charge of cruelty to prisoners of war. Greeley could not believe that Davis had anything to do with the assassination. He added that Davis had personally received from Francis P. Blair, in the preceding winter, sufficient assurance of Lincoln's kindly intentions toward the

South. He then asked Mr. Shea to interest himself professionally on Davis's behalf, and said: "We can have with us those with whom you have been in confidential relations during the last two years." Shea said that unless the Government were willing to abandon the charge against Wirz for cruelty to prisoners, it could not overlook his superior, Davis, popularly supposed to be responsible. He should hesitate to act as counsel, if the case came before a military tribunal. Greeley said he did not know Mr. Davis, and Shea said: "Neither do I. But I know those who are intimate with him; and his reputation among them is universal for kindness of heart amounting, in a ruler, almost to weakness." Greeley feared that the head of the Confederacy could not be held blameless, and that Wirz's impending trial had a "malign aspect" for Davis.

"If the contrary cannot be made to appear," said Shea, "the case is hopeless."

At last it was agreed that Shea should consult with common friends, then in official power, and with representative citizens, in order to assist Davis, should the charge of

cruelty prove unfounded. It was also agreed to take into confidence only pronounced Republicans.

Such was the extraordinary conference, held in the first light of morning, between the chief journalist of the Republican party and his friend, an uncompromising Democrat, with the object of aiding Davis; a scheme which, had it been known, would have roused a storm of passionate protest in the North.

Shea had always been on intimate terms with Greeley, who had known him from childhood.* This brought him into friendly association with abolition leaders; and as he was himself a strong Democrat, he was naturally sought out as the person most likely to conduct successfully the difficult task in view. Charles O'Connor was subsequently engaged to defend Davis. Shea was the attorney of record.

I must now go back a little. In July, 1864, Greeley visited Shea at Brier Cliff, on the Hudson, respecting the proposed conference with Clement C. Clay, Jacob Thompson, and James P. Holcombe, on the Canada side of Niagara Falls, with a view to securing peace, based upon recognition of freedom for the slaves. Shea tried to dissuade him from taking part in it, since it was not likely that the gentlemen named had definite authority to negotiate. The meeting, as every one is aware, came to nothing. Shea was now to be associated with Greeley in more effectual efforts to realize fully the peace concluded by the war.

Late in March, 1865, Shea went to Hilton Head, and thence to Charleston. One of his objects, though not at first the chief one, was to meet certain Republican leaders whom he could not visit at the North without, perhaps, exciting observation and inquiry. They were going down to Charleston on the *Arago*, to celebrate the restoration of the United States flag above Fort Sumter. He preceded them, and was the guest of General Q. A. Gillmore, then commanding in that department. He had just come from Hilton Head on the flagship with General Gillmore, when the *Arago* arrived and anchored outside the bar at day-break of Good Friday, April 14th. Just then came the news, through Sherman's headquarters, of Lee's surrender; and the flagship,

steaming out, announced it to the party on board the *Arago*, among whom were Henry Ward Beecher, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Hon. Henry Wilson, and General Joseph Holt. A scene of great enthusiasm ensued. After the ceremony of raising the flag on Sumter, and Beecher's oration, Shea went with Henry Wilson to the mansion, corner of Meeting street and fronting the Battery at Charleston. The spirit of exultation had received a check in the news of that morning. Many thought that, the war being ended, the Sumter affair was not as fitting as it would have been while hostilities continued.

The sentiment of magnanimity sprang into life at once. Wilson and Shea thought this opportunity propitious, and began to consider whether it might not be fostered and turned to practical account. They were together Saturday and Sunday. Wilson expressed joy at the prospect that, since Congress was not in session, peace could be arranged by military armistice, and the country adjusted to new conditions without bitter political debate. They agreed that the most powerful men in bringing about such a result would be John A. Andrew, Gerrit Smith, and Greeley. Thaddeus Stevens, they thought, would prove intractable were Seward's original view of the situation, now precipitated, to be acted upon.†

The plan which Wilson and Shea were now revolving looked towards bringing together representative men of the North and South, with the idea of carrying out that view. On Sunday, Shea had a long talk with Garrison, while walking through the streets of the city, lined with shattered edifices. Garrison, Mr. Shea says, was moved by the sight, and alluded to the fact that this same city had once burnt him in effigy and that a price had been offered for his head in the South. He said he had none but good wishes for Charleston, and "mourned" to see that of its "great buildings not one stone was left upon another." Shea then urged upon him that he extend this feeling of charity to the entire South and assist in bringing into coöperation with Northern men the Southern leaders, so as to effect speedily a good understanding and the

* See Greeley's "Recollections of a Busy Life."

† January 22, 1861, Senator Fitch of Indiana moved that the President of the Senate should fill vacancies on the committees, caused by the withdrawal of Senators Jefferson Davis, Yulee, Fitzpatrick, Clay, and Mallory, whose States had seceded. In the debate that followed, Seward said: "I am utterly opposed, however, Mr. President, to this transaction. . . . I am for leaving those seats here for those Senators or for other Senators from the States which they represent, to be resumed at their own time and at their good pleasure."

At that time there was much discussion in Congress

as to whether the withdrawal of Southern members should be formally recognized, lest by such action the right of secession should be tacitly conceded. January 12, 1861, Seward had said in a speech on the state of the Union: "The Union can be dissolved *not by secession, with or without force*, but only by the voluntary consent of the people of the United States, in the manner prescribed by the Constitution of the United States." Taking these two utterances together, it is plain that Seward's view then was that under no circumstances could Southern States be regarded as out of the Union, and that they should always be free to resume their seats in Congress.—G. P. L.

resumption of peaceful works by the whole people. Garrison appeared anxious and inquiring. Shea expressed his belief that Wilson and Andrew would coöperate in such a plan.* Other conversations followed while the party (which left Charleston on Monday) was on its way to Hilton Head. But there it received the dire news of Lincoln's assassination. Everything was now thrown into doubt, though Wilson still had great hopes of Johnson's acting wisely. The steamer *Sueva Nada* was at once ordered to New York with those who wished to go. When she reached that port on April 26th, it was learned that she would stop first at Brooklyn, to land Mr. Beecher. Wilson, eager to get to Washington, left the vessel by a small boat and was rowed directly to Jersey City.

Within a few days he returned from the capital and, having first called on Greeley, came to Shea's house. There he told of his conversations with the new President. He appeared wholly disheartened. Johnson, he had found, wanted to adopt a plan for making all Southerners of former social position suppliants to him; and when every Southerner owning property of more than \$40,000 value should be forced, as a condition of clemency, to give up the excess for the benefit of the poor in the South, the President thought their aristocracy would no longer "have a heel to crush people with." From that hour Wilson and Johnson diverged; and combinations were now formed to further a magnanimous policy, if need were, in opposition to the President. To that end Shea reopened negotiations with Governor Andrew, and went to Boston to see him.

This, then, was the situation when Greeley received Mrs. Davis's letter and talked with Shea in the gray dawn of that June morning. Two months afterwards Greeley had another letter from Mrs. Davis, evidently intended for publication. This caused him to write to Shea, August 28th, 1865, a letter which indicated a marked change in Greeley's disposition towards Davis, and that he was becoming convinced of Davis's moral responsibility for the crimes against prisoners. Dining with Greeley the next evening, † Shea undertook to get evidence that Davis was free from blame on this score.

He at once went to see Francis P. Blair, whom he found at his country-seat, Silver Springs, Maryland. Justice Shea has narrated to me the substance of the interview which took place there, and I give it from his dictation.

* Shea visited Garrison at Roxbury the following summer, but found him changed in mind, and urgent for the extreme punishment of Davis. Garrison said :

CHIEF-JUSTICE SHEA'S NARRATIVE.

ON my arriving at the cottage which Mr. Blair then occupied, his mansion having been destroyed by Confederate troops, Mr. Blair said that we would walk out in the grounds, so that our conversation might be entirely free. He said, "I believe that Mr. Davis has not been allowed to appoint counsel." I said, "No; that a letter had been sent by Mr. O'Connor to Davis at Fortress Monroe; that we understood that an answer had been returned by Mr. Davis, but had been intercepted and stopped in the State Department."

Blair.—"You surely mean the War Department."

Shea.—"No, sir. The State Department seems to take an irregular and unusual interest concerning Mr. Davis personally."

Mr. Blair looked puzzled for some time; then smiled as if something occurred to him confirming my statement.

Shea.—"One of the objects, though quite incidental, of my visit to you, Mr. Blair, is that the counsel already selected by Mr. Davis's friends should at a proper time be allowed access to him. This is a right which the Constitution gives to every citizen accused, and unless the case of a prisoner of war is an exception, it should not be denied in a case so important and conspicuous as that of Mr. Davis. Your intimacy with President Johnson and the confidence which he has in your friendship, and respect for your judgment, point you out to Mr. Greeley, Mr. Wilson, Gerrit Smith, and Governor Andrew as the one person able, and likely willing, to aid their plan for a comprehensive magnanimity towards the South. They are sure you could not have approved of President Johnson's impolitic and unjust amnesty of last May."

Blair (after a few moments' silence).—"Mr. Shea, I am already made aware that you are in the confidence of those gentlemen, and represent them. Have you not seen the Chief-justice also?"—with a significant look.

Shea.—"I certainly have, and have come to confer with you upon what I consider necessary inferences from the conversation which I had with him at his house last month. It is clear that he considers the late armed strife between the States as an open and public war, and that no charge of treason attaches to any one engaged in it on the part of the Southern States."

Mr. Blair.—"I heard you had a talk together; but did he go that length with you?"

Shea.—"No; not in strict terms. But let me relate the fact to you. I called by appoint-

"I am with the President, and desire to make treason infamous."—GEORGE SHEA.

† At the old Delmonico's, corner of Chambers street.

ment at his residence at half-past eight o'clock in the evening. He was dining out and had not yet returned. The porter said that the Chief-justice would be in soon, as he expected me to take tea with him; and in a few moments Mr. Chase returned, and said that he had been to a dinner party at Secretary Stanton's, and had some trouble in breaking away from it. While we sipped our tea, I found Mr. Chase growing very communicative, especially concerning the rehabilitation of the Democratic party, and the probability that if it would, unequivocally and decisively, accept the actual situation of public affairs,—especially the abolition of slavery and the citizenship of the black man,—the next Presidential election might see that party restored to power. 'I,' he said, 'have always been somewhat Democratic in my opinions; and, now that slavery is at an end, there is no reason why I should not be more so. You may yet see some old abolitionist the candidate of that party for the Presidency.* After a few moments I continued the conversation by saying: 'Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, with whom I have recently talked, regards the accession of the blacks in the South to all the rights of citizenship as a political result of the war. He says it was an open and public war, and the Southern States are to be dealt with as conquered territory.' Mr. Chase here fell into a moment of thought, and then said: 'Congress itself has been of the same opinion. Have you considered the effect of Section 3 of Article 14 of the Amendment to the Constitution?' Leaving me, Mr. Chase went across the hall into the small library room on the left as you enter the street door, returned with a volume of the United States Laws, and having read to me the part of the Amendment he referred to, said: 'That is in harmony with Mr. Stevens's idea, and it seems to make doubtful the liability to further punishment for treason of persons engaged in the rebellion.' This meaning was certainly new to me; but, of course, whether the reading was intended as a suggestion or not, it has left a deep impression.† I said: 'Mr. Chief-justice, Mr. Stevens's opinion comes from the general principles of the law of nations, and not from any particular legislation. I called the attention of Mr. Stevens to Daniel Webster's declaration of the doctrine, and he esteems it as satisfactory and authoritative; so much so, that he told me he would use it in a speech which he is preparing in support of his bill for the confiscation of Southern lands.'

"I then read to the Chief-justice the passage

* A prophecy. This came near being his own case in 1868, and was actually Greeley's in 1872.—G. P. L.

† It was this construction of that law which formed

to which I had called Mr. Stevens's attention, from Webster's Bunker Hill Monument speech of June 17th 1825: 'The battle of Bunker Hill was attended with the most important effects, beyond its immediate result as a military engagement. It created at once a state of open public war. *There could no longer be a question of proceeding against individuals as guilty of treason or rebellion.*'"

Having told Mr. Blair all this, I added: "You can judge for yourself whether there is reason to make the inference I have drawn as to the Chief-justice's opinion."

Blair.—"I expect that you have some definite plan for me to lay before the President."

Shea.—"Yes. Yet, before entering on that, let me earnestly call your attention to the continued denial of Mrs. Davis's application to visit or even correspond with her husband. I have seen Mr. Stanton, and he told me that the intention of the Government remained unchanged as to this. Why,—of course I could not ask him. I wish you and, if permissible, Mrs. Blair would see what can be done through the President and Mr. Stanton to grant Mrs. Davis even a limited correspondence with her husband. The definite plan which our friends would wish you to lay before the President, in a friendly spirit and not officially in the first instance, is this: To have Mr. Davis released from actual imprisonment by some means known to the law—such, for instance, as that which Chief-justice Marshall allowed in the case of Aaron Burr, between the time of his arrest and trial. This could not be done till after Davis was manumitted from the military and delivered into the civil jurisdiction. I know that the pendency of the Wirz case before the military commission may continue to be an impediment to that course; but it is a significant circumstance that the name of Jefferson Davis, notwithstanding all that has been threatened, has not been placed in the charges and specifications in that case, as one of those with whom it has been charged that Wirz conspired. Is it not, Mr. Blair, an admission on the part of the Government that it is possessed of no evidence implicating Mr. Davis in that charge? If it could be arranged, according to recognized procedures, that Mr. Davis be delivered into civil custody, then the matter may take its usual course before a civil tribunal; and time may then fairly be taken by the Government to consider whether public policy requires further prosecution. Mr. Davis at liberty would be as any other person in the South. In prison, he is a power, and there an obstruction to any plan for the concil-

the very ground of the division of the court, and produced the final abandonment of the prosecution of Davis by the Government.—G. P. L.

iation of the whole country. Mr. Blair, should you find that the President thinks himself committed by what he has said about having this question of secession considered and determined by our highest legal tribunal, so as judicially to cast it out of our political system, in that case counsel for the defense of either Davis, Clay, or other prisoners of state might interpose a special plea in addition to the usual plea of not guilty; by which the whole controversy as to an act of secession constituting the crime of treason might be brought before the Supreme Court, without the complication of a trial by jury. This plan I have submitted to Mr. O'Connor, and it has his approval. He has authorized me to say so. However, Mr. Blair, in order to allow the case surely to reach the Supreme Court, it may be necessary that Congress give by statute the right of a writ of error in such cases, since at present there is no law allowing such an appeal. It must go there on a division of opinion in the court below.* Our friends are most anxious that all we attempt should have in view the political situation of the President, as well as the rights of Mr. Davis."

Mr. Blair said, "We will think further of this."

After dinner we resumed our walk and talk. Mr. Blair began by saying: "What you have proposed, I think well of. Even Sumner has said that a trial before a jury would be a farce. I shall see the President to-morrow afternoon, as on Sundays he has leisure; and he will act promptly in this matter. If you will hasten back to New York and put what you have said to me into writing, particularly regarding the Chief-justice, I shall lay it before the President privately, if I get any encouragement from him. I shall see what can be done for Mrs. Davis, and ask my wife to intercede with the President for her."

Mr. Blair, remaining silent for some time, finally said: "Much of this trouble need not have been. Mr. Davis himself had it in his power to have advanced the interests of our whole country. We all know that European nations are combined to establish on this continent interests inimical to our institutions and commerce. We should have held all of Mex-

ico after the Mexican war. You remember how strongly Robert J. Walker, then a member of the Cabinet, advised it. This country should never permit the policy of the Monroe doctrine to become inert." Here he turned and looked at me and, with a degree of warmth unusual to him, said: "I presume you are not aware of the object of the visits which I made to Richmond last January?—though one of our friends could have told you of it."

I answered: "One of our particular friends did suggest something in the spirit of what you have already suggested, and it now begins to form an intelligibility for me which it had not before."

"It is well," resumed Mr. Blair, "that you should know all now; so that you can avoid in further conversations with others of our intimate friends at the North any curious inquiries. I got permission to visit Richmond, and went there early in January. That visit was made not without some, although an indefinite, understanding with friends in power † at Washington. So far as my interview with Mr. Davis was concerned, I was there individually, without authority, but as an old friend of his and a man of many Southern tender relations. My proposition was: *that the Confederate army should recognize that Richmond was no longer tenable, and should evacuate that place; that the army should move south-westward, and should be followed by the national troops, but pitched battles should be avoided; that this pursuit should be continued until the Confederate armies should have crossed the Mississippi and gathered upon the frontier of Mexico; and that then they should be driven into that country and followed, as a matter of course, by the Federal troops. There, once in association on a foreign soil, nothing could prevent a fraternizing of both the Northern and Southern soldiers. This would have been a consummation that would have reconciled all concerned, and would have obviated any elaborate political device for reorganizing or restoring any State of the Union.* No other foreign nation could have found fault with our following a belligerent army into the territory of a neighboring country, ‡ which had habitually given

* This was said in order to demonstrate the futility of bringing the political question before the Circuit Court.—GEORGE SHEA.

† This, I am assured, was the exact expression used.—G. P. L.

‡ Compare, on this point, the remarkable order given by General Grant to General McDowell, in a letter dated at City Point, Va., January 8, 1865 (and published in the "Tribune" November 8, 1885), respecting the possible invasion of California by Dr. Gwin, the Duke of Sonora. "In an event like the one alluded to," says Grant in this letter, "I would not rest satisfied with simply driving the invaders on to Mexican soil, but would pursue them until overtaken, and would

retain possession of the territory from which the invader started, until indemnity for the past and security for the future, satisfactory to the Government, was insured." Grant also says: "I write without having discussed this matter with any one. . . . This letter is written . . . entirely without knowledge of what the President would advise in case of an invasion of our territory from that of Mexico, but with a conviction that it is right and just." The date is of the month when Blair visited Davis, and the letter seems to show that the idea of occupying Mexico was "in the air," and in more than one mind, even though not officially acknowledged.—G. P. L.

I authorize George Shea
to appear in behalf of me & in
my name to enter into an
engagement in full form as he
may think proper for the due
personal appearance of Jefferson
Davis in any part of the United
States at any time thereof to an-
swer to anything which may be
alleged against him by the
United States.

Witness my hand &
Seal hereunto }
November 2 1867. } Augustus Schell

C. Van. D. Schell

Horace Greeley
of New York.

[The names of C. Vanderbilt and Horace Greeley, as in fac-simile above, were signed to duplicates of this letter, and Mr. Vanderbilt's seal was witnessed by Augustus Schell.—EDITOR.]

aid and comfort to the Southern Confederacy, and had set up an imperial government, with a European prince, as a menace to us and a home of refuge for those in open war with us. *I urged upon Mr. Davis that our people, once there, could not be made to leave*; and Europe and Mexico would soon understand that we were there to stay.* European powers had combined, and were then actually proceeding to occupy that country permanently, against the will of the Mexican people, and the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine should impel us to prevent their success."

Shea returned shortly to New York, and there, a few days later, received from Mr. Blair the following letter:

"SILVER SPRINGS, September 9, 1865.

"GEORGE SHEA, ESQ.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I saw the President yesterday, and gave him the views you communicated to me. I told him frankly whence they came. He gave me no answer to communicate in return—although he conversed freely on the subject.

"In my opinion it would be well, if it is in your purpose to pursue the matter in the way you suggested, to put your views in writing and submit them to the President. I suppose in such form they might be made the subject of consideration in Cabinet, and in all likelihood the law officer might apprise you of the result.

Your obedient servant,

"F. P. BLAIR."

Mr. Shea soon afterwards visited Mr. Blair again, and said that it appeared to him embarrassing that he should have Mr. Blair hand to the President such a written statement, coming from one acting in behalf of a State prisoner, if it were to be submitted to the Cabinet.

Blair.—"If you do not trust the President, how can you expect him to trust you?"

Shea.—"I am willing to trust Mr. Johnson, but not to expose the project to the President's Cabinet. There are two members of the Cabinet whose passions on this subject would frustrate any plan, however commendable.†"

Mrs. Davis was soon accorded liberty to correspond with her husband and presently to visit him at Fort Monroe. This was the only immediate good that came from these conferences. The trial of Wirz proceeded. He was condemned because of his agency in the cruelty to prisoners, and executed November 10th, 1865. Now it seemed clear to many that the trial of Wirz was largely a proceeding of discovery for evidence implicating another higher than himself. The single point, also, on which light was desired by the band of friends—mainly Republicans—who had united to secure a large-minded pol-

* Blair's exact words, according to Justice Shea.—G. P. L.

icy towards ex-Confederates was this same question as to Mr. Davis's possible responsibility for ill-usage of our soldiers while in the hands of the enemy. Evidence on this point, I have already stated, Shea had undertaken to procure for Greeley, Henry Wilson, and—as Shea was given to understand—for Thaddeus Stevens. He went in the first week of January, 1866, to Canada, where he was to meet General John C. Breckinridge, stopping on his way, however, at Boston, to consult there with John A. Andrew and others. General Joseph R. Davis, of Mississippi, accompanied him.

At Montreal the two put up at St. Lawrence Hall. Breckinridge, who was at Toronto, telegraphed as follows:

"TORONTO, January 8, 1866.

"TO GENERAL J. R. DAVIS, St. L. Hall.

"I leave for Montreal on afternoon train.

"JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE."

There, in a private room of that hotel, were placed in the hands of Mr. Shea some of the archives of the Confederate States. They were bound volumes, in canvas covers, secured with wax, and sealed. General Joseph R. Davis cut the covers open with a knife, and Mr. Shea carefully read and considered the contents—especially those messages and other acts of the Executive, with the Senate in its secret sessions, concerning the care and exchange of prisoners. From these documents, not made to meet the public eye, it was manifest that the people of the South believed that reports of supposed inhuman and unwarlike treatment of their own captured soldiers by agents of our own Government were trustworthy, and those people individually, through their representatives at Richmond, had pressed upon Mr. Davis instant measures of active retaliation upon Northern prisoners. It was equally and decisively manifest from these archives that Mr. Davis unflinchingly set himself in opposition to such demands, and declined to adopt the violent measures proposed. His refusal impaired his personal popularity and brought censure upon him from many persons in the South. The evidence obtained in this way was brought home by Mr. Shea, and submitted to Mr. Greeley, Gerrit Smith, and, in part, to Henry Wilson. The result was, that these gentleman and others associated with them laid aside all former suspicions of Davis and showed a positive friendly disposition towards him.

The "Tribune" at once began a series of leading editorials demanding that the Government should proceed with the trial; and

† Mr. Stanton, Judge Shea says, was not one of the two.—G. P. L.

Senator Howard, of Michigan, offered, January 16th, 1866, a joint resolution, seconded by Charles Sumner, and passed, recommending the trial of Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay before a military tribunal, on charges mentioned by the Secretary of War in his Report of March 4th, 1865. It was, however, privately known to the Bureau of Military Justice that, if a trial of that kind were held, Thaddeus Stevens would act as counsel for Mr. Clay.*

Charles O'Connor and Mr. Shea, being already engaged for the defense of Davis, it was essential that they should be allowed to confer with him personally. Mr. Shea was sent to Washington to bring this about, and to apply directly to the President. Late on Saturday evening, May 19th, 1866, accompanied by an eminent Major-General,† Shea called upon President Johnson. He told the President that the object of his visit was to learn whether, if a writ of *habeas corpus* were to be issued by the Chief-justice of the United States, or by the United States Circuit Judge of Northern Virginia, Jefferson Davis would be delivered by the military authorities into the civil jurisdiction. Instantly the President burst into violent anger, and in loud tones declared that he would "not talk on that subject." Mr. Shea said: "I have come here for this purpose, Mr. President, supported by Senators and others who are disposed to act in this matter with the Administration. I think it would be wise at least to listen to what I have to say"; and he was about to name the men whom he meant, when President Johnson interrupted him with increased — nay, furious — anger, and burst into such a tirade, that Mr. Shea, turning his back on the President, walked with his friend instantly from the room.

The next day was Sunday. In the morning an aide-de-camp, who dragged a clashing saber at his heels, brought to Mr. Shea the following communication, written within half an hour after the time when he had left the White House:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

"May 19, 1866 (10:30 P. M.).

"MR. GEORGE SHEA, Willard's Hotel.

"SIR: The President directs me to say that he will try and see you and the gentleman with you on Monday morning, if you find it convenient to call at that time.

With great respect,

"R. MORROW,
"Bt. Col. and A. A. G."

* I am informed, on very high authority, that among the papers of Thaddeus Stevens, in the hands of his literary executor, full evidence of this had been found. Mr. Burton N. Harrison also recalls that William B. Reed of Philadelphia was assured that Stevens was ready to act as counsel for Davis. Stevens's object was

The suddenness of this summons, following upon the recent scene, and brought by a military officer, might have suggested to Mr. Shea at first, before reading the communication, the possibility that he was to be summarily put under arrest, for such things were possible in those days. He returned a written answer by the President's messenger. The next morning he called at the Executive Mansion alone, and was met in a few moments by an official, who came to him in the upper hallway and said that the President would see him at once. Mr. Shea relates to me, as follows, the interview which then took place:

"When I entered the President's retiring room, the President and Senator James H. Lane of Kansas were together. Mr. Johnson had his hand upon the Senator's shoulder, talking to him in a very collected, earnest manner. On seeing me, Senator Lane said to the President: 'You have important business with Mr. Shea'; from which I at once inferred that Lane, who was one of the Senators whom I had it in mind to name on Saturday night, had brought about the change in the President's mood and caused me to be sent for. (Lane himself, the next day, told me that this was the fact.) The President continued talking with Lane in a subdued voice, briefly, and when the Senator left the room seated himself at his desk near the window. We were alone. He then requested me to take a chair close by the desk, and asked, 'Whom did you intend to allude to, last Saturday, as your supporters?'

"I answered: 'Senator Lane, Senator Dixon,‡ Ex-Governor Andrew, Senator Wilson; and the opinion of Thaddeus Stevens, I know, would favor everything that might tend to treat Mr. Davis like any other prisoner of war. Mr. Greeley and Gerrit Smith favor my application; and I am authorized to say that, when the Government consents to have Davis tried according to the civil law, Cornelius Vanderbilt will be one of the bondsmen for bail.'

"The President looked at me steadfastly, and seemed to be amazed. I told him that we had determined to wait, before approaching him, until the Administration could depend upon proper support from those most active in upholding the Union. I said: 'The communication which I am told that old Mr. Blair forwarded to you from me has not been followed up by us.' I also said, 'that the letter which Mr. O'Connor had sent, about the same time, offering to give his bond for \$100,000,

to prove at the trial that the Southern States had been in open war, out of the Union, and therefore subject to treatment as conquered territory. In this manner, from an opposite motive, he fell in with the reconciliationists.—G. P. L.

† Q. A. Gillmore.

‡ Of Connecticut.

and to become thereupon the special custodian of Jefferson Davis, was not known to us until afterwards, when O'Connor complained that he had received no reply. The gentlemen whom I represented,' said I, 'wished that the law should take its usual course, without further impediment from the Government.'

"The President said he thought this application was in the right spirit, and ought to be considered. 'It would be well for you,' he said, 'to see the Attorney General.'

"I answered, 'I have already done so, and I think he does not object to Mr. O'Connor and myself communicating with Mr. Davis as counsel. But he hinted no opinion as to delivering Mr. Davis on a writ of *habeas corpus*.'

"The interview lasted fully half an hour. The President spoke on other topics, and always in a low, sad voice. Had I not seen his wild, passionate behavior at our meeting two days before, I should not have believed that he was capable of such rage.

"Finally, he took a small sheet of paper, folded it once, and slowly wrote with a short wood lead-pencil — an end of which he had held in his mouth while considering the words — a few lines, put the sheet in an envelope, and sealed it with a common red wafer. I suppose no act so important was ever done with less formality. As he pressed the wafer down, I remember that his thumb slipped and made a smear of the wafer from the center to the corner of the envelope. Writing the address, also in pencil, to 'Hon. Jas. Speed,' he handed me the note and said: 'Will you take that to the Attorney General?'

"I took my leave. The President, rising, went with me towards the door, and there, offering his hand, said: 'Don't forget to call when you are in Washington again.' But it so chanced that I never saw Andrew Johnson after that time. A few minutes with Mr. Speed, who seemed equally surprised by the President's note and by what I told him about my allies, sufficed. The next day I received from him an assurance that the Government had sent orders to Fort Monroe that Mr. O'Connor and I should be admitted to see Mr. Davis. No answer was given as to the writ of *habeas corpus*. On the next Sunday morning, Mr. O'Connor and I landed at Fort Monroe, and saw Mr. Davis, then imprisoned in a casemate. His beard, which had grown, I presume, while he was in prison, had changed the expression of his face, and at first I did not recognize him. I had seen

him but once before, and now met him for the first time. The danger of a military court to try Davis, like that which had condemned Wirz, was still imminent. I was aware that officers had been named for it, and that General David Hunter was to be President. But, later, the prospect of any sort of trial taking place became vague."

THE time seemed ripe, at last, for attempting to liberate Davis on a writ of *habeas corpus* and bail-bond. Commodore Vanderbilt, Gerrit Smith, and Horace Greeley now gave Mr. Shea their individual and unlimited powers of attorney to act in their behalf as bondsmen for Davis. This was in June, 1866. The attempt failed. On May 1st, 1867, another and like effort proved successful; and then Vanderbilt sent to Richmond his own son-in-law, the Hon. Horace F. Clark, to act for him; but Gerrit Smith and Greeley were there present in person.

The case of the United States *vs.* Jefferson Davis was not disposed of until near the end of 1868, and then on demurrer to the indictment. Chief-justice Chase and Mr. Justice Underwood presided. The Chief-justice announced on December 5th, 1868, that the court had failed to agree upon a decision, and then this certificate of division and of the question was filed: "Whether, by the operation and effect of the third clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, the defendant is exempted from indictment or prosecution for treason in levying war and participating or engaging in the late rebellion. And upon that question the opinions of the judges were opposed. And thereupon the said point is upon the request of the said defendant, stated under the direction of the said Judges, and certified under the seal of the said Circuit Court to the Supreme Court of the United States at its next session."

Thus ended a prosecution which, as Charles Sumner foretold in the Senate, was to be a failure. But there was one person who, if present in that court-room, would not have shared the general surprise when the Chief-justice, as the court adjourned *sine die*, "instructed the reporter to record him as having been of the opinion, on the disagreement, that the indictment should be quashed, and all further proceedings barred by the effect of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States."

George Parsons Lathrop.

Century, Feb. 90

PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

I.—BY THE COMMANDER OF THE UNION CAVALRY.



AFTER the last council of the Confederacy at Abbeville, South Carolina, the practical conclusion of which was that the war was ended, it was made evident that no such force as still remained with Jefferson Davis could get through the country occupied by my troops. The cavalry corps under my command had been distributed throughout Georgia, a large detachment had been sent to Florida, strong parties were now watching every ferry and crossing and patrolling every road, and every officer and man of that splendid force was keenly on the lookout for the fugitives, but up to this time without any exact information of Davis's movements. On the 23d of April I learned that he and his party had been at Charlotte, North Carolina, only three or four days before, and that he was on his way to the South with a wagon-train and an escort of cavalry, but there my information ended for the time. [See also page 561.]

On the 28th, Upton left Macon by rail, accompanied by a part of his division, with orders to leave a detachment under Colonel B. B. Eggleston, 1st Ohio, at Atlanta, and to take another on to Augusta, while Winslow, with the rest of the division, was left to march directly to Atlanta. Before starting, General Alexander, commanding the Second Brigade, at his own suggestion and request was authorized to detach an officer and twenty picked men to be disguised as rebel soldiers, to march northeastward into and through the Carolinas if necessary, for the purpose of obtaining definite information of Davis's movements. This party was placed under the command of Lieutenant Joseph A. O. Yeoman, of the 1st Ohio Cavalry, a brave and enterprising young officer, at that time serving on the staff of Alexander as acting assistant inspector-general of brigade. He was tall, slender, and of a somewhat swarthy complexion, which, with hair that for lack of a barber's services had grown long enough to brush back of his ears, and a Confederate major's brand-new uniform, gave him such a close resemblance to his erring but gallant countrymen of the South that his most intimate friend would not have suspected him of being a Yankee. His men were quite as successfully fitted out in captured clothing, and after receiving

instructions at my own headquarters to report frequently by courier, he gaily set off on what afterwards proved to be a most successful expedition. Verbal orders were also given to the other division and brigade commanders to send out similar parties, and they did so without delay.

Yeoman and his followers marched rapidly towards the upper crossings of the Savannah River, entered South Carolina, and by diligent but cautious inquiry and much hard riding found and joined the party they were looking for, without attracting unusual attention to themselves. The country was full of disbanded Confederate soldiers, all more or less demoralized and going home. Discipline was at an end, and every man of them was looking out for himself. This condition of affairs facilitated the operations of Yeoman, and encouraged him to believe that he might find an opportunity to seize and carry off the rebel chief; but the vigilance and devotion of the escort rendered it impossible to put this daring plan into effect, though it did not prevent his sending couriers into the nearest Federal picket post to report the movements of the party he was with. The information thus obtained was promptly transmitted to Generals Alexander and Upton, and by them to me. At Washington, Georgia, there was much confusion, growing out of the further disbanding which was rendered necessary by the proximity of our forces, and Yeoman lost sight of Davis for about twenty-four hours, during which he divided his party into three or four squads, and sought again to obtain definite information of the Confederate chieftain's movements and plans. Persevering in his efforts, he learned enough to convince him that Davis had relinquished all hope of getting through the country to the westward, and would most probably try to reach the South Atlantic or Gulf Coast and escape by sea. This, it will be remembered, was the plan which Pollard, the historian of the Lost Cause, says was deliberately adopted, many weeks before Lee's catastrophe. Relying upon his information, Yeoman sent in couriers to make it known, and as soon as it reached him Alexander repeated it to me by the telegraph, which was now completely in our possession. The air was full of rumors, and everybody had a theory to advance as to the probable movements of the party we were

of all beat time, as though the whole congregation was marching, while through it all ran the wild monotone, "Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!" Occasionally a woman would shout a response and throw her arms around the girl's neck. Presently some began singing again, and all joined in the refrain until the church fairly thundered:

Sister Mary weep, Sister Marthy moan,
Who's on de Lord's side?
De Lord's side es de sho side,
Who's on de Lord's side?
O mo'ners, you on de Lord's side?
O mo'ners, you on de Lord's side?
De Lord's side es de sho side,
Who's on de Lord's side?

And through the weird melody in singular cadence rose the wild cry of the marching girl:

Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!
O sister, lay yo' burden down,
Who's on de Lord's side?
De Lord's side es de sho side,
Who's on de Lord's side? etc.

Sal had made considerable progress on her circuit and was beginning to add a queer little shuffle to her march, popping her long, broad foot upon the resonant plank, when she came face to face with M'ria sitting in all the glory of the Ole Miss frock by the side of Alec. M'ria touched her escort in the side with her elbow and said aloud, grinning:

"Look at Bigfoot Sal!"

It was a fatal remark. Sal was fairly frenzied with excitement, and M'ria drew the whole current. Her rival sprang on her with the fury of a tigress, and in a few moments the Ole Miss frock was reduced to shreds. Sal lifted her light enemy into the air and brought her down to the floor with terrific force, M'ria giving expression to her pain and fear in frightful screams. As Sal tore and bit, the clockwork of her religious fervor ran on: "Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!" she muttered. The congregation had been fired to a white heat by the conversion of the girl, and were just drifting into the ecstatic church dance when the sudden conflict began. M'ria's brother sprang over the benches intervening, and catching Sal by the hair began to cuff her vigorously. The next instant Alec, whose love for his dusky fiancée had only slumbered, jumped on his back like a catamount.

Plantation life is like village life; there are always two sides, and blood is thicker than water. In the excitement of the onset good intentions were mistaken for declarations of war, and when war developed it involved the whole community. Men and women struggled in every direction. Some took flying leaps out of the windows, and some, crawling over the heads of those who packed the doorway, dropped down safely outside, perhaps only to become involved at last, for many old debts are settled in such émeutes.

Gradually the crowd escaped to the exterior of the church and groups were formed on all sides. Fights were still in progress. Presently blows were suspended, and excited discussion took their place. Just at this moment, when a reaction was setting in, and friends were pinning remnants of clothing over the almost nude forms of Tempy and Chloe, while the two loudly abused each other, out of the doorway came Sal. Her head was high in the air, her feet were keeping time to the monotone she was still somewhat exhaustedly shouting:

"Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!"

The crowd gave way, and looking neither to the right nor the left, marching with measured tread, putting in every now and then her queer little shuffle, and slapping the roadway with her long foot, she passed on among the pines, her cotton dress appearing and disappearing at intervals until the distance and shadows swallowed her up. Silence for a moment fell upon the crowd, then a burst of laughter followed: the excitement had taken a more cheerful turn.

On went the girl, and faintly sounded the marching cadence:

"Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!"

Then it died away in the distance, and the crowd found itself interested in two wrecks that crept out of the church and appealed to their sympathies. One was M'ria; the other, Peter.

Slowly, still arguing, the gathering dissolved. But as the scattering groups faded away through the patches of moonlight and shadow, and the night hushed discord, from away up the road where it winds around the house and Missy's darkened bedroom at the corner, there came floating back the words of Sal's triumphant hymn:

"Glory!—glory!—glory, glory, glory!"

H. S. Edwards.

SMILES AND TEARS.

YOU meant to wound me? Then forgive,
O friend, that when the blow fell, I
Turned my face from you to the wall
To smile, instead of die.

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You meant to gladden me? Dear friend,
Whose praise like jewels I have kept,
Forgive me, that for very joy
I bent my happy head and wept.

A. W. R.

so anxious to apprehend; but after careful consideration of all the reports and the few absolute facts which had reached me I had already come to the conclusion that Davis would be forced to flee, probably alone and in disguise, towards the Florida coast, and reported to Thomas that I had no doubt we should catch him if he undertook to pass through the country attended by an escort and a wagon-train.

On the afternoon of May 6, immediately after receiving the intelligence from Yeoman, I sent for General Croxton, commanding the First (McCook's) Division, and directed him to select his best regiment in his division, and send it forthwith, under its best officer, eastward by the little town of Jeffersonville to Dublin on the Oconee River, with orders to march with the greatest possible speed, scouting the country well to the northward of his route, leaving detachments at all important cross-roads and keeping a sharp lookout for all rebel parties, whether large or small, that might be passing through that region. It was hoped by these means that the route pursued by Davis might be intersected and his movements discovered, in which event the commanding officer was instructed to follow wherever it might lead, until the fugitive should be overtaken and captured. General Croxton selected the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Harnden, an officer of age, experience, and unconquerable resolution, who reported to me after his regiment was on the march, and whom I notified that Davis was known to have an escort variously estimated at from ten to fifty men, all fully armed, and determined to die "in the last ditch," if need be, in his defense. The sturdy old colonel understood fully what he might encounter and what was expected of him, and assured me as he galloped away that he would give a satisfactory account of himself and command if he should have the good fortune to find the party he was sent after. He had selected 150 of his best men and stoutest horses, and, marching all night, he reached Dublin the next evening at seven o'clock, having left an officer and thirty men at Jeffersonville with orders to send out scouts in all directions. During his march he had kept scouting parties well out on both sides of his column in hopes of finding the trail of the party for whom he was searching, but nothing of importance occurred till after he had bivouacked for the night.

Meanwhile the conviction was growing in my mind that Davis would certainly try to pass through eastern Georgia into Florida, and accordingly the next day—May 7—I sent for Colonel Minty, commanding the Second

(Long's) Division, and directed him also to select his best regiment and order it to follow the southern bank of the Ocmulgee River, watching all the crossings, and seizing all the boats between Hawkinsville and the mouth of the Ochopee River. Minty selected the 4th Michigan Cavalry, his own regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Benjamin D. Pritchard, an officer of rare ability and enterprise. He received the same information and instructions that had been given to Harnden in regard to the strength and character of the escort which was supposed to be with Davis, and was directed to find and follow the party to the Gulf of Mexico if necessary and bring it in if possible. Pritchard, leaving behind his weaker horses, set out immediately with the rest of his regiment, and proceeded rapidly in the direction indicated.

The excitement had now grown to white heat, and every officer and man in the force was on the alert. Upton had telegraphed me from Augusta as early as the 6th, suggesting that I should offer a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for the capture of Davis, urging in support of his advice that the Secretary of War would approve my action, and that it would induce even the rebels to assist in making the capture. I did not care, however, to commit the Government in that way, and decided, instead, to offer a reward to be paid from the treasure which the fleeing chieftain was thought by General Halleck, and perhaps others, to have with him. This was done, and printed copies of the offer were scattered throughout the State as soon as possible.

At this time the cavalry corps, consisting of about fifteen thousand horsemen, was holding all the important points along a line extending from Kingston to Tallahassee, with one brigade and many smaller detachments moving in all directions to the front and rear, and the sequel showed that I was fully justified in believing that Davis and his party could not possibly escape unless they left the roads and took to the woods as individual fugitives.

On his arrival at Dublin, Harnden made careful inquiry, but the white inhabitants of the place expressed complete ignorance and indifference in regard to the movements of all parties and detachments such as might accompany the rebel leaders, though they were unusually profuse in offers of hospitality to himself and his command. This being a trait of Southern character that the bronzed old cavalryman had never before seen exhibited to any marked extent, his suspicions were at once aroused, and, declining all attentions, he went into bivouac at the edge of the village, resolved to sleep with one eye open if he slept at all. He had

\$100,000 REWARD! IN GOLD.

Headquarters Cav. Corp.,
Military Division Mississippi,
Macon, Ga., May 6, 1863.

One Hundred Thousand Dollars Reward
in Gold, will be paid to any person or persons who will apprehend and deliver JEFFERSON DAVIS to any of the Military authorities of the United States.

Several millions of specie, reported to be with him, will become the property of the captors.

J. H. WILSON

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A TORN POSTER FOUND IN GEORGIA AFTER THE WAR BY MR. REAU CAMPBELL.

already observed unusual commotion among the colored people, and after sending out scouts and posting his pickets he composed himself for the night.

About eleven o'clock, after complete stillness had settled upon the bivouac, a negro man came stealthily to the colonel's tent and told him with bated breath that he had assisted the ferryman that day in bringing Mrs. Davis and family from the east to the west side of the river; that the party was composed of men, women, and children, about twenty in all; that they had three ambulances and five wagons, and after crossing had gone south on the river road. He was sure that it was Mrs. Davis and family, because he had heard one of the ladies addressed as "Mrs. Davis," and an elderly gen-

tleman, with a defective eye, riding a fine bay horse, spoken to as "Mr. Davis" or as "President Davis." The colored man had evidently made close observation of all that took place. He reported that "Mrs. Davis" and some of the party had not crossed at Dublin, but had gone to a ferry several miles farther down the river, and after crossing there had ridden up to the town, and rejoining the party in the outskirts they had all gone south together "on the river road." Colonel Hamden, after a rigid cross-examination of his voluntary informant, and receiving from another negro a confirmatory statement, went down to the river and called up the white ferryman, whom he again questioned closely, but from whom he failed to elicit any additional facts. Indeed he got

nothing whatever from him, except the conviction that, for a white man, the ferryman was an unusually ignorant and reticent person.

Returning, however, to his camp and reflecting upon the story of the colored man, he concluded that it was too probable and circumstantial to be disregarded. He therefore detailed Lieutenant Theron W. Lane with sixty men to scout from Dublin as a center, in all directions, and especially towards the sea-coast, while he resolved to start at two o'clock with the remainder of his regiment, not exceeding in all seventy-five men and officers, in pursuit of the party about which he had gathered such circumstantial details. With horses well fed and groomed, and his troopers refreshed by a short sleep and by the bountiful supplies of a region which had entirely escaped the ravages of the foragers, he took to the saddle at two o'clock, the darkest hour of the night, determined to overtake the fugitives, wherever they might go. As nearly as he could make out, they had sixteen or seventeen hours the start of him; but as they were encumbered with ambulances and wagons, he felt that the chances were largely in his favor. He had some difficulty at first in finding the right road, which, like all the rest in that region, was at best an obscure path through the forest; but five miles out he obtained information from a woman of the country which convinced him that he was moving in the right direction, and that Davis in person had gone by the day before. This was on the morning of May 8. The colonel at once sent a courier across country with a despatch for General Croxton, informing the latter of his discovery and his general plan of operations, and then pushed on rapidly in pursuit. It is worthy of note, however, that the courier lost his way and was captured, dismounted, and robbed, and did not reach Macon till after the news of Davis's capture had been received. The route by which the latter was traveling led nearly due south through an almost unsettled and trackless but level and sandy region of pine forests, made still more difficult by creeks and swamps crossing and frequently obliterating the road for miles. It began to rain about noon, and this speedily washed out the wagon-tracks and left the pursuers in doubt as to the trail which they were following. After a while they impressed an unwilling "cracker," as the inhabitants of that region are called, and forcing him to act as guide, they pushed forward till they felt sure they were again on the right road. Allowing him to return home, they continued the march till they came to the swamps of Alligator Creek, where the trail disappeared under the water, and they were once more forced to draw rein till another "cracker" could be

found to guide them through the swamp and forest to the path which seemed so illusive, and upon which the trail of the fugitives was so faintly marked. Notwithstanding the delays, Colonel Harnden and his troopers bivouacked that night forty miles south of Dublin. Having no tents, they lay on the ground, and as it rained heavily during the night, they were again drenched to the skin. As a consequence it was more comfortable for the men in the saddle than in their dreary camp, and so with much impatience they mounted and resumed their march at the early hour of three o'clock the next morning.

The route, as before, lay due south, across creeks and swamps and through an almost uninhabited forest, but by noon it brought them to Brown's ferry, where they crossed to the south side of the Ocmulgee. The river was found to be too deep for fording, and its banks so steep and treacherous that the prudent colonel, anxious as he was to get forward, would not permit his command to swim it. Accordingly a rickety old scow, on which the fugitives had crossed only a few hours before, was brought into requisition; but it was overloaded, and under the burden of the first detachment it sprung a leak, which threatened to disable it entirely, and in fact came so near doing so that it was found necessary to limit the loads afterward to four or five men and horses. There were no means at hand for making repairs, and the crossing was thereby prolonged nearly two hours beyond what otherwise would have been necessary. The time was not altogether lost, however, for it afforded Colonel Harnden an opportunity to gather from the ferryman and his assistants such particulars of the party he was pursuing as to remove all doubt, if any existed, in regard to its identity and strength, and also in regard to the route it had taken after crossing the river.

At Abbeville, a hamlet of three families, about a mile and a half below the ferry, he found some corn, and halted to feed his jaded horses. At 3 P. M., just as he was renewing his march, he met the advance guard of the 4th Michigan Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard commanding, coming down the river road from Hawkinsville. After comparing instructions with that officer, and telling him about the party he was pursuing, he rejoined his own command and continued his march by the road from Abbeville to Irvinville until again compelled by darkness and the consequent difficulty of following the trail to go into camp. This he did about nine o'clock at night, after he had got within two or three miles of where he supposed the fugitives had also been compelled to halt. Here he unsaddled, and after posting pickets and enjoining the most perfect

silence, he sent his horses out to graze for a while before allowing his men to rest. Declaring his purpose to renew the pursuit before dawn the next morning, in the hope of falling upon the camp of the rebel party before it had resumed its march, he threw himself upon the ground and slept soundly for a few hours.

It will be remembered that Colonel Pritchard, who belonged to the Second Division, had left Macon about dark on the evening of May 7, and that his attention had been particularly directed to the crossings of the Ocmulgee between Hawkinsville and Jacksonville, for the purpose of watching the ferries and intercepting Davis and such other important Confederate leaders as might be trying to escape through that region. He had practically the same orders that had been given to Harnden, except that his preliminary line of march was to be southeastward along the southern bank of the Ocmulgee, while Harnden's was to be due east to the Oconee and beyond. Exactly what words passed between these two officers when they met have never been fully reported or agreed upon, but as they were veterans of most excellent character, it is fair to assume that each gave the other all the information he had, after which they parted, Harnden to rejoin his command on the Irwinville road, and Pritchard to continue on the route above indicated. [See page 594.] The latter had not gone far, however, before he met a negro man who gave him such additional information as convinced him absolutely that the party which Harnden was pursuing was the one they were both looking for, and that it was his duty to join in the pursuit. Accordingly he selected seven officers and 128 of his best-mounted men, and after leaving the rest of the regiment under Captain John C. Hathaway, with orders to carry out his original instructions, he set out at a brisk trot. It was now four o'clock, and the route chosen by him led southeasterly along the river nearly twelve miles to the neighborhood of Wilcox's mill, where it turned sharply to the southwest in the direction of Irwinville, some eighteen miles from the river. Night soon overtook the hardy cavalymen, but they pressed on through the overshadowing forest and reached Irwinville between one and two o'clock in the morning. Although this is the county seat of Irwin County, it is an insignificant village, which till that hour had escaped all the alarms of the war; but the presence of so large a body of cavalry soon became known, and caused great excitement among both whites and blacks. Fearing that the alarm would extend to the neighborhood unless promptly allayed, the colonel represented his command as the rear-guard of Davis's escort, and after restoring

order thereby had the satisfaction of learning that the party he was searching for had encamped that night at the creek, about a mile and a half north of the village, on the Abbeville road. Feeling confident that the fugitives were now within his grasp, he marched noiselessly, under the guidance of a negro from the village, to within half a mile of the camp, where he detached Lieutenant Alfred B. Purinton and twenty-five men, with orders to dismount and work their way quietly through the woods to a point on the road north of the camp. He hoped by this means to interpose between Davis and his escort, and to cut off all chance of escape. In case of alarm or discovery, he directed the lieutenant to turn at once towards the camp from wherever he might be, while the principal force, under his own immediate command, would be held in readiness to charge the camp along the main road.

These dispositions were carried into effect without the slightest noise or disorder, and everything was in readiness to close in upon the sleeping chieftain and his attendants; but unfortunately Colonel Pritchard had failed to apprise Colonel Harnden of his plan of operations, and the latter, entirely unconscious of what had occurred since he left Abbeville at three o'clock the previous afternoon, had called his men without the blare of bugles from their slumber, and after a hasty breakfast of coffee and hard bread had taken the road to gather in the party which he had been pursuing with such untiring industry for two days and nights. He had thrown out an advance guard of six men, and directed Sergeant George G. Hussey, in charge, to answer no challenges, but to wheel about as noiselessly as possible and rejoin the main body as soon as he encountered any force on the road. With this disposition made, the colonel and his troopers had covered but little more than two miles when the sergeant was challenged by an unknown party only a short distance ahead of them. There was as yet no show of dawn, and the shadows of the pines, which here constitute the entire forest growth, rendered it impossible to see twenty feet ahead. The sergeant alleges that he replied "All right; friends!" and wheeling about promptly rejoined the column in the rear, but as he did so he was followed by a rattling carbine fire, which of course brought the colonel at once to the front. Without the slightest delay the latter detached a part of his force to move rapidly through the woods upon the flank and rear of the party they had encountered, and ordering the rest of his men to dismount and "fight on foot," he charged straight down the road, regardless of what he might encounter. A sharp fight ensued, but it was soon discovered that the men in front were Purinton's detach-

ment of the 4th Michigan Cavalry instead of the enemy. In this untoward affair one officer of the 4th Michigan was wounded and two men killed, while three of the 1st Wisconsin were severely, and several slightly, wounded. It has always been a source of regret to those concerned that this skirmish took place, and yet it is difficult to see how, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, it could have been avoided. Colonel Pritchard reports explicitly that he had sent a courier to warn Colonel Harnden and had cautioned Lieutenant Purinton to keep a sharp lookout, but withal Harnden remained entirely unconscious that the Michigan men had got around him, and pressed on under the supposition that the force in front could be no other than Davis's escort.

Meanwhile, Colonel Pritchard with his main body, preceded by Captain Charles T. Hudson and twelve men, charged through the somewhat straggling camp just as the first signs of dawn began to show themselves. He at once threw a cordon of mounted troopers completely around the space covered by it, and had sent some dismounted men to the tents and wagons for the purpose of securing such prisoners as they might contain, when the woods resounded with sharp firing beyond the creek in the direction of Abbeville, but apparently close at hand. The camp was now completely aroused, and much commotion followed, but the colonel did not tarry to take account of his captures. Hurriedly consigning that task to his adjutant, he gathered all the men that could be spared, and rode at once towards the scene of conflict, arriving there just in time to receive the volley which brought the unfortunate affair to an end.

During the skirmish and the absence of Colonel Pritchard, which must have lasted ten or fifteen minutes, the adjutant, Lieutenant J. G. Dickinson, having taken every precaution for securing the entire camp and its occupants, had gathered up a few stragglers and sent them to the front, and was about to go in the same direction himself, when his attention was called by one of his men to "three persons dressed in female attire," who had apparently just left the large tent near by and were moving towards the thick woods. He started at once towards them and called out loudly and imperatively, "Halt!" but not hearing him, or not caring to obey, they continued to move off. The command was repeated in louder tones, and this brought several troopers under Corporal Munger from the outer cordon, and as they confronted the party of three with carbines "advanced" and a threatening air, the latter halted, and in the confusion which followed it became evident

that one of them was Mr. Davis in disguise, and that he was accompanied by Mrs. Davis and her sister, Miss Howell.

Shortly afterwards, and before the party had reëntered the tent, Colonel Pritchard accompanied by Colonel Harnden returned from the front, and rode up to the group which had now become the center of interest. Davis, who had not yet recovered his equanimity, although he had been permitted to throw off his disguise, recognized them as officers of rank, turned fiercely upon them, and asked which of them was in command. It will be remembered that these officers were lieutenant-colonels from different States, belonging to different brigades and divisions, and had probably never met till the day before; hence it is not strange that they had not compared dates of commissions, nor that they were somewhat disconcerted by the question of their imperious prisoner.

Noting their hesitation, the latter upbraided them sharply, charged them with incompetency and unchivalric conduct, and finally declared that they could not have caught him but for his desire to protect his "women and children." Whereupon Colonel Pritchard, who was a man of self-possession and dignity, said: "I am Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard, commanding the 4th Michigan Cavalry, and this is Lieutenant-Colonel Harnden, of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry. We don't know who holds the oldest commission; but that is not important, for between us we shall doubtless be able to take care of you and your party." This ended the conversation, and after a hurried breakfast the captors began their return march to Macon.

Mr. Davis and his family were carried in the ambulances, followed by the wagons containing their baggage and supplies. It should be remembered that the troops had drawn no regular Government rations since leaving the Tennessee River, and were therefore compelled to subsist by foraging. The country being but sparsely settled and poorly cultivated, all kinds of provisions were scarce, and consequently the men had now begun to suffer for food. Discovering that the captured train contained more food than could possibly be consumed by the prisoners, Colonel Pritchard on the way north decided to distribute the surplus to his men, but before doing so politely requested Mr. Davis to direct his cook to set apart enough to last for the few hours which would bring them to Macon. Much to his surprise and annoyance, Mr. Davis declined, strenuously protesting that the supplies were private property and should not be disposed of as the colonel had proposed. A sharp conversation ensued, during which Mr. Davis lost his temper, declared that he never expected to be

compelled to submit to such indignities, and that if he could have got possession of his arms at the time of his capture he would not have been taken prisoner. Colonel Pritchard asked quite naturally, "How could you have prevented it, Mr. Davis?" "Why, sir," replied the now thoroughly angered chieftain, "I could have fought you, or I could have eluded you."

Replying to this somewhat boastful speech, the colonel said impressively, and, in his own words, "perhaps a little acrimoniously," "As for fighting us, we came prepared for that: it would have saved us some trouble and doubtless you a good deal; but as for 'eluding us,' I don't think your garments were on that occasion particularly well adapted for locomotion or for the use of firearms." To this Mrs. Davis retorted sharply, saying, "I want you to understand distinctly that Mr. Davis assumed that disguise at my instance."¹

It is proper to say that Mr. Davis denies the accuracy of this story, and Mr. Reagan, who was captured with the party, but was not present at the interview just described, also denies it; but I see no reason whatever for doubting the statement of Colonel Pritchard. He is a cool, self-possessed, and honorable gentleman, and quite incapable of giving currency to any other than a truthful statement of what actually took place.

Upon mustering the prisoners immediately after the capture, it was found that in addition to Mr. Davis and Mr. Reagan the national troopers had taken Colonel Burton N. Harrison, private secretary; Colonels Johnston and Lubbock, aides-de-camp; four inferior officers and thirteen private soldiers; besides Mrs. Davis, Miss Howell, two waiting-maids, four children, and several colored servants. Only one member of the party, and that a private soldier, succeeded in avoiding capture.

The circumstances of this capture, which summarily and forever put an end to all plans for the further continuance of the war, have been described with more or less particularity in the official reports, and in sketches based upon them or upon the less formal statements of those who participated therein. It is needless to add that I was not personally present, and therefore that in all I have said or written about it I have been compelled to depend in a large degree upon the observations and testimony of others. Both officers and men present have declared that Jefferson Davis when arrested was endeavoring to escape disguised as a woman,

and they so reported to me. In the belief that this was true, and that under the peculiar circumstances of the case the fact was an important one, I mentioned in the telegraphic reports which I sent at once to the Secretary of War and to my immediate military superiors, that he had been caught "in his wife's clothes," but I gave no details, and specified no particular articles of clothing. The reports were immediately flashed to all parts of the country by the telegraph, and the newspapers and illustrated journals supplied all the details from the imagination of their writers and artists. No official, so far as I know, ever asserted that the Confederate chieftain was caught in crinoline or petticoats, and yet his friends and admirers everywhere hastened to deny that allegation, and some of them have gone so far as to say that he was not disguised at all, and that the whole story was a "disgusting tissue of falsehood." It will not be forgotten that the country was at that time hung in black and plunged into the deepest sorrow for the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and that so long as the Confederate chiefs were at large, breathing the spirit of war and threatening to carry it on with fire and sword more fiercely than ever, there was no certain assurance of peace. But when the news came that Jefferson Davis had not died in "the last ditch," but had been caught in the act of stealing away in the encumbering clothing of his wife, it was evident to the most infantile mind that the war was ended completely and forever. The articles of his disguise were afterward procured from Mrs. Davis by Colonel Pritchard, acting under the orders of the War Department, and were delivered by him to General Townsend, the Adjutant-General of the army,² for safe-keeping. Mrs. Davis and her son selected or verified them at the time, and there can be no reasonable doubt as to their identity. In the charge into the camp the advance guard passed well through, while the main body swung round and enveloped it entirely. Lieutenant Dickinson, the adjutant of Colonel Pritchard's regiment, says in the *Detroit "Tribune"*:

In this movement I met in front of a small fly tent Colonel Harrison, Davis's private secretary, as I afterwards learned. I stopped and made inquiry as to their force in camp, and while he was replying I heard some one calling me. I turned and saw private Andrew Bee of L Company, who, pointing to three persons dressed in female apparel, at some distance and moving away, called out to me, "Adjutant, there goes a man dressed in woman's clothes." I started at once after them, calling out "Halt!" repeatedly and reaching them just as several troopers in charge of Corporal Munger dashed up, bringing their carbines ready for use. The fugitives halted. Mrs. Davis threw her arms around her husband's shoulders, and [with] the lady close to him formed a

¹ For other interesting details of the capture of Davis, see the article prepared by Colonel Pritchard and published in the "*Allegan Journal*," March 30, 1878.

² In an interview printed Dec. 7, 1889, General Townsend confirms this statement.—EDITOR.

shield which was respected. I noticed several Confederate officers near; one, a tall fellow, was apparently very much excited.

Davis had on a black dress, and though it did not fit fairly at the neck, it covered his form to the boots. The boots betrayed his disguise. A black shawl covered his head and shoulders. His identity was confirmed by the removal of the shawl from his face. I promptly directed him to retire to his quarters, and ordered Corporal Munger to place the men with him and keep careful guard.¹

This statement, made by an officer of rank and intelligence, is conclusive, and it is confirmed by the statements of Corporal George Munger and privates James F. Bullard and Andrew Bee. The latter says that Mrs. Davis remained in the tent with the children, and that the three women who started for the brook were Mr. Davis, Miss Howell, and a white servant-girl, "Mr. Davis stooping over as a very old woman would, so that his head was not on a level with Miss Howell's, but was lower." He adds: "Mr. Davis had on a black morning-gown, belted at the waist, a shawl over his head and shoulders, and a black cloth under the shawl covering his forehead. They had got about six or eight rods from the tent when I, who had been watching them all the time, saw that the old woman had on boots. I at once said to Dickinson: 'See, that is Jeff himself! That is no woman! That is old Jeff Davis!' and started on the run after them. As I got up to them I exclaimed: 'Halt! — you, you can't get any farther this time!' Mrs. Davis at that moment came running out of the tent, and when she reached Mr. Davis she put her arms around his neck and said, 'Guard, do not kill him!' At the same instant Corporal Munger of Company C, mounted, came from another direction and headed Davis. . . . The only portion of the face of Mr. Davis which could be seen when he was disguised were the eyes and nose, he covering the mustache, mouth, and beard with the shawl held close with one hand."

Private William P. Stedman [see page 595] of Company B, 4th Michigan Cavalry, confirms the statement of the others in regard to the disguise and the effort of Davis to escape as an old woman going to the run after water; but if further proof is still required as to the substantial accuracy of the story, it is furnished by Captain Charles T. Hudson, in a letter of July 24, 1875, to the "Detroit Tribune," from which I make the following extract:

I was not the first to see our distinguished captive, nor did I see him in his disguise at all. Several claim that honor, and I have no doubt all speak the truth.

¹ See "Annals of the War, Written by Leading Participants," etc., p. 580 *et seq.*

² For the full text of the letters and statements quoted from in this article, and also for a careful and

On our way back to Macon, however, Mrs. Davis told me, and I will use her own words: "I put my waterproof cloak and shawl on Mr. Davis, upon the impulse of the moment, not knowing or having time to think what else to do, in hopes that he might make his escape in that disguise, and I only did what any true woman might have done under similar circumstances." . . . If fuller proof is wanting let me add that upon our arrival at Fort Monroe, with our prisoners, acting under orders of the Secretary of War, I was sent on board of the *Clyde*, then lying in Hampton Roads, to get the shawl (the waterproof having been obtained the day previous by Colonel Pritchard) worn by Davis at the time of his capture. Upon making known my business to Mrs. Davis, she and Mrs. Clement C. Clay, particularly the latter, flew into a towering rage, and Mrs. Clay, stamping her foot on the deck of the vessel, advised Mrs. Davis "to shed her blood before submitting to further outrage." After telling Mrs. Davis my orders were imperative and that she had better submit gracefully to my demands, she became somewhat pacified, and said *she* "had no other wrappings to protect *her* from the inclemency of the weather." I then told her I would go ashore and buy her a shawl, which I did, paying six dollars for it. Upon presenting it to her, she held it up, and with scorn and contempt turned to Mrs. Clay and exclaimed, "A common nigger's shawl!" She then handed me two shawls very similar in appearance and told me to take my choice, adding that she did dress Mr. Davis in her attire and would not deny it, at the same time expressing great surprise that the Secretary of War should want her clothing to exhibit, as if she had not already been sufficiently humiliated.²

Mr. Reagan, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Pollard, and even Mr. Davis's colored servant Jones, have with more or less ill temper and earnestness denied the story of the disguise; but each has admitted enough of what has been alleged by the captors to prove its substantial accuracy, and in the face of the positive and overwhelming testimony of the eye-witnesses and participants it would be conclusive if it were not absolutely confirmed by Davis's own story, as published in the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," pp. 701, 702. [See page 566.]

As for myself, I did not see Mr. Davis till he had arrived at my headquarters at Macon on the afternoon of May 13. When the cavalcade reached the city the streets were thronged by crowds of rebel citizens, but not one kindly greeting was extended to their fallen chieftain or his party. Of course he and they were closely guarded, but no one was prohibited from expressing his personal feelings or offering a friendly salutation. The party was assigned to rooms in the hotel which I was occupying, and my own servants gave the tired and hungry travelers the best dinner that they could

judicious summary of the proofs in regard to the disguise, made by Colonel Robert Burns, 4th Michigan Cavalry, see "Annals of the War," pp. 580-586 inclusive.

possibly provide, and otherwise treated them with every courtesy and attention.

After dinner I had an interview with Mr. Davis, lasting more than an hour. He looked bronzed, but hardy and vigorous, and had entirely recovered his customary equanimity and distinguished bearing. As we were both graduates of the Military Academy, and he had been Secretary of War at the time I was appointed, and had visited West Point while I was a cadet, the conversation naturally enough turned upon common recollections. He asked about his old friends the professors, and discussed them and their peculiarities with easy good-humor and kindly discrimination, after which I led him to the discussion of the graduates who had become leading generals in the two armies. He spoke in the highest terms of Lee, declaring him to be the ablest, most aggressive, and most courageous, and in short the most worthy and best beloved of all his lieutenants. He spoke slightly of Johnston, and charged him with timidity and insubordination. He ridiculed the pedantry of Beauregard, and deprecated the gallant rashness of Hood. On the other hand he expressed his surprise at the astonishing skill and persistency of Grant, and his admiration for the brilliancy of Sherman and the solid qualities of Thomas. His comments and criticisms were clothed in excellent language, and were delivered with grace, while his manners were stately and dignified without being frigid or repellent. During the conversation he referred to Mr. Lincoln and his untimely death, speaking of him and his service in Congress in terms of respect and kindness, if not of high admiration. He seemed particularly sorry that a man of so much sensibility and kindness had been succeeded in the presidency by Andrew Johnson, whom it was evident he did not like, and whom he

feared would be governed in his relations with the Southern people by a vindictive and unfor-giving temper. He remarked in regard to the reward offered by the latter for his arrest, and which he heard of for the first time on the road from Irwinville to Macon, that, while he was surprised and pained at the charge which had been made against him, of complicity in the assassination of the President, he had no serious apprehension of trouble therefrom. In this connection he said, "I do not doubt, General, the Government of the United States will bring a much more serious charge against me than that, and one which will give me much greater trouble to disprove"—doubtless alluding to that of treason.

During our interview he sent for his little son and introduced him to me. His conduct throughout was natural and eminently self-possessed, and did not reveal the slightest uneasiness or apprehension. It created in me the impression that, although he was a prisoner of war, he still felt that he would become an important factor in the reconstruction of the Union. After learning from me that he was to be sent at once via Atlanta and Augusta to Savannah, and thence by sea to such point North as the Secretary of War might designate, he said: "I suppose, as a matter of course, that Colonel Pritchard is to be my custodian hereafter as heretofore; and I desire to express my satisfaction at this, for it is my duty to say that Colonel Pritchard has treated me with marked courtesy and consideration. I have no fault to find with him, and beg you will tell him so. I should do so myself but for the fact that it might look like a prisoner's effort to make fair weather with his captors." He spoke particularly of the dignity and self-possession of Colonel Pritchard, and did not conceal a regret that he had not been so fortunate in his own conduct at the time of his capture.

James Harrison Wilson.

II.—BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

AT Abbeville, South Carolina, we of the 4th Michigan Cavalry met Colonel Harnden of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, who said a detachment of his regiment had crossed the Ocmulgee and had gone south, and that the party that crossed the river the night before was Jefferson Davis and some refugees from Richmond. He said that he had been following them for two days, and he claimed the first right to the road, which was consented to by Colonel Pritchard of the 4th Michigan, who besides offered to lend Colonel Harnden a part of his regiment. The latter refused the offer and proceeded south towards Irwinville,

Georgia, on Davis's trail. Soon afterward Pritchard learned that there was another road to Irwinville, but it was considerably farther than the road Davis had taken, and nearly twenty-four hours had elapsed since Davis had crossed the river. But Colonel Pritchard concluded to take this road with 120 of his best-mounted men and seven officers, leaving the rest to picket and scout the country around, according to former orders. Captain Charles T. Hudson was given charge of the advance guard, of which I was one. About four o'clock P. M. we took the river road to Wilcox's mill, about twelve miles distant. There we halted

and fed our horses. Then we took an old trail for Irwinville, through an unbroken pine forest, reaching there about two o'clock in the morning of the 10th. It was a bright moonlight night. We soon learned by examining the roads that the Davis party had not passed, and that they must be north of us if they had not taken some other road. The command halted at Irwinville, and orders were given for all to keep by their horses, but two of our men strayed away in search of something to eat. They found a meat-house, and in trying to get into it they disturbed the family in the dwelling-house adjoining it, when a woman put her head out of a window and ordered the men away, saying, "I know where you belong; and if you don't go away I will go to your camp in the morning and report you, for I know that your party does not allow such work." The boys took in the situation at once, and replied that they had lost their way, and wanted to know if there was any one in the house that would show them the way to camp. The woman said there was a colored man in the house that would show them the way. When the man came out the boys took him to Colonel Pritchard and informed him of what they had learned. After asking the man a few questions the colonel dismounted the command, except those that had been in the advance guard under Captain Hudson. The dismounted men, with the colored man for a guide, were sent to establish a line of pickets around the Davis camp. The advance guard was held back on the road until it began to show daylight in the east; then we were to advance on the camp. We marched right into the camp, without disturbing any one, until Captain Hudson said, "Go for them!" Then we gave a yell, and the men went for everything they could find. The camp was situated on a slight elevation of ground in a pine forest, but the timber did not stand very thick where the camp was. There was a creek, with considerable thick brush along it, running round the north and east sides of the camp, about twenty or twenty-five rods away. There were two wall tents and a shelter tent on the east side of the road, and the horses and wagons and ambulances were on the west side of the road, and the men of the camp were seen lying in the wagons and under the trees, for the surprise was so sudden that they had not got out of their beds. There was one tent larger than the rest, and I thought that if Davis were in the camp he would be in this tent, so I stopped my horse near the southwest corner of the tent and waited to see what would come out of it. The tent door was on the east side of the tent, and I could not see it, but a man could not get more than three or four feet from it without my seeing him.

As I sat there some of our men went to the tent door, but were met by a woman who would ask them to keep out, saying that there were undressed ladies within. I heard this same voice several times, and it proved to be Mrs. Davis who was speaking. About this time firing was heard on the north side of the camp. Captain Hudson ordered the men out to where the firing was, except a few men to watch the camp. Soon after the firing began, this woman in the tent asked some one without if he would let her servants pass out after some water. Consent was given, when out came a tall person with a lady's waterproof overdress on and a small brown shawl on the head, a tin pail on the right arm, and a colored woman leaning on the left arm. This tall person was stooping over as if to appear shorter; I at once concluded that it must be Davis in disguise.

They started off east towards the creek, where the brush was very thick. As they were going they had to pass several soldiers who were straggling round the camp. I sat still on my horse, expecting that some of the soldiers would halt them as they passed by; but such was not the case, for they passed all of the soldiers without being noticed. Then I galloped my horse round the north side of the tent and, passing to their left, halted them. Just at this time there came riding up to us two of our soldiers. They made a few remarks to the tall person. He turned his face a little towards me and I saw his gray mustache. We told him his disguise would not succeed. Then Davis and the colored woman started back towards the tents. I rode by the side of Davis, and the two soldiers (Corporal Munger of Company C, and Daniel Edwards of Company L) rode away in another direction. As Davis had got about half way back to the tent, we were met by some of our men, who had just discovered that Jefferson Davis had tried to escape in disguise. A man by the name of Andrew Bee, a Swede, who was cook for Colonel Pritchard, came up on the run, and grabbed both hands into the front of the dress that Davis had on, jerked it open, and said to him, "Come out of this, you old devil!" Davis at this attack straightened up and showed anger. At the same time he put his hand to his back under the dress. I thought he was after a revolver, and covered him with my carbine, and cocked it. As I did so Mrs. Davis, who stood at the tent door, cried out to me not to shoot. She came running to her husband and threw herself on him in front of the gun. She said that he was not armed, for she had caused him to leave his arms in the tent before he came out. Then Davis threw the dress and shawl to the ground and started for the tent. When we reached there,

and as the soldiers were looking at Davis, Colonel Pritchard came up. I reported my prisoner to him. He asked me if I were sure it was Davis. I asked him if he had not seen Davis's picture often enough to know him at sight. Colonel Pritchard then asked Davis what his name was, and Davis answered, "You may call me what you please." Pritchard then said, "I will call you Jefferson Davis." Davis said it was immaterial to him what he was called. Colonel Pritchard then asked what the firing was for out north of the camp, but no one could tell him. He then ordered the men that were around the camp out to where the firing was, and rode there himself. As he left he said to me, "Keep a close watch of Davis." Davis then turned to me and asked if I would allow him to go across the road, where there was a fire burning. I went there with him; he sat down on a log near the fire. As we were there by the fire, a soldier by the name of Linch came up with a fine bay horse and spoke to Davis, and said, "Jeffie, here is your horse; you won't need him any more; won't you give him to me?" Davis did not answer him, but Colonel Lubbock, one of Davis's staff, was very angry towards Linch, and declared that he would die before he would see his President insulted. Linch with an oath said to Lubbock, "What is he President of?"

The firing, an accidental encounter between men of our regiment and the 1st Wisconsin [see page 590], soon stopped; the men came into camp and all had a good look at the rebel chief. The men of the 1st Wisconsin came into camp and saw Davis, but were not pleased to think that we had stolen a march on them. Our men had got their breakfast, and after a while the adjutant came round taking an inventory of the captures. I asked to be relieved from guard, so that I could get my breakfast before we marched. He then detailed a guard for Davis, myself being one of them. About eight o'clock in the morning the command started back for Macon with our prisoners by the direct road to Abbeville. That night we camped at Abbeville, and the rest of our regiment joined us there. We buried our dead at Abbeville on the morning of the 11th, and then took up our march again. The afternoon of the 12th we met our brigade, which had been sent out to assist us. It was drawn up in line on one side of the road. As we passed the band began to play "Old John Brown," and the boys sang "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour-apple tree." Davis was riding in an ambulance at the time and pulled down the curtains. When we met our brigade we learned for the first time that there was a reward for

the capture of Davis. We reached Macon about three o'clock in the afternoon of May 13, having been gone from camp six days, and having marched nearly three hundred miles in that time. When we arrived at Macon, Davis and the other prisoners were taken to General Wilson's headquarters, and were there about two hours. A line of guards were placed around the headquarters, and the guards had considerable trouble to keep the citizens from breaking through their line to see Davis. There was a lady, well dressed, who approached me crying and was determined to pass me and see her President. I was compelled to use force to keep her back. At Macon there was a detail made from our regiment to guard Davis to Fort Monroe.

I think that I was the only person in our command who saw the whole affair at the capture of Davis; some saw one part and some another.

In *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for November, 1883, there was an article by Colonel Harrison, Mr. Davis's private secretary, giving a description of the capture. So far as my knowledge goes, Mr. Harrison errs in some of his statements. He says that at the first surprise of the camp Colonel Pritchard rode up to him and asked what the firing meant north of the camp. It was Captain Hudson, whom he took for Pritchard. He says he talked with the mounted soldier near the Davis tent and persuaded him to ride away, which is a mistake. He also says that the soldiers used violent and abusive language to Mrs. Davis. There was no violent language used in my hearing, except by Andrew Bee to Mr. Davis, when he tore open the waterproof, and I was where I could have heard if any had been used. Mr. Harrison tells Colonel Thoburn's story of how he left the Davis camp in the night and ran into the 4th Michigan Cavalry near Irwinville and was fired upon by them, and that he returned the fire and got away from them. There was no firing near Irwinville that night, nor was there any noise made that could have been heard twenty rods away. Mr. Harrison also tells how Colonel Pritchard and his adjutant had a dispute about a horse that he (Harrison) had been riding. This statement is a mistake. A private by the name of Linch got the horse; at Macon Linch and one of his officers quarreled about the possession of the horse, and one Sunday morning Linch shot the horse. Linch is the same man that got Mrs. Davis's valise containing her valuables, said to amount to several thousand dollars. He hid it near Macon, and went there and got it after he was discharged from the army.

Wm. P. Stedman,
Co. B, 4th Michigan Cavalry.

The following from the official statistics of prisoners on both sides is of particular interest:

Whole number of Federals in Confederate prisons.....	270,000
Number of Confederates in Northern prisons.....	220,000

Excess of Federal prisoners.....	50,000
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Confederates died in Northern prisons.....	26,436
Federals died in Southern prisons.....	22,570

Excess of Confederate deaths.....	3,866
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Thus the death rate of Confederates in Northern prisons was over 12 per cent., while that of Federal prisoners in Southern prisons was under 9 per cent.

The Northern official record with regard to the treatment and exchange of prisoners in the war of 1861-65 was shameful, and the murder of Captain Wirz to divert public attention from the real authors of the sufferings of the prisoners on both sides was one of the greatest atrocities of modern times.

Mr. Page's book is published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.

From N. O., La., *Picayune*, August 16, 1908.

TWO IMPORTANT LETTERS BY JEFFERSON DAVIS DISCOVERED.

**They Prove that He Was in No Way Responsible for
Conditions at the Andersonville Military Prison.**

**Prof. W. L. Fleming Shows that the Confederate Chieftain Never
Saw the Chandler Report until after the War.**

The two letters below, which were written by Jefferson Davis to Colonel R. H. Chilton, of Richmond, make certain the contention of the Southern historians of the war that a report made in August, 1864, by Colonel Z. T. Chandler on conditions in Andersonville Prison was not forwarded to Mr. Davis and that he did not know of the report until after the close of the war. Chandler, who had been sent by the Confederate War Department to inspect Andersonville, reported that conditions there were bad, chiefly on account of the lack of proper sanitation and the crowding of too many prisoners into the stockade. He recommended that numbers of the prisoners be removed to other places.

This report, the records show, reached the Confederate War Department, where it was read by Colonel R. H. Chilton, who forwarded it to Judge J. A. Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War. Campbell was much impressed by the contents of the report, and is said to have declared to Chilton that he intended to see President Davis about the matter. The report then went to the Secretary of War, by whom it should have been forwarded to Davis. It was not forwarded, however, and Campbell did not carry out his intention of seeing Mr. Davis. The prisoners were soon moved, but they would probably have been moved earlier had Davis seen the Chandler report.

In 1865 when Wirz, the Commandant at Andersonville, was tried and hanged, a strong effort was made to prove that Mr. Davis had known of this report and that he had deliberately

caused the Andersonville prisoners to suffer. Wirz was even offered his life, it is said, if he would implicate Davis, but he withstood the temptation. The Northern historians have generally asserted that Davis had seen the Chandler report, and consequently have held him responsible for the suffering that resulted after the date of the report. James Ford Rhodes, the most liberal of the Northern historians of the war, does not quite accept the Southern contention that the report was never forwarded to Davis.

In explanation of the matter, it has been suggested that Chandler and Winder, who had charge of all Federal prisoners, were so unfriendly that Chandler's report, which attacked Winder, was somewhat discounted by Secretary Seddon and turned over to Winder for explanation. Further, the record shows that Seddon had, before the Chandler report reached him, issued orders to move some of the prisoners from Andersonville.

In the first letter, in saying that the "United States authorities are to blame," Mr. Davis was referring to the refusal of General Grant to exchange prisoners with General Lee. Grant said: "If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken we shall have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men."

In regard to Stanton's report, Mr. Davis had in mind those statistics which he later gave in his book, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." Federal prisoners held by the Confederates 270,000, of whom 22,576 died; Confederate prisoners held by the Federals 220,000, of whom 26,245 died.

Colonel Wood mentioned in the second letter was John Taylor Wood, the grandson of Colonel Zachary Taylor. He was one of President Davis' aids de camp.

The original of these letters were furnished me by Mrs. Chilton, who lives in Richmond. They have never before been printed, and, so far as known, contain the only statement ever made by Mr. Davis in regard to the Chandler report.

WALTER L. FLEMING,

Professor of History, Louisiana State University.

Memphis, Sept. 2, 1875.

General R. H. Chilton:

My Dear Sir,—Accept my thanks for your kind letter of the 30th ult. I did not know of the document to which you refer of the attempt to make Colonel Chandler implicate me in neglecting the sufferings of prisoners. I had heard of offers made to Wirz the night before his execution, to give him a pardon if he would criminate me. I would be glad to have such a statement as you offer to make, and if Colonel Chandler would state the facts of his examination by the Wirz Court, as well as any others bearing on the question, I would be obliged not only for my own sake, but also for others, who, being innocent, have nevertheless suffered from the charge of cruelty to prisoners.

That was the excuse for torturing me when in prison, and that is the burthen of anonymous letters yet occasionally sent to me. Though it is true that the United States authorities are, as you say, to blame for any suffering by prisoners, in that they alone prevented prompt release under the cartel, they have boldly charged us with the death of everyone who died in prison, and our people have been dumb as sheep brought to the shearing.

The fact is, as a general proposition, we showed humanity, and though we could not provide for the prisoners as well as we would have wished to do, we did the best we could. They, not embarrassed as we were, treated prisoners with brutality, and as shown by Secretary Stanton's report, the percentage of deaths in Northern prisons was greater than in ours.

Please give my special regard to Mrs. Chilton. I am sorry to learn that you have been visited by that tormentor, neuralgia, and hope before this reaches you that you may have been relieved. As ever, truly your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 9, 1875.

General R. H. Chilton:

My Dear Sir,—Accept my thanks for your kind letter of the 14th ult. and for your valuable defense against the wholesale slander of the writer for the "Radical" paper of St. Louis,

the Globe-Democrat. If Judge Campbell should be moved by such impulse as caused you to overcome your aversion to newspaper notoriety, he could contradict the statement that he said "I will make it the subejct of a special interview with the President." His official position and personal relations render it unlikely that he said so; and if he did his declaration was certainly never carried into execution.

As to Colonel Wood, the statement amounts to nothing, as it does not even pretend to relate what Colonel Wood said, or show that he even knew of the existence of Chandler's report, as he probably did not. We all knew of the disease and fatality among the prisoners at Andersonville, and I remember it was attributed to the climate and corn meal diet, and the absence of the proper medicine for such diseases as existed. It was under those circumstances that I sent General Lee to hold an interview with General Grant, and press on him the necessity for resuming the exchange of prisoners according to the cartel. He failed to awake any of that tender regard for the prisoners which is now assumed for the purpose of maligning me. A short time since W. S. Winder, the son of General Winder, wrote to me in urgent terms, asking me to vindicate his father's memory. I informed him that the report of Colonel Chandler had not been submitted to me, and that I had but recently learned of its existence from you. That to its specific allegations I could only offer in reply the confidence I had entertained in General Winder as a gentleman and a soldier, and the conviction I had felt that he was too gallant to have oppressed anyone when at his mercy. In the same letter W. S. W. stated that the report of Colonel Chandler had been sent to General Winder for explanation, and that he had answered; also sending replies to special points by the quartermaster, the commissary and surgeon.

These I pointed out to him would be the best possible defense of his father, and if he could not get access to the captured archives, that the Secretary of War and the Adjutant, General S. Cooper, would no doubt remember the substance of those reports. I have never believed the Northern accusations against us in regard to the treatment of prisoners, and have contended that we did as well as our means permitted. It is another sad

loss to me to have my faith in the knightly bearing of our army shaken even in a single instance. God grant that those reports of the officers of the Andersonville Prison may satisfactorily explain whatever seemed inhuman or neglectful. Our enemy, I hoped, would have all the shame of torturing the helpless.

Like you, I regret that the report of Colonel Chandler was not laid before me. It is probable that the explanation of General Winder was satisfactory to General Cooper, for I have never known a man who more directly walked in the path of duty, regardless of personal bias, than General Cooper. Though he and General Winder had been cadets together and were friends, I think he would have notified me of the fact, if he had thought there was valid objection to W.'s promotion. As you do not refer to the replies from Andersonville, I infer they did not come under your notice.

Please give my kindest remembrance to Mrs. Chilton.

Having been for many years a sufferer by your present tormentor, neuralgia, let me suggest to you to diminish your office hours, increase your outdoor exercise and eat at regular hours.

Like many quack prescriptions, this may be recommended as not injurious, if not beneficial. I am, as ever, truly your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

From N. O., La., *Picayune*, December 6, 1908.

THE REAL JEFFERSON DAVIS IN PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LIFE.

Some Facts Never Before Printed Concerning the Confed-
erate President and His Lineage, Family
and Descendants.

Physical Likeness to His Great Antagonist Abraham Lincoln, They
Were Born in Adjoining Kentucky Counties—Both Were of
Welsh Parentage; Both Fought in the Black Hawk War.

By T. C. DeLEON.

Southern Historical Society Papers Vol 36

On the anniversary of the great Southern leader's death, at New Orleans, Dec. 6, 1889, and at the ending of the centennial year of his birth—it is fitting that the remnant of the people he wrought and struggled for should teach their children what manner of man he really was. And it is with regret that some of us see the year closing and the loving and practical suggestion of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, U. D. C., unfulfilled and almost unheeded.

Engaged, at the opening centenary year of Jefferson Davis, upon a somewhat important work of Confederate chronicle, I was absolutely amazed at the dense and very generous ignorance of polite and well-bred people of the South regarding the most patent details of the Southern President's career.

In one of his piquante and meaty addresses Hon. Champ Clark, of Missouri, paralleled the manner in which noted Northerners and Southerners were treated in the histories, cyclopedias and biographical dictionaries of the last half century. He instanced among many that Robert Toombs—an important national factor on both sides of the supposititious "line" of Mason and Dixon—received a quarter-column comment and William H. Seward three columns; that Abraham Lincoln in several books averaged five columns, while Jefferson Davis—soldier, Senator, Cabinet minister and leader of a new nation—has one column.

"Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise,
Each stamps its image as the other flies!"

Of that vast host that followed the fortunes of the Confederacy, the ranks are thinning daily. All that the survivors have left are their memories and their monuments. Our memories and their monuments. Our memories perish with us, but our monuments we bequeath to our descendants as a perpetual legacy to commemorate sacrifices made to principles that never die, a cause that is imperishable—constitutional government and liberty for which our forefathers contended in the Convention of 1788 and for which their descendants fought in '61-'65.

It is conceded that our banner is forever furled, but whilst the "Stars and Bars" are a cherished memory "Old Glory" is a living reality. Whilst "Dixie" and "Virginia" still make our hearts throb, and, mayhap our eye to moisten, "America" and the "Star Spangled Banner" stir our pulses in patriotic beats.

It was worth the shedding of much blood to have evolved such characters as Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson and to have proven to the world the valor of a nation.

God has given us a great country, a priceless heritage; He has clothed us with corresponding duties and responsibilities. Our freedom, happiness and prosperity will endure so long as we are a God-fearing and a deserving people.

In a spirit of patriotic devotion let us exclaim—

"Great God, we thank Thee for this hour,
This bounteous birthland of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breath the air of liberty!"

"Still may her flowers untrampled spring;
Her harvest wave, her cities rise,
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing
Remain Earth's loveliest paradise."

In his premise the brilliant and well-equipped Missourian was exceptionally correct; but his deduction from it seems scarcely tenable: that the disproportion was the fault of the North. Mr. Clark left an important factor out of his calculation: that the histories and fact books have almost invariably been left to Northern men to write; that they, naturally and properly, write for the Northern schools, libraries and public. To all three of these the details of Southern prowess and of Southern progress were as antipathetic, where not absolutely terra incognita. These Northern writers merely gave the Northern readers what was most to their taste. No public caterer, knowing that the vast bulk of his patrons doted on pumpkin pies, would insist upon offering them imported plum pudding. But the South had her skilled cooks, and plums for their cooking galore.

Should not Congressman Clark lay the blame at our own proper door? We boast, and with good show of justice, that we have scholars, writers and teachers in the South unexcelled on the planet; that we have more universities in many States than can be profitably and effectively conducted, and that their alumni embrace great and world-acknowledged scholars.

Why do these men—who write theology, science, philosophy, fiction and poetry—not write history as well? Why do not the universities, colleges, schools and school boards which they control use books that bear false witness of any kind—against their neighbors? Why do they not sprinkle the Southern historical Sahara with at least a passing shower of historical facts? Doubtless Southern-built histories and geographies of Southern actions and biographies would sell rapidly and become universal Southern textbooks; and that would pay the writers “for revenue only” far better and more lasting than the most interesting romance.

There is a certain servility in the Southern acceptance of Northern product, material, mental and moral; and that acceptance is not new, but harks back to the days when the South—vaunting that, while only the tail, she wagged the national dog—got all her books, periodicals, fashions and most of her bibulants from the North. That the then differing systems of the two halves of the Union may have condoned, if not necessitated.

But, in this twentieth century, of wireless telegrams, inhuman phonographs and mental searchlights, the almost universal ignorance of the most fecund, and most unique, epoch in national history, is at least inexcusable!

It was cause for sorrow that the gentle, but determined head of the U. D. C. found need for her proclamation, urging the Chapters to promote the knowledge of Davis and Lee. It was cause for shame, that in a long centennial twelvemonth, the small molehill of vis inertiae was never surmounted by the foot of action; and that its closing days see the schoolboys and girls of the South, reading of the executive of Confederate laws, and of the leaders of Southern armies, from books bearing an imprint far from their own.

LINEAGE AND BIRTH.

The Davis family comes of Welsh descent; and it is singular to recall that the tough-fighting little State that so puzzled Edward Longshanks to conquer, lend forbears to so many notable factors in our Civil War. Another Davis family of Wales emigrated to South Carolina and intermarried with the Canty and other leading people of that State. Strangely, too, they went to Mississippi, and Robert, of the third generation, married the President's youngest sister, his "Little Polly."

The most French of Confederate Generals, and one of the most famous—the Preux chevalier of Louisiana Creole fighters—was also Welsh. Pierre Gustave Toutant de Beauregard came down in direct descent from Tider, the Young, a famous Welsh chief and last to yield "to proud England's power."

Strangest of all; the Great President—who opposed, overthrew and would never have imprisoned Jefferson Davis—was also from Welsh stock; his progenitors, like the Confederate's, having come to America from Wales and sat down among the people of Penn.

In the earlier half of the eighteenth century three Welsh brothers, named Davis, sailed from Wales to settle in Pennsylvania. They were young men of the better farming class; not of the gentry, but said to be well-to-do and intent upon taking uplands. Singularly enough, their numerous descendants have no positive record of their advent, or even certainly of their names. Their most famous descendant in the third generation

was an aristocrat in instinct, and education; yet he had an utter contempt for what he called frippery (meaning genealogy) and never alluded to his progenitors. Even to his devoted and adored wife, he was wholly reticent upon this point; and she so states in her biography of him. That simply records that his grandfather and two brothers came from Wales and that the first was named Evan.

My eldest brother was Colonel Davis' comrade in the Mexican War and his friend later; and my second brother was his confidential ally in the Southern Press editorship at Washington; and later his personally appointed and instructed Commissioner to the Cabinets and press of France, England and Germany. I was at one time constructively his ward; and later acted as his secretary and was intrusted with confidential correspondence. Still, no one of us three ever heard him speak of his grandfather, or uncles; though he spoke of his father, and with deep and warm affection of his eldest brother, Joseph. And as those who know him will recall, Mr. Davis was not the kind of man to be curiously questioned upon matters he did not volunteer.

After long and careful tracing through records, correspondence and personal query, I have learned but few, though very interesting details of his immigrating forbears. The eldest of the three Welsh brothers, said to be named Samuel, was drowned from the ship that bore Joseph and Evan Davis to these shores. They settled in Philadelphia, taking up lands for farming; but the elder thought better of the South and went to Georgia and settled there, after stopping in Virginia a while.

It was this halt that made slender foundation for the claim that the President of the Confederacy was a Virginian, by descent.

After Mr. Davis' death, a Virginian gentleman of the same name wrote to his widow and urged that his grandfather had settled in Virginia, instead of Pennsylvania or Georgia; basing the claim on the fact of numerous land patents to an Evan Davis (doubtless the Welsh incomer); and to John and Thomas Davis (claimed to be his brothers), between the years 1650 and 1662. This is very flimsy basis for a claim; and it is disproved by the traditional fact that one of our three Davises was drowned at sea, and that the other did not come to Georgia with Evan.

Moreover, there is no John, or Thomas in all the Davis descent, as there would have been, had the brothers of Evan been so named.

After he settled in Georgia and took up lands there, Evan Davis married a widow named Williams, whose maiden name had been Emory. She was of a Carolina family, and had two sons of her first marriage. Her son by the Davis alliance his father named Samuel, presumably in memory of his lost elder brother.

In the Revolution, the two elder half-brothers of Samuel Davis went into the Continental Army; and later his mother sent that youth to their camp to carry clothing and home comforts to them. The fighting Welsh blood flamed into patriotism and Samuel ran away from home, after his return; joined the army and made a good soldier. When the effort was made to raise the siege of Savannah, he was in command of the company recruited by himself and made a good record. Thus the family of the Confederate President is triply American: continental, revolutionary and "rebel."

Samuel Davis married Miss Jane Cooke; a Georgia girl of good North Carolina family and connected with—if not closely related to—the Hardins, who moved early to "the Dark and Bloody Ground" and for whom a Kentucky County was named. The pair had eight children during their Georgia life and then Samuel Davis—seeing larger and quick returns for the planter in newer and less crowded territory—followed his wife's friends. He had no inheritance, as his widowed mother lost her all in the trying days that followed the Revolution; so he removed to Kentucky and began life anew on a tobacco plantation in Christian County. There Ellen Mary was born, two years later followed the subject of this sketch.

THE DAVIS FAMILY ROSTER.

The eldest child of Samuel Davis and Jane Cook, was Joseph Emory Davis, born in Georgia but a lawyer and planter, residing at the "Hurricane" Plantation, Warren County, Miss. He married Miss Eliza van Benthysen. He was a great stay and aid to his father and, after his death, became its head and parent,

rather than guardian, of the younger children. Little Jeff was devoted to him, and the later statesman never forgot to express his love and admiration of his elder. Joseph Davis rose to great influence and regard in his State and section; and acquired wealth.

The next brother was a doctor and planter: Dr. Benjamin Davis, of St. Francisville, La. He married Miss Aurelia Smith, of that parish, and died at an advanced age after a quiet, respected and useful life.

Samuel Davis, Jr., was the next in age. He was a planter and resided near Vicksburg, Miss. His wife was Miss Lucy Throckmorton and their only living child is Mrs. Helen Carey, of Rapides Parish, La. There were three sons: Benjamin, Samuel and Robert; the eldest of whom left six children in Idaho.

Isaac Davis, the fourth son, was also a planter and resided at Canton, Miss. He married Miss Susan Guerly, and left one son, General Joseph R. Davis, of the Confederate Army; and two granddaughters.

The fifth brother and youngest child was Jefferson Davis, the President.

Anna Davis, the eldest daughter, married Luther Smith, of West Feliciana, and had a family of six, two of whom were daughters; Joseph Luther, Gordon, Jedediah, Lucy and Amanda.

Amanda, her next sister, married Mr. Bradford, of Madison Parish, La. Her living children are Jeff Davis Bradford, an engineer now stationed at Fort Moultrie, in Charleston Harbor; Elizabeth Bradford White, widowed, and residing in New Orleans in winter and Kentucky in summer, and Mrs. Lucy Bradford Mitchell, widow of Dr. C. R. Mitchell, of Vicksburg, Miss.

Lucinda Davis, the next sister, married Mr. William Stamps, of Woodville, Miss. Her children are all dead and her grandchildren are Mrs. Edward Farrar and Mrs. Mary Bateson, of New York, and Mrs. William Anderson; Hugh, Richard and Isaac Alexander, and one great grandchild, Miss Josie Alexander.

Matilda, the fourth sister, died in childhood, and the youngest and next in age to the later President, was his boyhood's com-

panion and delight, "Little Polly." She was Mary Ellen Davis, who married—without changing her name—Robert Davis, of South Carolina, and left one daughter, who is still living, Mrs. Mary Ellen Davis Anderson, of Ocean Springs, Miss.

It is another coincidence in the parallels of the lives of the two great leaders in the Civil War, that the Christian County birthplace of Jefferson Davis was in the adjoining one to Hardin County, in which Abraham Lincoln first saw the light, a few miles only separating the spots and only eight months the arrival of those famous stars in the great dramas of politics and war. Strange is it, too, that the two young men caught their first glimpse of war in the Black Hawk War. Davis as Lieutenant in the United States Army, and Lincoln as the Captain of a company of volunteers he had raised and proffered, but which was never in actual conflict.

It might be an odd study for the psychologist to observe whether some innate characteristics of both men, acting upon circumstance—or acted upon by it—may not have led to similar aspirations, and whether they were not shadowed out in the strange, yet unmistakable, likeness in their faces. Looking at their portraits in manhood's prime, it needs no Lavater to read that similar early surroundings, softened the coarser lines of the one, hardened the more delicate tone of the other into absolute similitude. And it is not less curious that the same causes drove the parents of one to the North and of the other to the South from similar points and at no long interval apart.

In 1811, when his youngest born was but 3 years old, Samuel Davis decided that Kentucky was not yielding him the returns hoped for when he left Georgia. He proposed to locate in Louisiana; but, finding the climate unhealthful for a young family, he decided upon Mississippi, and bought there his final family home. This was named "Poplar Grove"—from its splendid growth of those stately trees—was a picturesque and extensive site about a mile and a half from Woodville, in Wilkinson County, Miss. There most of the younger family were reared, the daughters were married and some of their children reared by their venerable grandmother, Mrs. Jane Cook Davis. Of these was Ellen Mary, who never changed her name, and her early orphaned child

and namesake, Mrs. Anderson, to-day recalls the delight of her life at the "Poplars."

It was with this sister, "Polly," that the 5-year-old Jefferson first went to school, at a loghouse half a mile away. Two years later, when not 7 years old (in 1815) he was sent on a ride through virgin forests of nearly 900 miles, to attend the St. Thomas Academy at Washington County, Ky. In three years more he was at Jefferson College, Adams County, Miss., and in 1821, when but 13 years old, was sent to Transylvania College, Lexington, Ky. He was an earnest and intelligent pupil, but gave little promise of the brilliance, acumen and erudition that illustrated his later career.

After their father's death, his brother, Joseph Davis, became the real head of the family, and it was he who gave special attention to the rearing of the youngest boy, and who directed his education. And by that time, Joseph Emory Davis had become a power in the law and politics of his section. So in 1824, he obtained, through Congressman Rankin, a West Point cadetship for his 16-year old brother.

At the Academy the youth was esteemed as a careful, studious and dignified cadet, rather than an ambitious and dashing one; yet he missed no branch of useful acquirement, and came out a fine rider, swordsman and tactician, as well as a courteous and dignified officer. He graduated twenty-fifth in a class of thirty-three, going into the brevet lieutenancy in the Twenty-first Infantry, then, under Colonel Zachary Taylor, afterwards General and President.

This was in 1828, and before his majority. At the Point his intimates were Joseph E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Prof. Alex. Dallas Bache, Albert Sydney Johnston and others, with whom he held lifelong friendships, or—in rare cases—undying enmities.

Lieutenant Davis served with credit at Fort Crawford, in what is now Illinois; then at the lead mines near Galena, and at Fort Winnebago, in Wisconsin. He made his first campaign against the Indians in the closing of the Black Hawk war in 1831-33.

Then, when service needs created more cavalry, the First Dragoons was organized, and its Adjutant was Jefferson Davis, now

promoted to first lieutenant, in 1834. But he held the post only a few months, resigning in June of the next year.

For some reason, never explained, "Old Zach" Taylor had taken a strong dislike to his subaltern; but the latter was deeply and seriously in love with the fair young daughter of his chief Miss Knox Taylor. To the surprise of everyone—and none more than her sire—Miss Taylor married the young soldier almost immediately on his resignation. Her father never forgave her, and he never saw her again. She went as a bride to the home of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Anna Davis, at West Feliciana, La. Three months later she was buried there, after a brief illness, and the shock broke down completely the health of the young husband, already undermined by hard frontier service.

On his recovery, Mr. Davis made a tour of the West Indies; thence paid a long visit to his old friends in Washington and made many new and useful ones, who were loyal to him until the end! Then he settled in Mississippi, by his brother's advice, becoming a planter in Warren County, Miss., but devoting really more attention to reading law and managing local politics. The latter proved the more congenial and successful. He was elected to the Legislature in 1842; was Elector for Polk and Dallas two years later, and gained high repute as a debater in a tilt with the famous Sergeant S. Prentiss. In February, 1845, he married Miss Varina Banks Howell, daughter of Colonel William Burr Howell, native of New Jersey, who had moved to Mississippi and wedded the daughter of the Virginia settler.

This marriage was a most congenial and helpful one to the already rising young statesman. No woman of her day proved a more potent factor in the semisocial and semipolitical government at Washington in the Davis' long sway at the Capitol. To-day, in both sections of the Union and abroad their names have gone down the aisles of time linked in one.

In the autumn after his marriage Mr. Davis was elected to Congress by a handsome majority, promptly taking a prominent stand and gaining quick recognition for vigor and eloquence in championing the ultra pro-slavery and states rights wing of the Democracy. Hearing his maiden speech in the house, John C. Calhoun said:

"Keep a watch on that young man; he will be heard from."

In 1846 the Mexican War brought his resignation, to accept command of the regiment of Mississippi Rifles, soon attached to General Taylor's Army of the Rio Grande. There it gave such good account of itself and its commander as to warrant special mention in orders for Monterey, and Davis' splendid charge at Buena Vista—in which he was severely wounded—brought another flattering report to Washington, whether or not, his first father-in-law's personal feelings had changed.

In the session of 1847, Mr. Davis first took his seat as Senator of the United States, having been appointed by Governor Albert Gallatin Brown to succeed Hon. Jesse Speight, who died that year. The next session of the Legislature elected him to fill the unexpired term; but, in 1851, he resigned to accept the nomination for Governor of Mississippi, when he was defeated by that archmanipulator, Henry S. Foote, who ran on the Union ticket. But he remained a power in politics, and was especially active in the election of President Pierce, who made him Secretary of War in March, 1853. At the close of his term in the Cabinet he was again elected to the Senate, and again became the leader of the ultra Southern Party. It was at this time that he made his famous Faneuil Hall speech on the rights of the States and the powers of the Central Government. Then, in January, of 1861, Jefferson Davis made his farewell speech in the Senate, withdrew from that body and went to Mississippi to carry his home people into the incubating Confederacy.

At the birth of the new nation, he was popularly accepted as its chief. There were—as was inevitable in an infant coalition of the disjecta membra of an old one—cliques, cabals and office greed. At Montgomery, other candidates were spoken of. Alexander H. Stephens was often mentioned; Toombs was talked of, and what was known as the "South Carolina clique—in which were Louis T. Wigfall, Lawrence M. Keitt, William W. Boyce and others—advocated Howell Cobb, late of the Buchanan Cabinet. But Mr. Davis was unanimously chosen Provisional President and was inaugurated with wild acclaim, at the Capitol, on Feb. 18, 1861. When the permanent Government went into power, he was re-elected without opposition, and was inaugurated

at the Washington statue, in the Richmond Capitol grounds, on Feb. 22, 1862.

At this time, Mr. Davis was the idol of the people and almost equally of the army. This is no time and place—even did limits permit—to dissect the bickerings, jealousies and spites that fomented unjust judgment of this man and of his motive. Some of them are contentions that can never be settled; all of them had best be buried in his grave, to lie untouched forever by either prying, itching or loving hands. The bitterness of the past has lost its pungency; the respect and good will and love of second thought has replaced that. To-day, and I honestly believe, even through that North which once hated and longed to hang him—the verdict of the world is that here is a just man who has gone to sleep.

Neither is there space were there need to rehearse the long and bitter search of the unhorsed knight for another saddle. Released from prison, after durance too vile and needless not to raise a national blush at its memory, he went abroad, returned and was made President of an unsuccessful insurance company, the debts of which he assumed and struggled for years to pay, by hard, if congenial, labor at his Beauvoir home. The result of this was his autobiographic history. "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," in 1881. Of this, the financial result was not flattering; probably because of lack of money among those most interested, and from the richer North having grown somewhat weary of war views at short range. Then, on the 6th of December, 1889, the worn and weary man of many sorrows and hopes and disappointments died in New Orleans, while visiting an old and proved friend. He was laid to rest in the State he had battled for so long and well in two centuries. Shortly after, his body was claimed by the State which had volunteered him home and castle, eighteen years before; and many people recall the triumphal progress of that draped catafalque through the States of his late Confederacy. And, at last, a noble monument has been reared in the city of his burial; mainly by the efforts of that helpful and loyal band, the Daughters of the Confederacy.

HIS IMMEDIATE FAMILY.

Jefferson and Varina Banks Howell Davis had six children; the eldest, Samuel Emory Davis, dying in Washington in 1854, when not 3 years old. The second was Margaret Howell Davis—named for her grandmother, and now Mrs. Joel A. Hayes, of Colorado Springs. She is the only living one of the six and has had five children, of whom four are living, and two grandchildren.

The second son, Jefferson Davis, Jr., had almost reached his majority when he died in Memphis in the yellow fever epidemic of 1878.

Joseph Evan Davis was born in 1859, and was killed by a fall over the balusters of the White House, in Richmond, when 3 years old.

William Howell Davis was born in the White House, Richmond, in 1862. He died, almost as suddenly as Joe had done, from diphtheria, in Natchez, Miss., in October, 1874, when nearer to manhood than any of the sons save "Little Jeff." But the other birth in the White House was that of the famous and widely-loved "Daughter of the Confederacy," Varina Anne Davis, petnamed "Winnie." She was her mother's companion in their northern home, shared her literary tastes and died in the full promise of noble womanhood on Sept. 18, 1898.

The lonely and constant mother lingered to complete her work of love and life, the embalming of her husband's memory, until the autumn of 1906. Then she took her burthen and bore it to the Throne's foot.

T. C. DELEON,

Mobile, Alabama, December 1, 1908.

From the *News Leader*, January 7, 1909.

HISTORY OF CHIMBORAZO HOSPITAL, C. S. A.

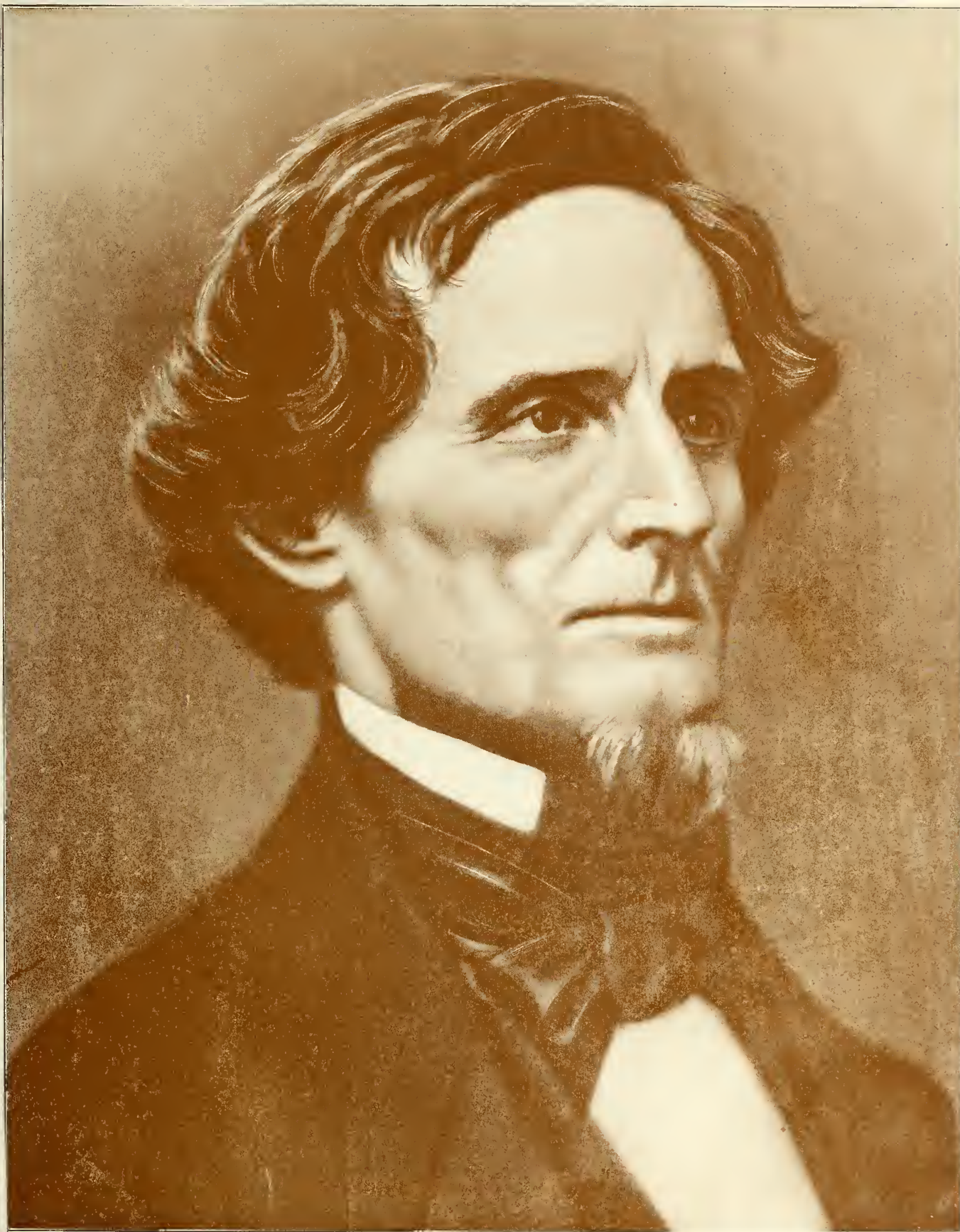
(Abstract from address of Dr. J. R. Gildersleeve, president of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy, at Nashville, Tenn., June 14, 1904.)

This is another very interesting paper in the series on local history which we have been publishing. It is furnished the School Bulletin for the teachers and children of Richmond and the public generally through the courtesy of the history committee of the Richmond Education Association.—Ed.

I have selected as the subject of this paper, the most noted and largest military hospital in the annals of history, either ancient or modern, "Chimborazo Hospital," at Richmond, Va., 1862 to 1865, and in connection therewith, the commandant and medical director, Surgeon James B. McCaw, and his staff.

East of the city of Richmond, whilom capital of the Confederate States, and separated from the city proper by the historic Bloody Run Creek, is an elevated plateau of nearly forty acres, commanding from its height a grand view. On the south, the river, spanned by many bridges, ships in harbor, Chesterfield and the town of Manchester; on the east, a long stretch of country, cultivated fields, forests, hills and dales, and the tawny James on its tortuous seaward way; and on the west, the city of Richmond, its churches and spires, the capitol, public buildings, dwellings, and manufactories, the whirling, seething, rushing falls of the river, and beautiful Hollywood, "the city of our dead."

On this high and picturesque point, so well adapted to hospital purposes, in the year 1862, when the Federal troops moved in force on Bull Run, and the real campaign began, General Joseph E. Johnston reported that nine thousand men would



The Centenary of Jefferson Davis, the political compeer of Lincoln, occurred last year—These two great leaders of economic thought in America were born in Kentucky within eight months of each other—On this Centennial, this rare negative of Jefferson Davis is taken from the Eaton Collection, valued at \$150,000, and here presented for historical record under the Eaton copyright in "The Journal of American History"

*Man - Cooper - in the paper, and
Lincoln is the 1st.*

as Confederation. In the short time that elapsed between the two elections nothing had occurred to shake the popular confidence

North, according to Stephens, he dissipated the difference which existed in the popular mind, North and South, between the two Governments.

to cross Peacemaker Creek. Johnston knew Sherman's methods, and knew that he would scatter his army in motion. He prepared to assail the parts that were crossing the stream, drive them into it,

SOUTHERN GOVERNMENT'S PROBLEMS

Jefferson Davis and His Colleagues, Though Not Confronted by Opposition Party as Was Abraham Lincoln, Had Other Difficulties in Their Paths.

THE Southern Government had its own troubles and defects, and they had a great deal to do with the fall of the Confederacy, but they were not similar to the Northern Government's. President Davis did not have to contend with the same difficulties that beset President Lincoln—hostility in Congress, division in the Cabinet, and an anti-administration party at the polls. Though, in his conversations with Surgeon Craven in his prison after the war, he talked of "the anti-administration party," there was none.

There were individuals who disproved his policy, but there was no party. The situation in the Confederacy resembled that in the Colonies at the time of the Revolution; the thoughts and energies of the population were taken up with the war, and there were no party divisions. Only once was there any approach to a political test of the Administration's standing. That was when a distinguished South Carolinian, ex-Senator



verity upon the South. From it were exempted all men who owned fifteen or more slaves, and even men who did not have so many, but had means and influence, could get themselves detailed in various ways so as to escape the conscription. The soldiers in the ranks growled, and there were murmurs that it was a "rich man's war and a poor man's fight."

The Confederate currency was ruined, and General Oates charges that its ruin was hastened by "an unpatriotic speculation" on the part of Secretary of War Seddon:

Virginia had commissioners to assess the value of things taken from persons by the Government. They had been assessing values at twenty to one and the producers seemed satisfied to let their produce go at that. But Mr. James A. Seddon, the Secretary of War, directed or suggested to the commissioners to appraise wheat at \$40 per bushel, instead of \$20, and they did it. He sold a large crop of wheat which he himself had grown on his plantation on the James River at \$40 a bushel, and several of his neighbors followed his

SOUTHERN GOVERNMENT'S PROBLEMS

Jefferson Davis and His Colleagues, Though Not Confronted by Opposition Party as Was Abraham Lincoln, Had Other Difficulties in Their Paths.

THE Southern Government had its own troubles and defects, and they had a great deal to do with the fall of the Confederacy, but they were not similar to the Northern Government's. President Davis did not have to contend with the same difficulties that beset President Lincoln—hostility in Congress, division in the Cabinet, and an anti-administration party in the polls. Though, in his conversation with Surgeon Graven in his prison after the war, he talked of "the anti-administration party," there was none.

There were individuals who disapproved his policy, but there was no party. The situation in the Confederacy resembled that in the Colonies at the time of the Revolution; the thoughts and energies of the population were taken up with the war, and there were no party divisions. Only once was there any approach to a political test of the Administration's standing. That was when a distinguished South Carolinian, ex-Senator Robert Barnwell Rhett, ran for Congress in Charleston on a platform hostile to Davis; he was defeated.

Vice President Stephens was antagonistic to the President, and in his State, Georgia, political sentiment was largely with him. The friends of General Joseph E. Johnston resented the President's treatment of that officer, and many of the Confederate statesmen criticized Davis in private. But there was little public criticism of him, and no party or faction against him.

The mistakes of the Northern Administration were as much those of the Cabinet as of Lincoln; those of the Southern Administration rest on the shoulders of Davis, for he was supreme. His Cabinet consisted chiefly of mediocre men, who obeyed him and did not dare to advise him (Benjamin being a shining exception); the Confederate Congress simply registered his decrees and had no ideas of its own. The history of the Confederate Government is a history of the acts and policies of one man, President Davis.

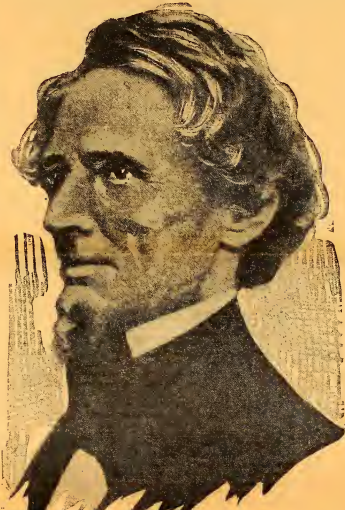
Before the war Davis was popular with the Northern Democracy, his popularity was growing, and he was likely to be President of the United States. Indeed, as Blaine points out in his "Twenty Years of Congress," he might have been nominated in 1860 but for the split in the party. "No man," says Blaine, "gave up more than Mr. Davis in joining the revolt against the Union. In his farewell words to the Senate there was a tone of moderation and dignity not unliked with regret and tender remembrance." He was universally regarded as a statesman and a great man, and the defects of character which the Presidency subsequently disclosed were unknown. There was no opposition to his election first as Provisional President and then as Constitutional President of the Confederacy. In the short time that elapsed between the two elections nothing had occurred to shake the popular confidence in him.

"He would have made an admirable President in time of peace," says General Oates, in his "War Between the Union and the Confederacy." "He had not the peculiar gifts or traits of genius essential to success as President of the Confederacy."

The chief of his defects were his unyielding obstinacy and his resentment of advice. When to these were joined a judgment not always correct and the government of his mind by prejudice, not even his pure and unselfish devotion to his cause and his honest determination to serve it to the utmost could save him from mistakes injurious to that cause. Stephens, in the diary he kept in prison after the war, wrote:

He proved himself deficient in developing and directing the resources of the country in finance and diplomacy, as well as in military affairs. His greatest failure in statesmanship was either in not understanding the popular mind and impulses, or in attempting to direct the movement to different ends from those contemplated by the people who had intrusted him with power.

After the Battle of Bull Run, Davis was at the head of a united people, while there was discontent at the North with



Jefferson Davis.

the policy of the Lincoln Administration. "At that time," says Stephens, "if Mr. Davis had had those high qualities that mark the great statesmen, bow easily he could have controlled events." The South, he says, had no desire for independence except as a last resort, and if Davis had been a statesman he could "have shaped events so as to effect a settlement that would have been satisfactory to the great majority of the people of both sections."

Instead, one of the first things he did was to follow Lincoln's example, and ask for a suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, the very thing that was doing much to alienate the North from Lincoln. Then he demanded a conscription, and in thus following the example of the North, according to Stephens, he dissipated the difference which existed in the popular mind, North and South, between the two Governments.

But the chief trouble was temperamental. "I wish my friends would cease to advise me," he cried, before the war had well begun, and he acted on that with more and more as it went on. His Cabinet, says John W. Du Bose in his life of Wheeler, "soon and easily learned to know the unchangeable aversion of their chief to the opinions of other men." Pollard, "testified that he was the weakest of men, on certain sides of his character, and that he had a romantic sentimentalism, which made him the prey of preachers and women."

Weak on other sides of his character he certainly was not. He had, as Pollard admits, "certain elegant and brilliant accomplishments, which dazzled the multitudes, confused the world in its judgment of his merits, and gave him a singular reputation, in which admirers and censors were strangely mingled." One of the qualities of greatness is the ability to choose good subordinates; this Davis

had and Lincoln had not. Except in a few cases, such as that of Hood, Davis made no mistakes in the selection of his generals, as Lincoln so often did; and among all his appointees there was not a single instance of treachery.

Seward has been ridiculed for believing that the war would last only a few weeks, but Davis had the same idea. As he went to Montgomery to take the Provisional Presidency he made speeches announcing with calm certainty the invasion and destruction of the Northern cities, where, he said, "food for the sword and torch await our armies."

His unyielding stubbornness at first served his cause well. When Albert Sid-

verly upon the South. From it were exempted all men who owned fifteen or more slaves, and even men who did not have so many, but had means and influence, could get themselves detailed in various ways so as to escape the conscription. The soldiers in the ranks grew old, and there were murmurs that it was a "rich man's war and a poor man's fight."

The Confederate currency was ruined, and General Oates charges that its ruin was hastened by "an unpatrician speculation" on the part of Secretary of War Seddon:

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When the collision between Grant and Pemberton in Mississippi was becoming imminent, Joseph E. Johnston advised the President to transfer Holme's army, 50,000 strong, from Arkansas to Mississippi. Pemberton had 25,000 and Grant only 40,000. Holmes and Pemberton could fall on Grant and crush him. Pemberton could then hold the Mississippi and Holmes could invade Missouri with excellent prospects.

Though Holme's army was idle, no enemy confronting it, Davis rejected the suggestion. If he had accepted it, the Vicksburg campaign might have ended very differently. Instead, he detached 9,000 men from Bragg's army in Tennessee, which was already much weaker than the Union Army confronting it, and sent them to Pemberton over Johnston's protest. They never did Pemberton any good, only weakened Bragg still further. Davis, unfortunately, believed himself a general; in fact, he had accepted the Presidency with reluctance, preferring a command in the field.

But the army did not fully lose confidence in the Administration until Davis's fatuous and suicidal error in the case of Joseph E. Johnston. That General had managed with consummate skill, as all his Union adversaries testify, the campaign through Georgia. He had worn and harassed Sherman, fighting him continually, but always avoiding a decisive battle, and now the time was coming toward which all the movements of his artful campaign had been directed. Sherman was close to Atlanta, and about to cross Peachtree Creek. Johnston knew Sherman's methods, and knew that he would scatter his army in motion. He prepared to assail the parts that were crossing the stream, drive them into it, and then haul his whole army upon the other parts. His first assault was to be delivered upon the part commanded by Thomas. His preparations were all made, and Hardee and Hood had received orders to be ready to attack at a moment's notice. At this crisis Johnston received the following telegram from Adjutant General Cooper:

I am directed by the Secretary of War to inform you that as you have failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta, and in the interior of Georgia, and express no confidence that you can defeat or repel him, you are hereby relieved from the Army and Department of Tennessee, which you will immediately turn over to General Hood.

"Thus perished the Southern Confederacy," sadly comments John W. Du Bose. "One of the most prominent historians of the Confederacy," says General Hooker, "ascribes the misfortunes of the Lost Cause to the relief of General Johnston. I do not think this, but it certainly contributed materially to hasten its collapse." Sherman was delighted. He afterward wrote:

At this critical moment the Confederate Government rendered us a most valuable service. Being dissatisfied with the Pe-



Maj. Gen. John B. Hood.

ter Johnston abandoned Tennessee a howl rose against that splendid general from all over the western part of the Confederacy. He was denounced as an incompetent, and delegations visited Davis demanding his head. The President listened calmly, and firmly replied: "If Sidney Johnston is not a general, I have none to give you." There were similar denunciations of Lee, but they fell on the President like waves on a rock.

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All About Jeff Davis and County No. Local News

The Chief of May 11, 1865 contained these interesting paragraphs

The rebels had their own fun over the story that President Lincoln, when he first went to Washington, disguised himself in a Scotch cap and plaid. He was never accused of disguising himself in petticoats!

As Jeff. Davis, the last remnant of the rebel Government, was captured in his wife's apparel, it has been suggested that the Confederacy was reduced to a petticoat Government.

The sentiment of the people is that Jeff Davis should be taken to Washington in the precise garb in which he was caught, and be subjected to the gaze of the populace, as he passes along.

A friend wonders whether Jeff Davis will preside over the destinies of the Southern Confederacy any more. We sincerely hope he will. The Confederacy has reached its destiny, in the infernal regions, and Jeff. ought, by all means, to be sent to pre- side over it.

It is announced that Ex-President Pierce is soon to be married to a Boston lady. He undoubtedly could have suited himself better, by going South and marrying one of the rebel she-cats so numerous there, and whose political views would have accorded with his own.

Franklin Pierce placed no emblem of mourning on his house, upon the death of the President, when all his neighbors had draped theirs in black. A crowd waited upon him, to demand the reason, when referred them to the services of his ancestors in the early struggles of the Republic, as evidences that he was all right on the Union question. That is about as conclusive as the man who proved his belief in the plurality of the God-head, by the fact that his grand-mother had twins! *Iron. Kansas Chief 5-25-22*

AT CAPTURE OF JEFF DAVIS

OHIO VETERAN WAS IN PARTY WHICH TOOK CONFEDERATE PRESIDENT.
Kansas City Star 5-10-22

And Secession Leader Was Not in Woman's Clothing, Thomas M. Hunter Says, Thus Blasting Another Favorite Story in Histories.

CLEVELAND, May 10.—Another well founded American tradition has gone "blooey."

Jefferson Davis was not a "woman" when the forces bagged him in the grand finale of the Civil War.

The old moss-covered belief that the Confederate president was disguised in feminine attire is all wrong, historical versions to the contrary notwithstanding.

Thomas Milo Hunter, 79-year-old veteran of seventy-three Civil War engagements, said so today. He knows.

For Hunter was one of the first Union soldiers to lay hands on Davis just fifty-seven years ago today at Irwinsville, Ga. And he's one of the few survivors of the Union band living to tell the story.

Sitting in an old armchair on the front porch of his country home, near Spencer, twenty-five miles south of here, Hunter described in detail that memorable capture, quoted the exact language used by Davis and set historians aright about Davis's costume at that particular time.

CAME UPON DAVIS CAMP.

It was early in the morning of May 10, 1865, that the 4th Michigan cavalry, commanded by Lieut. Col. B. D. Pritchard, tramped through the swamps of Georgia. They left Macon May 7, and three days' marching had made them a bit weary. As they approached Irwinsville they were about ready to take a rest when they saw a camp secluded in a cluster of saplings. An advance guard was dispatched to survey the situation. Suddenly a few shots rang out. The battle was on.

The entire regiment swooped down on the scene and there they saw Jefferson Davis, his wife and four children, his postmaster general, John H. Reagan; a staff of aids and servants.

There's where the war ended.

Let Hunter tell the rest in his own words:

DAVIS RETAINED HIS DIGNITY.

"I'm the man you're looking for," were Davis's first words in captivity. He stood beside a cyprus log like an old maid at a wedding, so dignified he didn't bat an eye.

"He wore a gentleman's morning robe over his regular clothes. On his head was an old striped bonnet. That was his crown, I guess. He didn't have on any other woman's belongings. There wasn't even any strings on his bonnet. He was a man, sure enough.

"We all surrounded him. Colonel Pritchard did the talking for us. We all were happy and wanted to celebrate. That made Davis mad and he said, 'You fellows think you're smart to capture a camp of women and children. Well, you're not. This is vandalism.'

THREATENED TO HANG HIM.

"That made us sore and one of our men yelled, 'Let's hang him to a sour

apple tree.' We were in the right mood to do that, but there weren't any apple trees around, only saplings and you couldn't hang a rabbit on them. Anyway, we would not have hanged him on account of his family.

"Yes, I can remember the whole thing just as if it happened yesterday. I can see old Jeff standing there with a pail on his arm. His boots were 'all shot.' His beard needed a trimming. He looked like the last rose of summer.

"He talked about being President. But we soon took that stuff out of him. He found out in a hurry that he wasn't president of anything. He got sassy about it, too; said he would court-martial the whole works.

DAVIS TRIED TO ESCAPE.

"We guarded the camp mighty close that night. Once Jeff came out of his tent and tried to walk out of the camp. But his spurs betrayed him. As he stepped over a log they tripped him and down came Davis, boots and all. A guard picked him up and marched him back in the tent. He behaved himself after that.

"We took him to Macon two days later. Then twenty-two men escorted him to Washington and surrendered him to Major General Miles.

"He was imprisoned in Fortress Monroe, Va., until May 15, 1867. Then he was let out on bail."

WERE PAID FOR CAPTURE.

"That's the end of the capture," said Hunter, who received \$200 from the United States government for his part in it. In July, 1868, congress awarded the captors \$100,000. General Wilson, commanding the division, received \$3,000; four colonels, including Pritchard, drew \$3,000 each, and the remainder was equally divided among the enlisted men.

"But that isn't all I got out of the capture," the veteran said, leaning forward in the old armchair and running both hands down into a pair of pockets in a blue denim blouse.

"Look at these."

In one hand he displayed a 10-inch barrel revolver, the first he drew in the army. In the other he held an old yellow wood pipe, the stem of which equaled in length the barrel of the revolver.

"I seized that pipe from Reagan, Davis's postmaster general, the day we caught Davis. I was the first to nab Reagan, and when I searched him I found this," Hunter explained, handling the pipe fondly. "I've been offered \$50 for that pipe. But sell it? Not for the world."

VETERANS CAN'T AGREE.

Kansas Says Jeff Davis Was Dressed in Woman's Clothes.

SALINA, KAS., May 10.—"Jeff Davis was not dressed in a gentleman's morning robe when he was captured," Jasper Taylor, 80, one of those who received part of the government's reward for the capture of the crushed Southern Confederacy, declared today.

"On the contrary, he was dressed like a woman. I saw him when he came out of the ambulance he was riding in. I saw Hussey, a private in my own company—that was Company C, 1st Wisconsin cavalry—hoist a hood Davis had on his head. He was wearing pantalets, too, which women wore at that time. Davis was coming out of the door of the ambulance, when we heard a woman's voice call out to him: 'Mother, let me get that water, you're too old.'

"Then Hussey hoisted the hood and said: 'You're the very mother we are looking for.'

"My opinion is that Davis was trying to make his escape in that woman's regalia."

Mr. Taylor also takes exceptions to Thomas Hunter's story on two other points. There were no woods where Davis was captured, and the shots fired were from the "Michigans" and Mr.

Taylor's own unit, he maintains.

The death of W. H. Polley of Holton, Kas., a week ago, leaves Taylor the only survivor in Kansas who was present at the capture of Davis. Mr. Polley and Mr. Taylor spent several years investigating the matter and were unable to find another veteran in Kansas who claimed that distinction.

ture in its dying hours, when there was no time for deliberation or discussion. This in itself is a conclusive reason why the measure should be defeated. It is easy to let down the gates, but when it comes to Constitutional amendments it is very hard to put them up again. If this encroachment on New York forest land is imperatively desirable, and if the voters must decide, it is a mere truism to say that they should first be well informed.

The amendment in question permits what is now forbidden—the building of hydroelectric power plants on the State's forest lands and the construction of electric transmission lines through the forests. It is true that the power developed is to be used only for public utilities, but a provision that the developments may be leased to private interests opens a pretty wide door for undesirable features.

The friends of the preservation of the natural beauty and native scenery of the Forest Preserve declare that its beautiful lakes and streams will be disfigured by the construction proposed.

In an address to the voters, issued by the Committee to Prevent Exploitation of the Adirondacks (signed by officers of many organizations—some having to do with the general question involved, others concerned with game preservation and the interests of Adirondack property owners—chambers of commerce or boards of trade, camp-fire and mountain clubs, and other societies), it is asserted that the measure would “give the water power and lumber interests a foothold upon the people's preserve which they have been trying to obtain, openly or covertly, for nearly thirty years, and which, heretofore, the people have emphatically refused to give them.” Governor Smith declares that the attempt “involves a very radical departure from our State policy of dealing with our Adirondack Preserve. It enables a lessee to exploit water powers in our great public park and to construct, maintain, and operate them for terms of fifty years. No provision is made for compensation to the State. Property acquired by the State at the cost of millions of dollars may, under the provisions of this amendment, be virtually given to a private corporation for half a century.”

On the other hand, those who favor the amendment aver that the State would in fact get compensation; that whatever is done would be subject to the regulation of the Public Utilities Commission; that the total amount of

power to be obtained would not be in excess of the three per cent already allowed by law, although it would be applied to other purposes than have been permitted; that no unnecessary lumbering will be allowed; that the lanes made by the construction of the poles to carry the cables would be really beautiful—rather a strong stretch of the imagination, we think—and so on.

The individual voter can judge between the arguments of experts only by considering the interests each side has to serve; one strives to preserve the parks in their pristine beauty for the purposes of recreation and enjoy-

ment as originally intended; the other has a commercial purpose.

In this condition it at least seems perfectly clear that the voters should not allow themselves to be rushed into unconsidered action. The safe and reasonable thing is to demand further information and positive demonstration before they vote to do something which, once done, cannot be undone. Let the Legislature of New York reconsider the whole question, and if it decides again to appeal to the people let it be only after a hearing which shall not be scant and hurried or marked, in the words of the Governor of the State, by “unseemly haste.”

JEFFERSON DAVIS

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

IT is hard, if not impossible, for a Northerner born and bred to appraise the character and career of Jefferson Davis impartially or even honestly. One of my earliest recollections is of the celebration of the fall of Richmond. My father and mother were living in a southern Indiana city, Terre Haute. I can remember being taken out of my small bed—at least I assume that it was a small bed, because I was not quite six years old—wrapped in a blanket, and carried by an uncle to the city square in the evening. The square as I see it with my mind's eye, for I have not seen it since, was surrounded by brick blocks the windows of which were brilliantly illuminated—by candles, I suppose. My father, who was a Yankee born in Massachusetts, was a non-combatant, but he did faithful, self-sacrificing, and sometimes, I believe, dangerous work in behalf of the Northern cause. He was gentle-spirited and never bitter, and from my home atmosphere I did not breathe in any animosity towards Jefferson Davis, who was the personification of rebellion to all Northerners. But, like all boys, I was naturally intensely partisan, and I can remember singing with great gusto “We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree.” I thought of all Southerners as “Johnny rebs,” just as I imagine every Southern boy of my age thought of all Northerners as “Damnyankees.”

This feeling of gay and light-hearted animosity, if I may indulge in such a paradoxical phrase, I have long since gotten over. I have come to have a feeling of great admiration for the South and Southerners. It may be safely asserted that no country in the

history of the world—for the seceding Southern States were a unified country in the political, social, and geographical sense of that term—has shown such spiritual and physical energy, such powers of rehabilitation, and such fine and courageous acceptance of the inevitable as the Southern States. Moreover, the South contributed to the conflict some great and noble spirits, or rather it should be said the conflict contributed to the country some great and noble spirits who fought for the “lost cause” with grim tenacity, unfailing courage, high purpose, and brilliant genius. Robert E. Lee and “Stonewall” Jackson are not merely Southern heroes, they are American heroes. The names of Lee and Lincoln may be coupled and, I think, are coupled by every Northerner who is proud of the great men to whom his country has given birth.

Jefferson Davis, however, is not, to my way of thinking, one of these joint heroes. Whether it is the result of ingrained prejudice or not, no amount of reading or panegyric can make me feel towards Jefferson Davis as I feel towards Robert E. Lee, “Stonewall” Jackson, or Albert Sidney Johnston, notwithstanding the fact that in external circumstances the four men were very similar. They were all born in the South, they were all graduates of West Point, they all served in the United States Army, and they all seceded to become leaders of the Confederacy.

History is inexorable, and may generally be permitted to take care of itself. Mankind forms its opinions of the moral and intellectual status of its leaders or would-be leaders by a kind



Jefferson Davis.

of intuition, and no amount of special pleading can fundamentally alter these opinions. No leader of the Southern Confederacy has had more special pleading made in his behalf than Jefferson Davis, but I cannot see that it has greatly changed the dislike of his enemies or greatly enhanced the affection of his followers. His case is indeed one of the saddest and most pathetic of all the prominent figures of the Civil War.

I am led to these observations by the fact that one of my colleagues recently put on my desk two works¹ that have just been published about Jefferson Davis with the request that I give my impressions of them to the readers of *The Outlook*. "Works" is surely the word. For one of them represents an enormous amount of labor on the part

¹ Jefferson Davis, President of the South. By H. T. Eckenrode. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

Jefferson Davis—Constitutionalist. By Dunbar Rowland, LL.D. 10 vols. Printed for the Mississippi Department of Archives and History. Jackson, Mississippi.

of the editor and would require the labor of a galley-slave to read through. It is a compilation of the letters, papers, and speeches of Jefferson Davis, collected and edited by Dunbar Rowland, LL.D., and published by the State of Mississippi in ten volumes of six hundred pages each. As the books lie one on top of another on my desk they make a monument a foot and a half in height. If the taxpayers of Mississippi wish to pay for such a monument as this, nobody outside of the State, I suppose, has any right to find fault. Indeed, as a contribution to the authentic sources of future historical writing the State of Mississippi has done well to make such a compilation, for President Davis was one of the pivotal figures of the Civil War, the greatest struggle of its kind that man has ever undertaken. But it is certain that the Northern reader who sincerely wishes to correct his prejudices, if he has any, about the unhappy

President of the Southern Confederacy will not be aided by the inscription or epitaph which Dr. Rowland has written for the monument which he has erected. It appears on a dedicatory page and reads as follows:

JEFFERSON DAVIS
1808-1889

Soldier, Scholar, Statesman, Executive, Orator, Author, and Expounder of the Constitution of the United States.

George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, James Otis, and James Madison were the defenders of the inalienable, constitutional rights of Englishmen of the American Colonies.

Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, and John B. Gordon were the defenders of the inalienable, constitutional rights of Americans of all the States of the Union.

These superior and unusual spirits embodied in their ideals of government the deathless principles of democracy which made John Hampden, John Milton, William Pitt, Edmund Burke, and Oliver Cromwell immortal.

To put Jefferson Davis on a parity with John Hampden, John Milton, Edmund Burke, and Oliver Cromwell is a little too much for even the most open-minded reader of history.

The other work is a one-volume Life of Jefferson Davis by H. T. Eckenrode, published by the Macmillans. It has great physical advantages over the Mississippi publication because it can be easily held in the hand and the reasonable number of its pages can be perused without brain exhaustion. But in historical weight it is as much lighter than Dr. Rowland's compilation as it is in avoidrupois. For Dr. Rowland has given us both private and public letters of Jefferson Davis, his political speeches and his military and Presidential despatches, from which the honest reader can form a clear impression of the man's spirit, intelligence, and purpose. But Mr. Eckenrode invents a totally new purpose for the career of Jefferson Davis—what he calls an anthropological purpose. He says that Jefferson Davis was the defeated champion of the Nordic race, and implies that the Republic is going to the dogs for the following novel reason:

"The Nordic element in our population is constantly decreasing in proportion to the non-Nordic, and if it were not for the still mainly Nordic South the United States would represent a racial revolution. It would be the story of the supplanting of one race by another. But so long as the South remains Nordic the old America is still with us. . . . The Southern Confederacy was, above all, the effort of

the Nordic race to save itself. If it had succeeded there would have been a great Nordic Empire which might have reached from the Potomac to Cape Horn."

Mr. Eckenrode does not inform us how Mr. Davis would have disposed of the Latin races in South America if he had succeeded with the Confederacy, but he evidently thinks that it could have been managed somehow or other, for he adds:

"Success depended, in the last analysis, on Jefferson Davis. He failed. Not from lack of brains, for he had a good mind, and not from want of character, for he was a strong man. But from temperament. He did not have the faculty of success: the power to grapple men to him, absolute self-forgetfulness. So he failed, and with him faded the last hope of the Nordic race."

Here is food for thought indeed! Even the prejudiced Yankee may pause in somber reflection. Lincoln and Grant saved the Union, but at what a price! Our fathers both North and South, instead of singing "Dixie" and "Rally Round the Flag, Boys" in separate camps, should really, if they had possessed any foresight, have joined forces and made their common battle-song "Rally Round the Nordic Race."

To speak seriously, however, it is perhaps too soon, even after a lapse of fifty years, to expect biographies of Civil War leaders to be written that will not be tinged with the partisanship of their writers, or will not run counter to the prejudices of their readers. Two of the best and most impartial Civil War biographies have been written by Englishmen—Lord Charnwood's "Life of Lincoln" and Colonel

Henderson's "Life of Stonewall Jackson." Both can be read by Northerner and Southerner with pleasure and satisfaction. But in neither does the personality of Jefferson Davis appeal to the affection of the reader, although it is treated with formal respect by the authors. Walter Bagehot said of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" that it is not a book to be read, but a book to have on one's shelves to gaze at with wonder at the vast amount of erudition it contains. Much the same thing can be said of Dr. Rowland's ten volumes. They will increase the respect of the reader for the vast amount of painful labor which Jefferson Davis gave to a hopeless cause, but I doubt if they will arouse any feelings of personal devotion and attachment such as the soldiers of Lee and Jackson felt for their great and well-beloved commanders.

ALBANIA—A POOR LITTLE RICH LAND

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY BRUNO ROSELLI

I LIKE the Italians. My family likes the Italians. My country likes the Italians." That shaggy-bearded Albanian, looking at the string of Italian lighthouses winking at us from across not less than five miles of cobalt, went on like Exercise Number One in an elementary grammar book.

"Perhaps," I retorted. "Then why did you Albanians give them a gentle push into the Adriatic after the Italian protectorate was declared four years ago, with the approval—what shall I say?—even of President Wilson?"

"Because Italy never understood us. Turkey used to give us blows; and Austria, gold. But Italians gave neither. And in all our quarrels we knew that under Turkey the Moslem was always right, and under Austria it was the Catholic who was always right. And when one knows one behaves accordingly. Whereas under Italy one never knew whether the judge would side with the Mohammedan or with the Christian. And then the Italians wasted their energy killing mosquitoes and digging up stones twenty centuries old. Yes, the Italians are crazy, poor, and weak, but we like them." And he went down to pack more and more trinkets into the already bulging fez and the baggy trousers and the sockless boots, because next morning we would pass through the Albanian customs. I was left on deck with the captain and two hollow-cheeked young *Sqipetari*,¹

¹ *Sqipetar*, *Sqipenie*=Albania, Albanian, in the Albanian language.

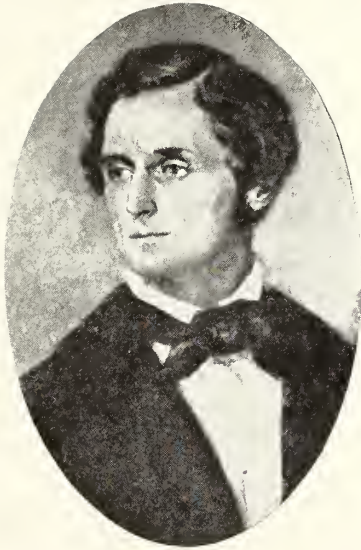
stretched out in hammocks, trembling from malarial fever.

"Have another," said the captain, holding out to me a red quinine pellet, as if he had been offering a cigarette or a drink. "Then go lie down on a real Western bed. You will miss one in Albania. Won't he, Mr. Merchant Primæval?"

Mr. Merchant Primæval assented, grinning and repeating to himself: "A vacation in Albania! *Mio Dio!* A college professor! *Santi del Paradiso!* An American college professor taking a vacation in Albania!" Whereupon he half jocosely and half seriously assured me that there are no lunatic asylums in Albania, just as there are no railways, no movies, no hospitals, no newspapers, no lighthouses, no dentists, no banks, and no picture postcards. Then he returned to sit on his earthly possessions, literally speaking, because this ineffably refreshing gentleman, whose identity is concealed under terms of most poetical praise, makes a living by conducting his business just as it used to be done when the world was young. He owns a warehouse in southern Italy; there he buys and assembles his goods. He puts all his capital—many thousands of dollars—into general merchandise manufactured somewhere in civilized Christendom, packs it into a number of cases, closes the Italian office, accompanies the cases across the Adriatic, lands with them, sells them for spot cash in real gold and silver to Albanian traders and chiefs, and returns laden with metal to Italy to buy more "general merchandise." No sam-

ples, no salesmen, no credit, no drafts, no discounts. A charming gentleman; but how peeved he was when I asked him what he meant by "general merchandise"! "It means everything, of course," he replied. "Everything needed by Eskimo and Zulu, by Albanian and Siamese; by every person who leads a normal, uncivilized existence. You will soon see for yourself." And a few hours later I saw. Scissors and calico; glass beads, matches, and safety-pins; combs, needles, mirrors, envelopes, and buttons, were only a few of the hundreds of items of a *mercanzia* that is bought in bulk, as such, without any specification or explanation as to how many objects of one kind are in a case and how many of another. If no other steamers are likely to follow soon from the West, and if the road through the Albanian Alps in the East is impassable, and if no revolutions are in sight, and if the tobacco crop has been good, the *mercanzia* may sell one hundred per cent higher than it had cost my friend the Merchant Primæval, who, barring typhus, cholera, leprosy, and deadly attacks of the universal malaria, will spend a comfortable old age thanks to a poor little rich land apparently too impecunious to issue any money of its own, yet actually handling more French, German, Italian, Serb, and Greek gold and silver in a month than is handled in a year in any of those countries.

ALBANIA is (in case you had forgotten it) a Republic; one of those wondrous new political units created



JEFFERSON DAVIS

Supposed Picture of Jefferson Davis in Early Manhood.



avoided if you could just keep the fellows from fighting long enough to cool off. I think there is a great deal of truth in that statement. Whenever you prevent war that is not a negative value. That is a positive achievement. If you go into war, destruction is a positive evil, and if we get any good out of it, usually there will be some good out of war, it is always of a negative character. When you prevent war, that is a positive value, a positive accomplishment, because every war prevented is a discipline of practice of mental decision in favor of peace, and you ultimately will cultivate that spirit of peace that becomes the habit of mind and that will become the ruling element of a community, and if we could some way create agencies by which we could prevent wars, the very prevention of them ultimately would produce such a consensus of organized opinion, such a body of conviction that war would be wonderfully lessened. While I have not any hope that we will reach the place where no war will be visited upon the world, yet I do know that by using reason we can prevent wars in many cases, and in that degree you have lifted the level of intelligence and ultimately we may be able to entirely prevent war by substituting a judicial process for settlement instead of the arbitration of the sword. Consequently, as a Senator of the United States, called upon to act officially upon questions of this kind, I am very free to say that while having resisted the original covenant, and would today, I am free to say that I shall give every ounce of the influence that I have to induce the United States to substitute judicial process to settlement of disputes instead of going to the brutal methods of war.

THE NORTHWESTERN CAREER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY MILO M. QUAIFE.

To the career of Jefferson Davis, leader of the Confederacy in the greatest Civil War the world has yet witnessed, much study has been given, and it might reasonably be supposed that little information concerning his life remains to be disclosed. Yet his numerous biographers have all passed lightly over one important period, covering half a dozen years of his early manhood, and the little they have set down is of questionable validity. To this lost chapter in his career my paper is devoted.

The reason for the lost chapter's existence is simple enough. Davis was born in Kentucky, his mature life was passed as a citizen of Mississippi, and he is commonly remembered as the leader of his section in the war for the destruction of the Union. In short, his career seems wholly identified with the south, and all of his biographers have been southern men. That he spent five years following his graduation from West Point in the northwest, chiefly at the army posts of Fort Crawford and Fort Winnebago, is, of course, well known to them. But written records pertaining to this period of his life are few and scattered; while the biographers, far removed from the scene, have been ignorant alike of the local geography and the local lore which has been handed down. Thus handicapped, they have passed lightly over this period of Davis' life, contenting themselves for the most part with a more or less accurate repetition of the narrative recorded by Mrs. Davis in her two volume *Memoir* of her husband.

My own study promises no novel or startling revelations. From the vantage point of familiarity with the local geography and access to the local sources of information, however, I have endeavored to assemble and correlate critically what is yet to be known of Davis' life in the Northwest—with what success, must be left to the judgment of my readers.

Over the life of Davis prior to his advent in the Northwest we may pass with but few words. He was born in Christian, now Todd County, Kentucky, in June, 1808; three years later his family removed to southwestern Mississippi, and until he was sixteen years of age young Davis lived alternately in these two states. Several of these years were spent in school in his native state, the last two or three as a student of Transylvania University at Lexington. In the summer of 1824, which may be taken as marking the close of his boyhood, Davis, was appointed to a cadetship at West Point. Thereupon he left unfinished his course at Transylvania and went to the military academy, where he graduated in the spring of 1828. After a vacation of several

months, spent in Mississippi, the young soldier repaired to Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, then the western headquarters of the United States army, and from here he was shortly ordered to Fort Crawford, Michigan Territory, whose site is better known to the present generation as Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

The principal reliance of Davis' biographers for the period of his northwestern career which was thus initiated has been the material set forth by Mrs. Davis in the first 160 pages of her *Memoir*. Since I shall have much to say about this work, it will be well to take some account of it here. For that portion of her husband's life on which she wrote from personal knowledge, the author was fitted, presumably, to speak with authority. She first became acquainted with Davis in December, 1843,¹ over ten years after the termination of his northwestern career, at the beginning of which in 1828 she had been but an infant. For the period of his life before her marriage,² therefore, Mrs. Davis drew upon various writings left by her husband, on the recollections of certain of his old-time friends, and on her own remembrance of things she had heard him relate during their years together. The numerous gaps in the story which still remained she endeavored to fill in as best she might by resort to various printed sources of information.

The work produced by these methods is of uneven value and highly inaccurate and confusing.³ The portions of it which reproduce the writings of Davis himself are, of course, of prime importance, but even these have been handled in such fashion that the reader is frequently at a loss to know what to make of them. As for the author's contribution, she had little knowledge of the geography involved and less, if possible, of the sequence of events. Events of 1832 are jumbled indifferently with those which actually occurred in 1827, and the author's pen wanders from the forests of Wisconsin to the parched prairies of the Southwest and back again without even knowing, oftentimes, that such a seven-league journey has been taken. Mrs. Davis was, indeed, aware to some extent of the shortcomings of this portion of her work, and on one occasion she conscientiously apologizes for it, characterizing it as "very mixed and at times nearly unintelligible"; pleading in extenuation that with the meager sources of information at her command she could do no better.⁴ To subject such a narrative to critical analysis is as needless as it would be ungracious;⁵ but unfortunately those who have since assumed to write of Davis' career have been less mindful of the defects of the *Memoir* than was Mrs. Davis herself. In the general absence of other sources it has been made the quarry even of trained historians, and hence has become a fruitful source of error about the early years of the man whose career it was written to memorialize.

We will have occasion to return to Mrs. Davis' narrative, but having gained some conception of its character we may endeavor to consider in due order the events of Davis' northwestern career. The Prairie du Chien to which he came near the close of 1828 was a straggling village, already of considerable antiquity, with a nondescript population in which were represented all degrees of social development from sheer savagery to a highly cultured civilization. Fort Crawford, built in 1816 and abandoned for a period of several months during 1826

and 1827, but regarrisoned following the Winnebago War of the latter year, was a decaying structure of logs commanded by Colonel Willoughby Morgan of the First U. S. Infantry. From time immemorial Prairie du Chien had been a natural center of trade and intercourse among the red men, and between them and the whites. It was, therefore, a place of considerable commercial and governmental importance. In the summer of 1829 it was the scene of a notable Indian treaty, to conclude which hundreds of white and red skins assembled, for the second gathering of its kind within the space of four years. These things aside, it was a veritable frontier of civilization, the life at which for the cultivated West Point officers must have been dull to the point of distraction.

Caleb Atwater, who visited Prairie du Chien in 1829 as one of the commissioners to negotiate the treaty of that year, protests feelingly against the practice of the War Department of keeping officers continuously on the frontier. All, he thought, who had been there ten years or longer ought to be instantly relieved. For them and their wives who reared families and maintained the processes of civilization in these isolated posts under every conceivable discouragement, Atwater has only words of warmest praise and admiration. The testimony of Latrobe, the English traveler, and Charles Fenno Hoffman, the New York author and editor, both of whom visited Fort Crawford about the close of Davis' stay there, is of similar purport to that of Atwater. That Davis did his part during his first sojourn at Fort Crawford in upholding this reputation of the officers' circle for social cheer and charm may safely be taken for granted; that he performed creditably the duties which fell to him as a junior officer of the garrison may also be presumed. But his stay at Fort Crawford was soon interrupted, and saving certain stories of a reminiscent character which were handed down as family tradition and found their way into print at various times subsequent to the Civil War, we have practically nothing concerning him that certainly pertains to this period.

The Winnebago outbreak of 1827 had opened the eyes of the authorities at Washington to the fact that the existing garrisons in the Northwest (Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island, Fort Snelling, near modern St. Paul, and Fort Howard at Green Bay) were inadequate to control the vast extent of country west of Lake Michigan and north of St. Louis. The forts at Chicago and Prairie du Chien were regarrisoned, therefore, and it was determined in addition to build a new fort at the Fox-Wisconsin portage in the heart of the Winnebago country. Accordingly, in September, 1828, Major David E. Twiggs led three companies of troops from Green Bay to the Portage, and began the erection of temporary quarters.⁶ We learn from a letter written by this officer on December 29, following, that nothing had as yet been done toward erecting the permanent quarters, although considerable lumber and other material had been gotten out. Presumably the work of construction was prosecuted the following season, for Major Twiggs, in the letter alluded to, expressed confidence in his ability to complete the work in November, 1829, and Mrs. Kinzie, who came to the fort to reside in the autumn of 1830, seems to have found the structure complete.⁷

To Fort Winnebago late in 1829, according to Mrs. Davis and Professor Dodd,⁸ came Jefferson Davis for a stay which extended until some time in the year 1831. In several of the biographies Davis is represented as the builder of the fort, and this is cited as an evidence of his ability, and of its early recognition by his commanding officer. The fact is clear, however, that whatever credit attaches to the building of Fort Winnebago belongs to Major Twiggs, who was in command of the post from the beginning. Equally clear is the part taken by Davis in the enterprise. A subordinate officer of the garrison (he was a brevet 2nd lieutenant at the time), he had the immediate oversight of a party of soldiers which was sent out to procure logs for the work. Davis himself, in 1872, in response to an inquiry from his old-time friend, Senator George W. Jones of Dubuque, wrote a clear and interesting account of his share in the work, in a letter which seems to have eluded the search of all his biographers.⁹ "In 1829," it states, "I went to Fort Winnebago and was put in charge of the working parties to obtain material for the construction of blockhouses, barracks and stores. Gen. (then Capt.) W. S. Harney was sent with his company to the pine forest high up the Wisconsin river, another party was sent to the maple, ash, and oak forest on the Baraboo river. Both parties used the whip saw, and being among wild Indians were, doubtless, objects of wonder. When the timber procured on the Wisconsin was brought down to the portage of the Wisconsin and Fox, the former river was so full that its waters overflowed its banks, and ran in a broad sheet into the Fox river. Taking advantage of the fact, we made rafts suited to the depth of the water and floated the lumber across to the site of the fort, on the east bank of the Fox river."

Of the life at Fort Winnebago during the years Davis was stationed there many records have been preserved. The garrison circle numbered during the next two years a surprisingly large proportion of men who, like Davis, won distinction in after years. Buried in this obscure wilderness post they little foresaw as they raised their voices in the chorus of Benny Havens, the old West Point melody,

In the army there's sobriety,
Promotion's very slow.

the opportunities for promotion and fame that the Mexican and Civil Wars would open to them.

Perhaps the most interesting description of life at Fort Winnebago in this period is the one contained in Mrs. Kinzie's book, *Wau Bun*. The author, a talented New England woman, came as a bride to the place in 1830 and the contents of her book, which was published a quarter of a century later, chiefly pertain to her three year's residence here. But little is said by Mrs. Kinzie which directly concerns Davis; one interesting item, however, describes the furniture which had been fashioned under his direction for the rooms of the officers' quarters. In the sleeping room was a huge bedstead, "of proportions amply sufficient to have accomodated Og, the king of Bashan, with Mrs. Og and the children into the bargain." More interesting still was a three-compartment structure of marvelous architecture which had been designed to supply the absence of clothespress, china closet, and storeroom. In

honor of its projector this was christened by those who used it a "Davis".

A question of some interest, in view of the character of certain stories set afloat in Wisconsin thirty years later, pertains to Davis' personal habits and conduct. "There was some drinking and much gambling at Fort Winnebago," writes Mrs. Davis, "but Mr. Davis never did either." If Davis actually told his young wife this, the recording angel, let us hope, has long since forgiven him. More to the point is the statement of Turner, the historian of the fort.¹⁰ "I have heard it remarked by those who knew him here that he had no liking for the amusements to which officers, as well as private soldiers, resort to relieve the tedium of camp life; but that he was ever engaged, when not in active service, in some commendable occupation."

More interesting still is a suggestion contained in the diary of Rev. Cutting Marsh,¹¹ the missionary to the Stockbridge Indians: "Wrote to Lieut. Davis, Fort Winnebago. Contents t(he) letter: First t(he) bill of the Bibs &c. Second, urged t(he) importance of his inquiring whether he could not do something for t(he) moral renovation of t(he) soldiers at t(he) Ft. Love & gratitude to t(he) Sav(ior) sh(oul)d induce it immediately. Although alone, he sh(oul)d not feel a sufficient excuse for declining to make an effort. David went alone against his foe, & t(he) defier of the army of Israel, but in t(he) name of t(he) Ld. of hosts, & he conquered. God has something without doubt for you to do in thus bringing you, as you hope, to t(he) knowledge & to t(he) acknowledgement of t(he) truth as it is in Jesus. It was but a few years ago when Christians began to make t(he) inquiry respecting seamen as a very few do now respecting our military posts, and behold t(he) results!"

The reply of Davis to this Macedonian call is not a matter of record, but Mrs. Kinzie makes it clear that of religious interest or observance at Fort Winnebago there was very little. Recently from the East and an enthusiastic church woman, she vainly endeavored to persuade the inmates of the garrison to assemble on Sunday for religious service. "I approached the subject cautiously," she writes, "with an inquiry to this effect:

"Are there none among the officers who are religiously disposed?"

"Oh, yes," replied the one whom I addressed, "there is S———. When he is half tipsy he takes his Bible and Newton's Works, and goes to bed and cries over them; he thinks in this way he is excessively pious."

From Fort Winnebago Davis made numerous journeys to surrounding points. One of the first of these was the logging assignment up the Wisconsin, in connection with which a local tradition still persists that he rode one of the first rafts of logs ever piloted through the surging waters of the famous dells of the Wisconsin. One Wisconsin pioneer recalled in old age that Davis made many journeys to Dodgeville to attend social gatherings and asserted that for nearly half a century he was well remembered by the older residents of the place.¹² An excursion that is better authenticated led him to Chicago in the autumn of 1829. In after years Davis looked upon himself as the discoverer of the Four-Lakes country, and believed that his was the first overland

journey to be made by white men between the Fox—Wisconsin Portage and Chicago.¹³ A member of the Fort Dearborn garrison at this time was Lieutenant David Hunter. Looking out from the fort one morning in 1829, where now swirls the greatest tide of humanity borne by any bridge in the world, Hunter perceived on the north side of the river a white man. Wondering who the stranger could be, he entered a small canoe, intended for but a single person, and paddled across to interview him. It proved to be Davis, and inviting him to lie down in the bottom of the canoe Hunter ferried him across to the post. The passage of time was to work a strange transformation in the relations between the occupants of that little boat in this voyage across the placid Chicago. In May, 1862, Hunter, now a Major-General in command of the Department of the South, issued an order emancipating the slaves in the states of Florida, Georgia and South Carolina, and he followed this up by organizing the first negro regiment for service in the Civil War. Davis, as president of the Confederacy, responded with a proclamation of outlawry against Hunter, threatening in the event of his capture by the Confederate forces to put him to death as a felon. Again the hand of time moved on, and the spring of 1865 witnessed the spectacle of Davis manacled in a dungeon, charged with instigating the assassination of President Lincoln, while Hunter served as president of the military commission which sat in judgement on the Lincoln conspirators.

Precisely when Davis' stay at Fort Winnebago terminated and his second sojourn at Fort Crawford began, seems impossible certainly to determine. The clearest evidence I have found on this point is supplied by Davis himself in the letter of 1872 to his friend, George W. Jones of Dubuque, which has already been alluded to. In this he states that at the outbreak of Indian hostilities in 1831 he joined the command of General Gaines at Rock Island, and after the treaty of that year was ordered to Prairie du Chien. The campaign referred to occurred in June, 1831, when General Gaines with ten companies of regulars compelled Black Hawk's band to abandon their village at the mouth of the Rock River and agree to withdraw permanently to the west side of the Mississippi. The campaign ended with the signing of the treaty on the last day of June, yet the diary of Cutting Marsh, from which we have quoted above, places Davis at Fort Winnebago on July 25 of this year. A possible explanation of the conflicting evidence would be that after the close of Gaines' brief campaign Davis returned to Fort Winnebago for a short time before being transferred to Fort Crawford.¹⁴

Subsequent to the campaign with Gaines, apparently in the summer or autumn of 1831,¹⁵ Davis was dispatched by Colonel Taylor to the lead mines at Dubuque to take charge of a difficult situation. A large number of miners had crossed to the west side of the river and in defiance of the prohibition of the government had staked out many claims while the land still belonged to the Indians. Another officer, Lieut. George Wilson, had been sent down with a squad of soldiers to evict the trespassers but the latter were numerous and determined and the officer was compelled to retire without accomplishing anything. In this posture of affairs Davis was dispatched

with a larger body of soldiers to eject the miners from the country. Although Davis had the requisite force at his command, he chose to employ persuasion. In the first public address of his life, according to Mrs. Davis, he informed the miners that the command must be obeyed. He explained, however, that their eviction was but temporary, and as soon as the requisite arrangements could be made for the extinction of the Indian title they would be free to return. Meanwhile, he volunteered to secure to each man the lead, or claim, he had staked out, by exerting his influence to this end with Captain Legate, the United States superintendent of the lead mines. This sensible program met the approval of the squatters, who withdrew peaceably to the east side of the river.¹⁶ Davis remained at Dubuque for some time, watching over the miners and the Indians. In a conversation with Charles Aldrich of the Iowa Historical Society, almost at the close of life, he recalled by name many of the early settlers of Dubuque, and related various interesting incidents connected with his service there.

With the spring of 1832 Davis secured a furlough from his regiment for the purpose of paying a somewhat extended visit to his former home and relatives in Mississippi. Before he had time to depart, however, the invasion of Illinois by Black Hawk began; the garrison at Fort Crawford was called into the field, of course, and Davis was with it throughout the campaign, serving in the capacity of adjutant to Colonel Taylor. Pushing up Rock River, the regulars reached Dixon about the middle of May, whence Davis was dispatched to Galena to assist in bringing order out of the confusion which had been precipitated there in connection with the efforts of militia officers to organize the miners for military service. Returning to Dixon from this service, Davis remained there with his command until June 27, when the northward advance of the army was resumed. The followers of Black Hawk, outnumbered and famishing, were now only seeking to escape their pursuers; the retreat led over the present site of Madison, across the beautiful University grounds, and on to the Wisconsin river on the western boundary of Dane County. Here the warriors were overtaken and Black Hawk fought a rearguard engagement, known as the battle of Wisconsin Heights. Although but a small affair, it was the first engagement Davis ever witnessed, and the generalship displayed by the red leader made a great impression upon him. Over half a century later, with his mind stored with experiences of the Mexican and Civil wars, he described it as "the most brilliant exhibition of military tactics that I ever witnessed—a feat of most consummate management and bravery, in the face of an enemy of greatly superior numbers." "Had it been performed by white men," he continued, "it would have been immortalized as one of the most splendid achievements in military history."¹⁷ This characterization more than confirms the modest claim of Black Hawk, made in writing his biography, that "whatever the sentiments of the white people in relation to this battle, my nation, though fallen, will award to me the reputation of a great brave in conducting it."

The pursuers again caught up with their quarry on the bank of the Mississippi. This time an armed steamboat lay in the river to prevent the Indians from crossing and in the battle of Bad Axe, fought on August 2, Black Hawk's band was practically annihilated. This action ended the war, and the next day the regulars descended the river to Prairie du Chien. Here Black Hawk was shortly delivered to Colonel Taylor by some Winnebago Indians, in whose country he had sought refuge after the overthrow at Bad Axe. The task of conveying the prisoner to Jefferson Barracks was committed by Colonel Taylor to Davis. At Galena a crowd of sightseers boarded the boat, intent on gloating over the fallen foe. But Davis interposed to protect him from this humiliation, winning thereby a dignified tribute of gratitude from Black Hawk when he composed his autobiography a year or two later.

At Jefferson Barracks Black Hawk was committed to prison for a brief time, and then taken on an extended tour of the East, in the course of which he seems to have become something of a social lion. Davis returned to Fort Crawford, whence, at some time during the autumn, apparently, he was sent to Yellow River, a few miles away, to assume control of a detachment of soldiers engaged in getting out lumber for use at Fort Crawford. This assignment and the one of 1829 at Fort Winnebago comprise the sum of Davis' lumbering experiences in the Northwest, concerning which many inaccurate and extravagant statements have been made. Their general tenor is conveniently summarized in the statements made on the subject by Mrs. Davis in the *Memoir*. Of the first experience, she says that in the spring of 1829 her husband was sent from Fort Crawford to the vicinity of modern Menominee on the Red Cedar River,¹⁸ to cut logs for repairing the fort. Amid many perils the work was prosecuted throughout the winter. At one time the men took to headlong flight when an Indian war party swept into view. One canoe landed, and a warrior came within 12 feet of the spot where Davis lay concealed. Thus in constant peril, with the threat of death hurtling forth from behind every tree or bush,¹⁹ the work was carried on. When the raft was made, the oxen and outfit were placed upon it for the descent to Prairie du Chien; but the swift current sucked the raft into a side current of the Chippewa, where it was broken up and several of the oxen were drowned. Hence the place gained the name of "Beef Slough," famous in the logging annals of Wisconsin at a later day. For a portion of the narrative Mrs. Davis cites a newspaper clipping by "a western Historian whose name was not revealed."²⁰

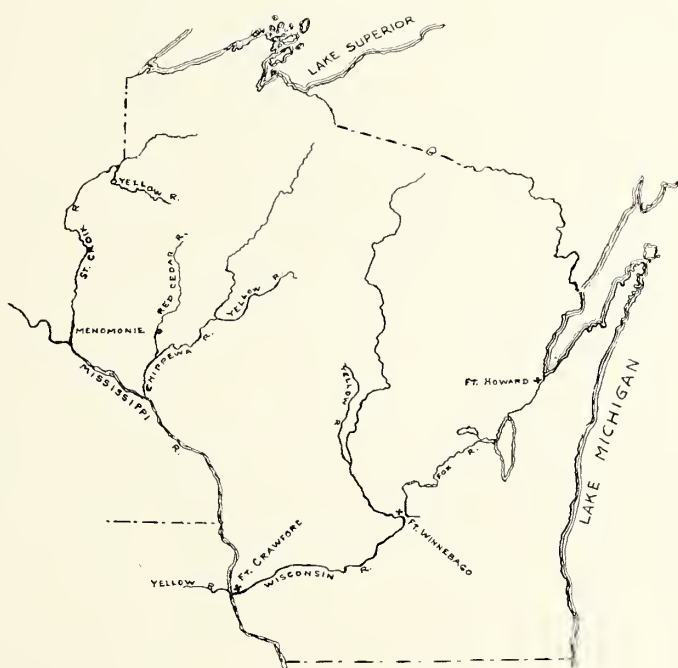
The second lumbering exploit is attributed to the Yellow River, whither Davis was sent in 1831 to superintend the building of a saw-mill to be used in getting out timber for the further work of construction at Fort Crawford. He built a "rough little fort," and conciliated the neighboring red men to such an extent that he was adopted into their tribe and given the name of Little Chief. The winter was extremely cold, and Davis was often wet to the skin for hours. The exposure brought on pneumonia, and for months he lay at this isolated place, directing the work as best he might, while emaciated

by disease to such an extent that Pemberton, his negro slave, would carry him like a child from the bed to the window.

Such, briefly summarized, is Mrs. Davis' account of her husband's career as a lumberman in the Northwest. It has been accepted without question by Dodd, who in certain respects has ventured to elaborate upon it.²¹ Despite these respectable authorities, however, it may be confidently stated that Davis' actual lumbering career bore but slight resemblance to the one described by them. It is to be observed that Mrs. Davis describes two distinct experiences, one on the Red Cedar River in 1829, and the other on Yellow River in 1831. Davis, himself, in his letter to George W. Jones in 1872, has likewise described two lumbering experiences. The first of these—on the Wisconsin River in 1829, getting out logs for Fort Winnebago—we have already noted. Of the second experience he says, "After the treaty of that year (1831), (I) was ordered to Prairie du Chien and subsequently up the Yellow river, where we (the government) had a sawmill to cut lumber at (for) Fort Crawford. Pine logs were obtained on the Chippewa and rafted to the mill on Yellow river; oak logs were cut around the mill and the lumber of both kinds rafted and boated to the landing at Prairie du Chien. To this extent was I a 'lumberman' in Wisconsin, being then in the U. S. army, and stationed so far beyond the populous regions; the soldiers were the operators, and as an officer my duties were to direct their labor and exercise the other functions belonging to our relation to each other."

This recital is sufficiently clear-cut except for one somewhat puzzling detail. The designation Yellow, as applied by the pioneers to a river, is not very distinctive. Wisconsin boasts no less than three streams of this name, while a fourth enters the Mississippi from the west a few miles above Prairie du Chien. On *what* Yellow River did Davis pursue the lumberman's calling? Of the three Wisconsin streams, one flows into the Wisconsin about fifty miles above Portage; one into the Chippewa a considerable distance above the Red Cedar; and one into the St. Croix, far to the Northwest. With the last of these Davis has never been associated by any one, and it may therefore be eliminated from our problem. Mrs. Davis' ignorance of the geography of the region spared her the trouble of identifying the stream her husband made famous, and she merely speaks of it as "Yellow River;" while Dodd, drawing from her narrative a fairly obvious inference, identifies it as the tributary of the Chippewa. A. J. Turner, the historian of Fort Winnebago, on the other hand, identifies it as the tributary of the Wisconsin. More recently than any of these, Mr. C. E. Freeman, a careful local historian of Menominee, comes forward with the assertion that it was neither Chippewa nor Wisconsin tributary, but the Iowa stream near Prairie du Chien.²²

The implications from Freeman's conclusion (which to me seems convincing) are fairly obvious. Davis was never on the Chippewa, nor its tributary, the Red Cedar. Mythical therefore become the many statements concerning the arduousness and dangers of his logging exploits in this region. The adoption into the tribe, the danger of massacre, the pulmonary attack and the nursing of faithful Pemberton, if not equally mythical, must all alike be ascribed to some other



Map showing location of three streams called "Yellow River."



time and place than the Yellow River, for Davis was here but a scant half dozen miles away from the sheltering walls of Fort Crawford. If these things were ever in fact related by Davis to his wife, she has failed to state correctly the place and occasion of their occurrence.

The lumbering detail on the Yellow River in the autumn and winter of 1832-33 was, so far as our present knowledge goes, Davis' last assignment at Fort Crawford. On March 2, 1833, Congress passed a bill which provided for the organization of a dragoon regiment for service on the western frontier; two days later Davis was commissioned a captain in the new regiment and he shortly set out for Kentucky to recruit a company. On the completion of this mission he repaired to Jefferson Barracks, the appointed rendezvous of the regiment, whose headquarters were presently established at Fort Gibson in modern Muskogee County, Oklahoma. The colonel of the regiment, it is of interest to note, was Henry Dodge of Wisconsin, one of the popular heroes of the Black Hawk War. By him Davis was appointed to the responsible post of adjutant of the regiment. After a year and a half of service, nominally at Fort Gibson but much of the time in the field,²³ Davis resigned his commission to marry and take up the life of a planter in Mississippi. His intended bride was Sarah, the second daughter of Colonel Taylor, whose heart he had won while stationed at Fort Crawford.

Over this courtship and marriage the tongue of gossip has hardly yet ceased to wag. Although Davis would seem from every point of view to have been an eligible suitor for Miss Taylor's hand, her father, for some reason, now unknown, sternly opposed their union.²⁴ The lovers persisted in their intentions, however, and when in June, 1835, Davis left the service he journeyed to Louisville, where Miss Taylor was visiting, and there at the home of her aunt, Colonel Taylor's sister, the two lovers were married.

The sequel of the union proved tragic enough. The young couple journeyed to Mississippi, where on land adjoining his older brother's estate Davis had planned to make his home. Both were soon seized with fever, however, and on September 15, while the husband lay desperately ill, the bride passed away, singing in her last delirium snatches of a favorite song which she had learned in happier days. Her body rests in a neglected tomb a few miles from Baton Rouge, Louisiana. In the outskirts of Louisville, not far from the scene of her marriage, in a rude tomb in an unkept, lonely cemetery, rest the bones of her distinguished father; while far removed from both the bride he loved and the father he estranged, the body of Davis reposes at beautiful Hollywood in Richmond, in the capital of the Confederacy he labored so enthusiastically to establish.

The circumstances of Davis' marriage, taken in conjunction with his later career as head of the southern Confederacy, were such as to give rise in the Northwest to an infinity of rumor and tradition concerning the union. Practically all of this body of tradition reflects severely upon Davis' honor, the charges and inuendoes ranging from tales of mere elopement to cowardly libertinism and home-wrecking.²⁵ That all of these stories originated after the events of 1861 is a fairly safe generalization. That they may one and

all be relegated to the realm of myth is a generalization equally safe. Miss Taylor married Davis with the knowledge, though without the approval of her father, at the home of his sister and in the presence of his brother and other close relatives. In a letter to her mother, written on the morning of her wedding day, the bride thanks her father "for the liberal supply of money sent me," and acknowledges his "kind and affectionate" letter. Two months later, in the last letter ever written to her mother, the "best respects" of Mr. Davis are proffered. The bride was a woman of legal age, and however painful may have been the situation created by her father's attitude toward Davis there was nothing in it of dishonor to the latter. Mythical, therefore, are all the stories of homewrecking and elopement, told even yet in Wisconsin;²⁶ even as the stories from the same period of southern soldiers sending Yankee fingers and toes home to their sweethearts as souvenirs, or those of more recent vintage of German soldiers cutting off the hands of Belgian children are mythical.

In this connection the moment seems opportune to deny once for all the entire crop of stories and legends concerning the supposed infamous conduct of Davis during his years as an army officer in the Northwest. The scandalous tales that are even yet occasionally retailed, particularly in Wisconsin,²⁷ about him are all alike of the stuff of which dreams are composed. How then, it may be asked, are we to explain their origin? The answer is not far to seek. They are all a consequence of the passions and distorted judgments bred in four years of bitter warfare, in which Davis was the leader of the section against which the Northwest found itself aligned. In the recent World War governments engaged systematically in the business of propagating misinformation, and to this branch of the service is assigned by some enthusiasts the major credit for the outcome of the conflict. The American Civil War witnessed no such systematic organization of propaganda; but since the dawn of history war has ever been the prolific parent of untruth, and to this unhappy condition our Civil War afforded no exception.²⁸ Whatever may be our judgment with respect to the political views and public acts of Davis, there is no room for doubt in the matter of private character and personal conduct he was a high-minded and chivalrous gentleman.²⁹

It remains to note one final act in the tragedy of Davis' life wherein the Northwest played a leading role. The Civil War came on in 1861, due as much to his influence as that of any other living man, and the pioneer region whose first civilized beginnings he had witnessed three decades before poured a host of blue-clad soldiers into the Southland to render abortive his dream of a new nation which should spring from the disruption of the United States. In the spring of 1865 the desperate struggle drew to its dreary close, and the president of the Confederacy fled southward, a fugitive in the land of his birth. The pursuit of the fleeing ruler was led by a detachment of the First Wisconsin cavalry, whose colonel came from Madison, Wisconsin, whose site Davis believed himself to have discovered in 1829. A detachment of Michigan men shared in the final capture, all alike hailing from that region which had been known during the years of his residence in it as Michigan Territory, and all obeying the orders of the silent man from

Galena, to whom, next to President Lincoln, was due the preservation of the Union. This closing scene in the drama of the Confederacy possesses a broad historical significance. Davis' presidential career was terminated by soldiery from a section of the new Northwest which thirty years earlier he had known as an empty wilderness; so, too, it was the exuberant vigor and determination of this new Northwest, the creation almost wholly of Davis' mature lifetime, which, thrown into the military scale of the Civil War, doomed the Confederacy and rendered the hopes and schemes of its founders an evanescent dream.

JEFFERSON DAVIS NOTES.

BY M. M. QUALFE.

¹ The author, who was the second wife of Davis, was seventeen years of age at the time of this first meeting.

² They were married in February, 1845, when Davis was almost thirty-seven years of age, and the bride eighteen.

³ My remarks are applied only to the early portion of the *Memoir* covering the years prior to Mrs. Davis' personal acquaintance with her husband. Even the more scholarly of his biographers (of whom Professor Dodd is the chief example) have failed to take account of the scholarly tenuousness of this portion of the *Memoir*, and of the difference in authority with which Mrs. Davis writes of these early years as compared with the later ones. In making these observations I purposely waive the question, which I think might fairly be raised, of the extent to which the *Memoir* is actually the product of Mrs. Davis' pen, rather than that of some unnamed collaborator.

⁴ *Memoir*, I, 143-44.

⁵ For the evidence in support of my general characterization of it, I refer the reader to the first 160 pages of the *Memoir* itself.

⁶ A convenient summary of the history of Fort Winnebago is given by Andrew J. Turner in *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, XIV, 65-102.

⁷ Mrs. John H. Kinzie *Wau Bun*, "*The Early Day in the Northwest*," (New York, 1856).

⁸ Other evidence points to a somewhat earlier date for Davis' transfer to Fort Winnebago. General David Hunter in 1881 told John Wentworth that he first saw Davis at Chicago in October, 1829, the latter having come from Fort Winnebago in search of deserters. *Fergus Historical Series*, No. 16, 28. Davis himself says, in a letter to James D. Butler in 1885, preserved in the Wisconsin Historical Library: "Fort Winnebago had been occupied but a short time before my arrival there, and I think nothing was known to the garrison about the Four Lakes before I saw them." In the same letter he fixes this date as "the summer of 1829." Both Hunter and Davis, speaking after the lapse of half a century, may easily have been mistaken in such a matter as a date; but in line with their recollection is the clear testimony (to be noted later) that Davis aided in getting out logs for the construction of the fort, and this work seems to have been carried out in the season of 1829.

⁹ This letter, written January 5, 1872, I have found printed in the *Milwaukee Sentinel* of February 3, 1891, and there credited to the *Le Mars* (Iowa) *Sentinel*. The editorial introduction states that about twenty years before, an article had appeared in the *Dubuque Times*, entitled "Jeff Davis the first lumberman in Wisconsin." Jones evidently sent a copy of this to Davis with the request that he comment on its accuracy, and the letter before us is his response to this request. The remainder of its contents will be noted farther on in this article.

¹⁰ *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, XIV, 75.

¹¹ This diary is preserved in the Wisconsin Historical Library at Madison.

¹² John Wentworth, in *Fergus Historical Series*, No. 7, 26.

¹³ Letter to James D. Butler, cited above.

¹⁴ Another explanation is possible—that Marsh, who was not himself at Fort Winnebago, wrote to Davis in ignorance of the fact that he had been called into active service and was, therefore, no longer at the fort.

¹⁵ It is possible that the episode I am about to describe should be assigned to the autumn of 1832, rather than 1831. I have found nothing which conclusively fixes the date.

¹⁶ For this account I have drawn on Davis' own statements as presented in Mrs. Davis' *Memoir*, and on those made by George W. Jones in the *Davis Memorial Volume* (Richmond, 1890), 48-49.

¹⁷ In this account I have followed the statements of Davis himself, made in an interview with Charles Aldrich, and recorded in *Midland Monthly*, V, 408-9. The battle of Wisconsin Heights was fought by the volunteer detachments of Dodge and Henry, while Davis was, of course, a regular officer, attached to Colonel Taylor's command. In view of these facts, his presence at the battle has been questioned. It is, of course, conceivable that his memory played him false, but it is entirely possible that he may have been present with the militia on detached service (as he was at Galena earlier in the summer) and in view of his detailed account of the affair this alternative seems to the writer the more probable one.

¹⁸ The Red Cedar is a tributary of the Chippewa. Menominee is upwards of 300 miles above Prairie du Chien.

¹⁹ The extreme peril of living on the northwestern frontier is a pronounced obsession with Mrs. Davis. Wandering Indians, even in times of peace, would occasionally commit acts of violence against whites; but the chief danger to travelers proceeded not from the Indians, but from the physical obstacles encountered. The visitor to the Chicago loop is probably in at least as great danger at the hands of gunmen as was the traveler in the Northwest a century ago from the Indians.

²⁰ Mrs. Davis' account agrees fairly closely with several preserved in Wisconsin local histories, and appears, indeed, to be based upon these.

²¹ Others have not hesitated to claim far more. In an address before the National Wholesale Lumber Dealers' Association in Chicago in 1902, R. L. McCormick, a lumberman, and President of the Wisconsin Historical Society, described Davis as "the first lumberman on the Mississippi."

²² See his careful study, "Two Local Questions," in the *Menominee Dunn County News*, October 14, 1909.

²³ The history of the Dragoon Regiment is told by Louis Pelzer, *Marches of the Dragoons in the Mississippi Valley* (Iowa City, 1917).

²⁴ Various explanations of this attitude have been advanced, none of them adequate. A more plausible surmise, as it seems to me, is that some now-forgotten garrison intrigue was responsible for it. Such discords between the officers of the frontier posts were painfully common. Davis, himself, though honored by Dodge with the appointment to the post of adjutant of the Dragoon Regiment, was soon on such terms with his colonel that the latter was eager to fight a duel with him. Letter to George W. Jones quoted by Pelzer, *Marches of the Dragoons*, 28.

²⁵ As illustrative of this type of accusation may be noted the story of Judge Joseph T. Mills in the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, November 10, 1885. Mills came to Fort Crawford to serve as tutor in Colonel Taylor's family about the year 1834. "More unfortunate than Lord Ullen," he says of Colonel Taylor, "when he saw the wild water run over his child, and he was left lamenting, the heartbroken father knew Lieutenant Davis as a professional libertine, unprincipled and incapable of sincere affection for Knox unless he counted the money to which she was an heir presumptive." Mills weaves a narrative, wholly fanciful, of the elopement from Prairie du Chien under the guise of Miss Taylor's going on an innocent fishing excursion to Cassville. Of Mrs. Taylor, he adds: "I do not know that she ever saw her daughter again, in whom her happiness and life was wrapped up. She mourned as Mother Ceres did for Prosperpine, and Jefferson Davis in her view was just as villainous and malignant as the 'gloomy Dis.'"

²⁶ Within a year or so I have listened to an old resident of Prairie du Chien relate how the window at Fort Crawford through which Miss Taylor climbed on the night of her elopement with Davis had often been pointed out to him in boyhood by his parents and others of the generation preceding his own.

²⁷ I allude to such stories as the one recorded in N. Matson's "*Reminiscences of Bureau County* (Ill.) (Princeton, 1872), 110-15. Similar recitals are found in the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, November 10, 1895, and November 8, 1869, as well as here and there in various Wisconsin local histories.

²⁸ Even today the character of President Lincoln is depicted to southern school children as little short of infamous. See, for example, the sketch of his life prepared expressly for their use by Mildred L. Rutherford, Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, entitled "*Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederate States, and Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States*," 1861-1865 (n. p. 1916).

²⁹ While preparing this paper my attention was called to the following contribution to the point in question among the Morgan L. Martin papers in the Wisconsin Historical Library. Undated and unsigned, the manuscript is in Mr. Martin's hand, and it seems apparent from the contents, was written about the year 1880. The writer was for a generation one of the leading citizens of Green Bay and Wisconsin:

"It has become so common to read newspaper articles abusive of the private character of Jefferson Davis, that one who has known him well for a period covering his brief service in the United States Army and his subsequent career as a civilian, desires to correct some of the mis-statements which seem to have gained credence. The more semblance of authenticity is given to some of these articles, because for a time in his early manhood Davis was a resident of Wisconsin, where at that time he was well known—a brief statement of fact may help to dispel that illusion.

Jefferson Davis graduated at West Point and joined the First Regiment of U. S. Infantry, a portion of which was stationed at Fort Winnebago, in 1828. The notorious Twiggs was in command, and many of the officers were Southern men, who, with him, embraced the heretics of the Calhoun school of politicians. Davis had just then attained his majority and remained at that post, where his private character was unexceptionable, until transferred to the new Regiment of Dragoons under Colonel Dodge. Zachary Taylor was at the time in command at Prairie du Chien, and there the marriage of Davis and Miss Jefferson (Sarah) Taylor took place against the remonstrance and without the previous consent of the lady's father. Many years afterward, when the veteran Taylor and his son-in-law were thrown together on the battlefield of Mexico, each displaying distinguished gallantry in sustaining the honor of our National flag, they became reconciled and were thenceforth warm friends.

"Jefferson Davis was never stationed at Green Bay and was never here, except on a brief visit to his West Point friends and associates of the Fifth U. S. Infantry, during the winter of 1829. He was always regarded as a generous, hightoned, brave, and chivalrous gentleman. A brilliant political career, as member of both branches of Congress, and as Secretary of War, after acquiring distinction as a soldier during the Mexican War, should at least relieve him from the base charge of being considered a common thief.

"The writer of this article, though condemning unqualifiedly the heresies of Southern politicians, which claimed the sovereignty of the States, denied the unity of our nation and culminated in rebellion against its authority, cannot refuse to admit the unblemished private character of the rebel chief, whom he has known and admired as soldier and citizen for the past fifty years, until the estrangements resulting from the late Civil War."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HARRIS.

Edited With Introduction and Notes.

BY MRS. MARY VOSE HARRIS.

Benjamin Franklin Harris of Champaign, Illinois, who died 1905, at the age of 94, was recognized as an eminent stock feeder and banker. He came to Illinois in 1835 when he was 24, and engaged in the business of buying cattle, which he drove to the Eastern markets. After seven years in this business he purchased a farm in Illinois, 18 miles from Champaign, and began the stock feeding business, which he continued until his death, when he was referred to as the "oldest and most successful cattle feeder in the world—" ¹ June 21, 1916, his contributions to agriculture were recognized by the addition of his name to "The Illinois Farmers Hall of Fame," at the University of Illinois.

Benjamin F. Harris was an ardent advocate of nationally controlled banks, and soon after the establishment of the national banking system, January 30, 1865, he helped organize the First National Bank of Champaign, and the following year was elected its President. This bank weathered the panic of 1873. During his life time its founder saw its deposits grow from \$7,359.65 in 1865 to \$831,399.54 in 1905. B. F. Harris remained President of the bank until the end of his life.

B. F. Harris, like most grandfathers, took great pleasure in telling his grandsons the thrilling experiences of the pioneer days. When he was 88 years old, at the urgent request of his namesake, B. F. Harris, II, he wrote his autobiography, which consists of one hundred and fifty hand written folio pages.

As far as it has been possible to determine, he did not keep a written record covering the early portion of his life, but he had in his possession detailed account books, covering the period from 1853 until his death. The lack of written materials for his narrative he supplemented by a strong memory. This trait is illustrated by the following quotation from his personal friend, Judge J. O. Cunningham.

"Benjamin F. Harris' mental characteristics were in many respects to me the most astonishing, especially his memory of facts and events. While with him not two years before his death, when his age was 92, in a professional capacity, it became desirable to know the legal description of many tracts of land owned by him in Champaign and Piatt Counties. To my astonishment, unaided by a single suggestion from any one or from some memoranda in his possession, he gave the exact

¹ Appendix, page 23.

Life-long Dream of Confederate Leaders to Be Fulfilled At Fairview.

By T. C. UNDERWOOD.

Special to The Courier-Journal.

Hopkinsville, Ky., May 31.—With impressive ceremonies, including addresses by the Governors of Kentucky and Tennessee, the majestic obelisk, the tallest memorial shaft in the world, next to the Washington monument, will be dedicated Saturday, June 7, in Jefferson Davis Park at Fairview, birthplace of the President of the Confederacy. Thousands of Southerners will pay by their presence a tribute of reverential love to the leader of the Southern Cause.

Immediately following the annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Memphis, hundreds of men who wore the gray will be in attendance, and the chairman will be Gen. William B. Haldeman, Louisville, who has devoted years to the huge task of obtaining the completion of the project.

The grounds and the erection of the obelisk, which is of limestone and concrete, 351 feet in height and weighing 30,000,000 pounds, have cost approximately \$200,000, contributed mainly in small amounts by people in all parts of the South. The only large individual donor was the late Gen. George W. Littlefield of Texas, who gave \$48,000.

The first formal proposition for the purchase of the Davis homestead and erection of a monument was made at the 1908 reunion of the Orphan Brigade by Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, on the suggestion of Col. A. S. Cunningham, Nashville, editor of the Confederate Veteran. A corporation, the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association, was organized, with General

Buckner as its president. He was shortly succeeded by Gen. Bennett H. Young, who to the day of his death worked zealously for the completion of the memorial. General Haldeman succeeded him.

Twenty Acres in Park.

During General Young's administration, twenty acres of the original Davis farm were acquired and work on the obelisk started. S. F. Crecilius, Georgia architect and engineer, prepared the plans, and Ernest McCullough, concrete expert, gave his services as consulting engineer. G. R. Gregg, of Louisville, was the contractor, and every inch of the shaft has risen under his eyes. The entrance of the United States into the World War just as the foundation was under-

way took both Crecilius and McCullough overseas. Mr. Gregg stuck on the job until the prohibition of the use of cement by the Government, but already the funds were nearly exhausted, and the work had to be abandoned in the fall of 1918.

General Haldeman, chosen president of the association when General Young died, found the treasury practically empty. He enlisted the services of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the collection of money was resumed. Work on the shaft started again in 1922 but continued only a few months, General Haldeman having determined not to attempt the completion until sufficient sums were in hand to insure success. The veterans and the daughters were apprised of the situation and generous donations were made. In August, 1923, Mr. Gregg was put back on the big job, and the last Kentucky Legislature made an appropriation of \$15,000 and all financial difficulties were over.

Davis' Father Ran Inn.

There were 600 acres on which Samuel C. Davis, father of Jefferson Davis,

settled when he came to Christian County from Georgia in 1793 and opened his inn at Fairview. "The Wayfarer's Rest," famed for its hospitality. Much of the present village of Fairview was built on this farm. Jefferson Davis, named for Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, was born in a log house constructed from timbers cut from the neighboring forest. This cabin was purchased in 1897 by the Rev. J. W. Bingham and exhibited at the Nashville Centennial. The original logs are now said to be in Richmond, Va., and eventually may be brought back to the park.

The site of Mr. Davis' birthplace was purchased in 1886 for Bethel Baptist Church. It was turned over by the church to Mr. Davis who promptly deeded it to the congregation. A brick edifice of Gothic style was erected by the church and a violet vestibule contained this inscription: "Jefferson Davis of Mississippi was born June 3, 1808, on the site of this church. He made a gift of this lot March 10, 1886, to Bethel Baptist Church as a thank-offering to God."

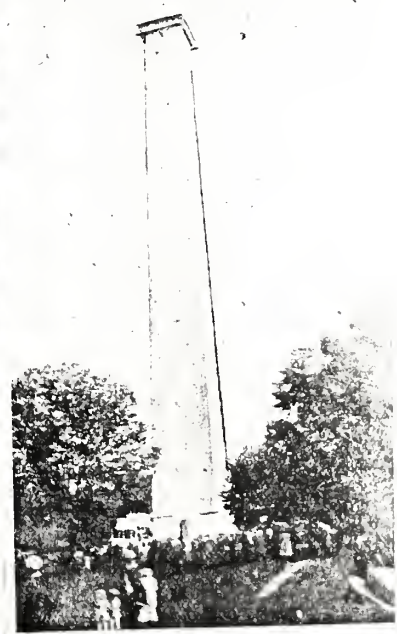
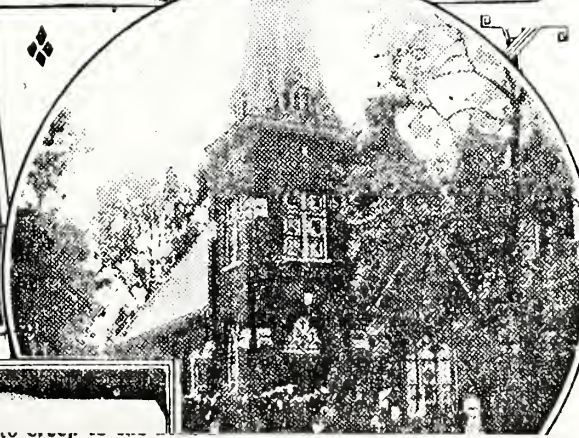
The church was dedicated November 21, 1886, and Mr. Davis, then 78 years old and very feeble, was present. Following the dedicatory sermon by the Rev. C. H. Strickland, Nashville, he stood behind the pulpit and said:

"It is with a heart full of emotion that I thank you for commemorating this spot of my nativity by building this temple to the triune God. To the question why I, not a Baptist, made this gift to Baptists, I reply, that my father, a much better man than myself, was a Baptist. I left this place during my infancy, and after an absence of many years revisited it on a previous occasion. On both of these visits I have felt like saying, 'This is my own, my native land.'"

Then raising his face upward and extending his hands in an attitude of blessing, he concluded in tones of deep solemnity: "May He who rules in Heaven and on earth bless individually and collectively this whole community, and may His benediction rest on this house always."



JEFFERSON DAVIS
OF MISSISSIPPI, WAS BORN
JUNE 3, 1808.
ON THE SITE OF THIS CHURCH,
HE MADE A GIFT OF THIS LOT
MARCH 10, 1886,
TO BETHEL BAPTIST CHURCH
AS A THANK OFFERING TO GOD.



planned most delicate of the... of entertainment. ...ion managed to creep to the... of his dying bride. When he reached

DAVIS' OLD HOME TO BE MEMORIAL

Legion Raises Funds to Buy
Confederate Residence
In Memphis.

FOR TWO-FOLD PURPOSE

Memphis, Tenn., May 17 (P)—The old home of Jefferson Davis in this city is to be repaired and preserved as a two-fold memorial of the War Between the States and the World War. The quaint old structure is to be maintained in its original plan and design and in the midst of a small group of mansions of other days which still stand in the heart of the downtown district.

Veterans of the World War have sponsored the movement, which has as its object, not only the preservation of the Davis home for the historical value of its War Between the States associations, but also to give Memphis Post No. 1, American Legion a home that is to serve as a memorial to World War dead.

Jefferson Davis lived in Memphis two years during the reconstruction period. His home was located at what is now Court Avenue and Fourth Street, almost within a stone's throw of Main Street. The house was the center of the city's social activity during the brief period the ex-president of the Confederacy and his family lived here. But when Mr. Davis moved away, the dwelling was permitted to fall into decay, and as the business district pushed eastward from the river, it became enmeshed in a crowded district of business structures.

The Legion's appeal for funds has found ready response among the people of Memphis and in the surrounding territory. The Legion asked for \$50,000 with which to buy the property and pay for its repair. The major portion of the sum has been paid in, and the first two payments have been made on the purchase price of the property.

SOUTH PAYS TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS

The South paid tribute to the memory of another Transylvania student on June 7, when the great concrete shaft erected on the birthplace of Jefferson Davis, at Fairview, was dedicated with inspiring ceremony.

The obelisk towers above all other memorial shafts in the world, save that of Washington. It is the highest concrete structure, without exception, shooting 351 feet in the air.

Jefferson Davis spent three years on the Transylvania campus, 1821-1824, and then received an appointment to West Point. In those days, the flowerhood of the south was concentrated upon this campus, the most flourishing school west of the Alleghenies. Classmates of Mr. Davis held many positions of national importance. Ten became members of the United States Senate; David Rice Atchison, Jesse David Bright, Solomon Weatherbee Downs, Edward A. Hannegan, George Wallace Jones, Samuel McRoberts, Edward Livingston, John Rowan, Hugh Lawson White, Jesse Bledsoe and James Brown.

Five men who were students during these three years, later became Ambassadors to foreign countries; Thomas H. Clay, Andrew Jackson Donelson, Edward A. Hannegan, Elisha Hise, and George Wallace Jones. Twelve became members of the House of Representatives in the United States Congress; Simeon Hopkins Anderson, Land-

aff Watson Anderson, Aylette Hawes Buckner, Edward A. Hannegan, Albert Gallatin Harrison, Elisha Hise, William Wright Southgate, John Woolister Tibbatts, John White, John Boyle, Edward Livingston and John Rowan.

Charles Slaughter Morehead and Stevens Thompson Mason, two other classmates were later governors of states.

With the heritage of a Kentucky birth, with an association with classmates of this caliber, with the training that comes with attendance at such an institution as Transylvania, is it any wonder that Jefferson Davis became the champion and idol of the South?

In the dedicatory words of Governor Fields: "May this lofty structure, erected in memory of that son of Kentucky, that idol of the Southland, that leader of the lost cause—Jefferson Davis—serve through the ages to inspire in his countrymen high ideals and devotion to duty."

Transylvania College Bulletin. 24

"I read, before my eyelids dropt their shade,

"The Legend of Good Women,"

sang L. nnyson in his early romantic youth, and to reproduce the vision unrolled on July 15, 1925, in the Pantheon theater at Vincennes before members of the Southwestern Indiana Historical Society; when "Alice of Old Vincennes"—impersonated by Mrs. Samuel Emison—was the effective narrator for the thrilling story illustrated by other daughters of "the Old Post," entitled "The Pageant of Historical Women of Vincennes"; the harp-strings of undying memory should be swept again "by the morning star of song, who made his music heard below."

It was a revelation to the artist, no less than to the historian, and a bare recital of the charming program is faint tribute to the accuracy and beauty of the living pictures called forth in a setting as of primeval forest, while "Alice" told her enthralling story of those who had moved across the centuries' background of Vincennes.

In numerous instances personal interest was immeasurably enhanced through the fact that actual descendants—lineal or collateral—took the part of an ancestress, and a climax of patriotism was reached in the final picture, Madame Godare, "the Betsy Ross of the Northwest Territory" represented by her great-granddaughter, Mrs. John de Lisle. The tableau showed Mrs. de Lisle working on an actual flag of her own handwork, which has been heretofore displayed among the countless treasures in the Cathedral Library and was lent for the occasion.

The original flag of which this is a replica was the first American standard which "the winds of heaven ever fanned" in "our own Indiana," and while its colors were green and red instead of the red, white-and-blue, it bore the significant thirteen stripes as in the Philadelphia-made flag of gentle Mistress Betsy. That it was the veritable flag which replaced the British Union Jack over Fort Sackville—later styled Fort Patrick Henry—is proven in the expense account rendered by George Rogers Clark to Virginia, wherein are included items of red and green serge for making the flag.

In perhaps no other picture was stronger character of the pioneer woman manifested than when Maria Emison, Mistress of "Fort Petticoat," was impersonated by the gifted Miss Margaret Holland, well-known and beloved by all whose privilege it is to have met her, on her native heath or elsewhere. Few if any of the loyal Vincennes women of today have done more toward preserving its picturesque, far-reaching history than Miss Holland, who compiled much of the literary material in the Fortnightly Club's valuable booklet, reviewed in this column at the time of its publication, two years ago.

Parenthetically, it must be said here that equal credit is due Miss Anna O'Flynn, who has specialized in preserving the folk-lore of the early French settlers, along with the more serious facts of their secular and religious history. Miss O'Flynn's gift as a witty storyteller was enjoyed at the Southwestern Indiana Historical Society's meeting in Newburgh, this past Spring, and the omission of such a feature at Vincennes was universally regretted by the visitors to Vincennes—an omission due to Miss O'Flynn's modesty, since she herself planned most details of the program of entertainment.

sit in the case arrived without full uniform as required by army regulations.

Explanation was made that he had been called so hastily from his post that he had not had time to pack his belongings, but Taylor—a martinet for military discipline—refused to accept the apology and voted that the inadvertent offender be excluded from a seat. In this he was overruled however, the others—including Davis—holding the excuse sufficient, so that henceforth the course of true love ran still less smoothly. Tradition has it that the wrathful general—not without some profanity—forbade Davis from ever again crossing his threshold, and commanded his daughter that she should nevermore see her ardent suitor, but there were clandestine meetings, at which her sisters and brother connived, so that the old story was repeated, as might have been expected.

Two years later, the Taylors had returned to "Springfield," the family homestead on the Brownsboro road some few miles outside the city of Louisville, and thither came Davis from Arkansas as a civilian, having resigned his commission. He was a determined suitor. Sarah Knox Taylor had inherited much of her father's firmness and her mind was made up to marry the man she loved, notwithstanding an obdurate parent who was deaf to argument.

In the Jefferson county courthouse at Louisville may be seen the old marriage license filed June 17, 1835, made out to the young West Point graduate, Jefferson Davis, and Sarah Knox Taylor. Several years ago its accidental discovery was briefly commented upon by newspapers there and elsewhere, yet few readers paused to ponder upon the story involved in the yellow document, a story of love and war, with "human interest" of deep pathos if but forgotten. Kentucky traditions differ as to where the ceremony was performed which united the determined couple; one relating that they eloped to the home of an aunt, another that it took place in the large parlor of "Springfield," described in this column in May, 1923; but both agree that the bride's father was not present and that they never saw each other after "Sally" became Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

The honeymoon was doomed to a sad end. They left Louisville by one of the fine steamboats then plying the Ohio and Mississippi, bound for the Davis plantation, "Hurricane," near the city of Natchez, where the bridegroom's brother had given the pair another estate known as "Brierfield," expecting him to enter upon the life of a cotton planter. Here, the first weeks of wedded life were spent, but the chills-and-fever season was at hand, and to escape the miasma that rose from the lowlands they hurried to higher ground in Louisiana, the home of Davis' sister, near the old town of Bayou Sara, now St. Francisville.

The young couple had not become acclimated, however, and both were stricken with the malarial fever, commonly called "dengue" in that locality. Little hope was felt for the life of either, and to keep each from knowing the critical condition of the other they were placed in separate rooms. It is told that one September night Davis roused from delirium and heard the faint voice of his darling Sally singing a favorite song of the day, "Faery Bell" (found in old bound volumes of music here in Indiana). The strains were but faintly audible, but the fond lover-husband despite his weakened physical condition managed to creep to the bedside of his dying bride. When he reached

The wives of two Presidents who had lived at different times in Vincennes were shown, Anna Symmes Harrison, wife of William Henry Harrison and first mistress of the stately "Harrison Mansion" originally known as "Grouseland," a name perpetuated in the "Grouseland Treaty" of August 21, 1805, shown on maps of the Indian cessions in Indiana, had as her representative Miss Ella Davidson, in a most intriguing silk gown of the 1840 period; and Miss Ruby Summitt took the part of Mrs. Zachary Taylor (Margaret Smith of Maryland,) Colonel Taylor having been commandant for a time while Vincennes was still a post maintained by the Federal government.

The blood of Francis Vigo, the Revolutionary patriot whose grave in the old Protestant cemetery is still a hallowed shrine, has a collateral representative today in Miss Mary Alice Foulkes, who played the part of her ancestress Elizabeth Vigo; and the aristocratic Patterson family of Baltimore has descended through Misses Marian and Patty Patterson of Vincennes, who appeared in a graceful scene which received great applause. "Glorious Betsy" (Elizabeth Patterson) was shown with her little son, Jerome Bonaparte, nephew to the great Napoleon.

Readers of The Pocket Periscope who have followed its description during the past few years recalled the romantic story of beautiful Therese Promble Purvey, wooed and won against fierce paternal opposition by the gallant Captain William Prince for whom Princeton is named; so there was particular enjoyment in seeing her portrayed—while her story was vividly told—by a lineal descendant, Miss Merlin Bierhaus.

Miss Elizabeth Stout, in bridal attire as "Nannie Chapman," lighting the nuptial candles for her marriage to John Jackson, was one of the fairest pictures in the series; while mother-love was beautifully shown by Mrs. Max Shircliff as "Annie Jackson," mother of the adorable infant who afterward became the gallant Confederate general, "Stonewall" Jackson.

The Taylor family had another actor in the pageant, when Miss Dorothy Jane Somes appeared as "Sally Taylor" with her favorite saddle-horse, impersonating Sarah Knox Taylor, who wedded Jefferson Davis in the face of her stern father's absolute prohibition. In the Fortnightly Club's tour of Vincennes, Stop No. 20 is at a boulder which was once a favorite of the young couple, when they took long horseback rides into the country. They were often observed together at this boulder by Jeremiah Donovan, who afterward for the sake of its association had the rock removed to what was then the lawn of his home in the city of Vincennes, a spot where it remains today.

It has been alleged that Taylor's first opposition to the suit of Davis, then a junior subaltern, lay in the fact that he did not wish his idolized daughter to marry a soldier, knowing so well as he did the inevitable privations of army life, but an incident occurring some time later aroused still more hotly the ire of the general toward the lieutenant. A certain court martial had been called, when one of the brother-officers who had been ordered to

her the song was hushed, and only the mocking birds in the live-oak trees outside warbled their melodies.

For weeks Davis himself lingered in the shadow of death and only an autumn sea voyage to Cuba in a sailing vessel restored him to health. Afterward, leaving behind him the grave of his three-months bride, he entered upon a legislative career, and it was not until years later, when the struggle of Texas for independence had drawn the United States into war with Mexico that he again came face to face with his unforgiving father-in-law.

"Old Rough-and-Ready" had never pardoned his disobedient daughter, yet his rigid sense of honor and justice vindicated Davis at Buena Vista. The gallantry of the Mississippi volunteers headed by Davis undoubtedly turned into victory the tide of what at first had seemed a certain defeat for the American forces. Fighting against terrific odds, Davis hurled blow after blow against the flank of the enemy until their line was broken. In the heat of conflict he was so severely wounded that Taylor, as his superior officer, insisted upon his return to the states on furlough.

Davis was accorded full meed of official and popular praise for his decisive victory and Zachary Taylor became a national idol, riding in triumph into the highest office in

the land, chosen by a party to whose political principles he had never subscribed. It cannot be gainsaid that in their meeting on the battlefield all personal hostility between Taylor and Davis was forgotten, fired that heroic charge at Buena Vista, there came to its end a feud that had caused an elopement and estrangement that not even death had been able to heal.

So much, then, of romance in retrospect called up by the Vincennes pageant of 1925.

"They all are gone—gone—gone—down the years," yet to those who witnessed the living picture of midsummer's day and looked upon the "Jefferson Davis Boulder," the story will ever live of a noble woman's fidelity even to her early grave; of the vicissitudes, the trials and struggles that followed the making of her choice; while ever in the background must rise the shadowy outline of two titanic wars.

125 FEET TO GO.

The Jefferson Davis Monument at Fairview has been erected to the height of 216 feet. Completed it will be 351 feet high. Work was suspended last June because of lack of funds to pay for further construction. Finished, the monument will be a memorial of a great Kentuckian. Incomplete, the shaft is a reproach to those who honor the Confederacy but have withheld their quota of the cost of erecting a memorial of its War President.

General HALDEMAN is not discouraged. He is giving his best in thought and enthusiasm to new plans for raising the money for the completion of the memorial. He has interested the Daughters of the Confederacy and a campaign will soon be launched for subscriptions to the fund. The sum needed is \$30,000. It is but a pittance in comparison with the extent of the pride taken by Kentuckians in the heroic qualities shown by JEFFERSON DAVIS and the men in gray who fought for the Lost Cause. Kentucky may later receive subscriptions from the other Southern States. But, as General HALDEMAN says, Kentucky must show the proper degree of pride in giving before calling on other states for generosity.

Kentucky was the mother of the leaders of the North and the South in the days of civil strife. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, a Kentuckian, was President of the United States when JEFFERSON DAVIS was the chief of the Southern Confederacy. The memory of LINCOLN has been honored by Americans, North and South. The old Lincoln farm has become a shrine for patriots. The old cabin has become a jewel in a noble setting of costly marble. The Davis monument would be the tallest structure of its kind in the South. It would recall the days whose bitterness has departed and whose glory remains as a precious heritage.

The completion of the obelisk will form an objective for a system of roads that will open up new areas in Kentucky. So a project of sentiment has utilitarian aspects, also.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL HOME OPEN TO PUBLIC

Exact Reproduction of Dwelling of Confederate Leader Is Completed

HOPKINSVILLE, Ky., Oct. 18.—(Special) — The Jefferson Davis Home, as near as possible a duplicate of the house in which Jefferson Davis was born at Fairview, is the latest addition to the Jefferson Davis Memorial park and it will be formally opened for the inspection of the public tomorrow afternoon, from 2 to 5 o'clock. It is expected that a great crowd will be on hand, for while there will be no set program, the interest in the park is such, and it has proven such a strong attraction for visitors and tourists, that an opportunity to visit it is always welcome.

It is also expected that part, if not all, of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Commission which was appointed by Gov. Fields after the park was formally

ally taken over by the State of Kentucky for permanent maintenance, will be in attendance also. This board consists of Gen. W. B. Halderman, of Louisville, president; Judge Shackelford Miller, of Louisville, vice-president; Mrs. John Woodbury, of Louisville, secretary; Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, of Paducah; Mrs. Harry McCarty, of Nicholasville; Col. Robert J. McBryde, of Louisville; and Eustace L. Williams, of Louisville. This commission has entire charge of the memorial park, with power to make improvements and pass regulation for its use and maintenance.

The Jefferson Davis Home is a replica as near as possible of the Davis home. The front of the structure is the same as the Davis home, composed of two rooms with passageway between. The original Davis home was built of logs and had a "stack" chimney of wood and mortar. Later the house was weatherboarded and chimneys of stone replaced those of the less durable construction.

In the house now built this latter type of construction has been followed, even to the stone chimneys and the large open fireplaces which will give heat. In the rear of these rooms are five nice cozy rooms for the groundkeeper and his family, these being modern in arrangement and heated with a furnace.

The reproduction of the Davis home does not stop with the building, but the fence about it, and even the old time stile block which answered instead of a gate, has been reproduced as nearly identical with the original yard protection as possible.

The Jefferson Davis Home is placed in the most beautiful part of the grove of towering forest trees which surrounds the eminence at the rear of the nineteen acre tract included in the park. These stately oaks are valued above price and of skilful work the house was located as desired and yet without having to cut down or mar any of these trees.

The front rooms of the building will be furnished with ante-bellum furniture, donations of which have been asked and several pieces have already been given. Relics of historic value to the Southern cause will also be gathered and placed in display cases prepared for that purpose. Provision is also made in the building for a rest room for visitors and also a dining room where they may be served meals at a reasonable charge.

The work of improving the park in general has progressed to a considerable extent and those who visit it tomorrow will not only be interested in the new building but also in the beauty of the entire tract.

Where Jefferson Davis Lived

By Thomas A. Jones, Aug. 13, 1925

Beauvoir, the former home of Jefferson Davis, stands on the same plot of ground between Biloxi and Gulfport, Miss., on which a \$2,000,000 hotel backed by Chicago capital, will be built. Ben H. Marshall, formerly of Marshall and Fox, who designed the Drake, Blackstone and Edgewater Beach hotels in Chicago, will be architect and part owner of the new hostelry which will open January 1, 1927.

The hotel will be part of extensive development plans which, it is believed, will make the Mississippi gulf coast a favorite winter playground for Chicago and the Middle West. With the recent acquisition of the Gulf and Ship Island line running between Jackson and Gulfport, Miss., the Illinois Central, as United States Senator Pat Harrison said in a recent address at Gulfport, "will link with bonds of steel and friendship the homes of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis."

The old home of the man who guided the destinies of the South during the Civil War is now a part of the Home for Confederate Veterans maintained by the Daughters of the Southern Confederacy. Overlooking the Gulf of Mexico, it stands today under its pines and moss-draped live oaks just as it did when Jefferson Davis bought it in 1880. Here with his wife and Winnie Davis, his daughter, he lived until his death and here he wrote his memoirs. His estate originally included nearly a thousand acres and the Chicago company has acquired 100 acres of this land as the site for its hotel with golf course, yachting club and other recreation facilities.

A \$2,000,000 seawall being built along the 26 miles of continuous bathing beaches between Biloxi and Pass Christian will pass the old Davis estate and on the filled-in land back of it will be a twin concrete motor boulevard with parked space in the center beautified with flowers and palm trees.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

Jefferson Davis was born in Christian County, Kentucky in 1808. At the age of seven he entered St. Thomas' College, at Springfield, Kentucky, where he spent two years. While returning home he met with Albert Sydney Johnstone, a young law student in Transylvania University; Johnstone persuaded him to enter Transylvania.

In October 1821, the 14-year-old boy, Jefferson Davis arrived in Lexington and matriculated in the Academic Department of Transylvania University. The University at this time was at the zenith of its career, being the center of learning for the whole Mississippi valley. His favorite professor was Robert H. Bishop, afterwards president of Miami University, Oxford, O. His fellow students included David Rice Atchison, George Wallace Jones, Gustavus A. Henry, Belvard J. Peters, S. W. Downs, E. A. Hannegan, and the later Governor Dodge of Wisconsin, all subsequently in Congress or on the bench. While in Lexington he boarded with Mr. Ficklin, postmaster of the town. The house is on the corner of Limestone and High streets, and is still standing. Here Davis spent three of the happiest years of his life. He was a good student,

always polite and respectful. After three years here he passed examinations for entrance into the senior class, but was called home by the death of his father.

He later received an appointment to West Point Military Academy and entered that institution September 1, 1824. While there he was brought into immediate association with a remarkable group of men, including Robert E. Lee, Leonidas Polk, Albert Sydney Johnstone and Joseph E. Johnstone. He was held in such esteem at Transylvania University, that after he had entered West Point, a Transylvania student gave a toast at a banquet to the success of Jefferson Davis at West Point. He graduated from West Point in 1828.

Later he was stationed in Kentucky as a lieutenant in the regular army. While here, he married Miss Sarah K. Taylor, daughter of President Taylor. She died the same year.

He was in the lower House of Congress in 1845. In the following year he enlisted for service in the Mexican War. He served in several important battles and was severely wounded at Buena Vista. From 1847 to 1851 he was a United States Senator from Mississippi. Then from 1853 to 1857 he was Secretary of War in President Pierce's cabinet. Then he became a senator again and continued as such until he bade the senators farewell in a speech that has made him famous as an orator. Four weeks later he was inaugurated provisional president of the Confederate States. On February 22, 1862, he was elected permanent president and settled himself in the capitol at Richmond. He served in this capacity during the entire war period, President Davis was arrested in Irvinville, Georgia, on May 10, 1865, and for the next two years he was a prisoner in Fortress Monroe. He died in New Orleans December 6, 1889, and was buried there. The body was later moved to Richmond.

The pages of his public and private life have no blot, they form an honorable record of a great man.



In This Imposing Mansion at Richmond, Va., Distinguished by Doric Columns and a Wide Portico, Jefferson Davis Had His Private and Official Residence During the Days of 1861 to 1865 as President of the Southern Confederacy. The Picture of Mr. Davis is From a Painting Now Hanging in the Westmoreland Club at Richmond.

'White House of the Confederacy' Extends Its Welcome to Nation

Plan Started to Restore Rooms as They Were During
Occupancy of Jefferson Davis and to House
Relics in Museum in New Annex

SPECIAL TO THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

RICHMOND, Va.—Efforts are being fostered to refurnish with original pieces the Confederate Museum at Richmond, the home for four years of Jefferson Davis, first and only president of the Confederacy. Here the most valued relics of the southern cause are stored, contributed by all the states that cast their lot with the South in the great struggle of the sixties.

The museum is just off Richmond's great commercial thoroughfare, Broad Street. It is located at the corner of Twelfth and Clay Streets, diagonally across from the site of the home of Alexander Stephens, and on the brow of one of the seven hills upon which Richmond, like Rome of old, is built.

The house, which is one of the most beautiful, old or new, in the city, was constructed by Dr. John Brockenbrough in 1818, and was used as a private residence until 1861, when Lewis Crenshaw, the then owner, transferred it to the city of Rich-

mond for the use of the Confederate Government. The city furnished it, and offered it to President Davis, but he declined to accept so magnanimous a gift. The Confederate Government then rented it to be used as the executive mansion of the Confederate States of America.

Private and Official Residence

President Davis lived in this house with his family throughout the four years of the war, using the building both in a private and official capacity. The present "Mississippi Room" was his study, in which he often held important conferences with his leaders. This house remained his home until the evacuation of Richmond by the Confederate forces.

It is the plan of those interested in the museum to build an annex in which to store the vast collection of valuable Americana there now, and to furnish the residence as far as possible in original style, much of the furnishings used by Mr. Davis and his family being now in the possession of the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, and

missing pieces necessary to complete the arrangement and provide exact reproduction of the interior. It appeared during 1861-1865 being readily obtained.

The principal beauty of the building is its great portico, with its Doric columns, which opens upon a grassy lawn. Upon this lawn rests the propeller shaft of the famous Confederate cruiser *Merri-mac*, and surrounding it in manifold loops is the anchor chain of the *Cumberland*.

Welcomed With Hospitality

Visitors to the White House of the Confederacy are many, and the charm and cordiality with which they are greeted well represents the South's famous hospitality. Miss Susan B. Harrison, the house regent, personally receives the inquiring, and makes the stranger welcome. She possesses a wealth of information concerning things in the museum and the plan in the thoughts of patriotic southern women who were inspired to assemble this great memorial.

On the morning of April 3, 1865, Gen. Godfrey Weitzel, in command of the United States troops, upon entering the city, made this house his headquarters. It was thus occupied by the United States Government during the five years Virginia was under military rule. In the present "Georgia room," a day or two after the evacuation, Mr. Davis was received. He was in the city only a few hours.

When at last the military was removed and the building vacated, the city of Richmond again took possession. It was used as a public

school for more than 20 years. War had left its imprint on the building, and its uses as a school did almost as much damage. It was with great regret that the people, and particularly the women, saw the "White House of the Confederacy" rapidly falling into decay.

Move Made for Restoration

A mass meeting was called to take steps for its restoration. A society was formed, which was called "The Confederate Memorial Literary Society." The first act of this society was to petition the city of Richmond to place the building in its hands, to be used as a memorial to President Davis and a museum for the housing of Confederate relics.

Widespread enthusiasm was aroused by the announcement of this plan. With as little delay as possible the city, acting through its council of aldermen, made out the deed of conveyance, which was promptly ratified by the then Mayor of Richmond, J. Taylor Ellerson. But there were still some legal points to be considered. Another site had to be chosen and an adequate school-house constructed before the city could give possession. It was, however, formally turned over to the society in 1890, and accepted by the society's chairman, Col. John B. Cary of Richmond.

The property was at that time in a state of extreme dilapidation. To raise the needed funds for its restoration it was decided to hold a "Memorial Bazaar" in Richmond for the joint benefit of the proposed museum and the monument to the private soldier and sailor. All through the South the plan for the memorial and bazaar was heartily indorsed.

Donations of every kind began to pour in. Each of the Confederate states was represented by a booth carrying the name, shield and flag of that state. The sum realized was \$31,400. Half of this was given to complete the monument to the private soldier and sailor, now standing on Libby Hill. The other half went to the museum.

The entire building was made fire-proof. In every particular the old house in its entirety was preserved, the woodwork, replaced by iron, being used for souvenirs. It was declared ready for occupancy late in 1895. On Feb. 22, 1896, the dedication service was held, following which the museum was formally thrown open to the public.

Rapidly the memorials were gathered from each state and placed in their several rooms. From start to finish the work has been a free-will offering. The treasury had been nearly exhausted by the restoration of the building. Current expenses were met only by the strictest economy.

In the past 33 years much has been accomplished. The museum is free from debt and is now widely known. The society is a self-perpetuating body, and is established on a firm financial basis through an adequate endowment fund.

SWORDS AND ROSES

The Rose of Mississippi—By Joseph Hergesheimer

VARINA HOWELL—for me, she was the rose of Mississippi—was born in Natchez in the May of 1826.

The Howells were Scots and Welsh, and her mother was the daughter of an Irishman, James Kempe. The Kemptes had settled in Virginia before 1640, but James removed with his young wife to the Mississippi territory, and there he fought under Andrew Jackson. His third daughter, Margaret Louisa, married William Burr Howell—she was a great beauty and Howell was handsomely blond and tall in the tradition of his blood—and they settled in Natchez. Before his marriage, Joseph Davis, Jefferson Davis' elder brother, had tried to persuade Howell to buy land on the river forty miles below the town, in the rich alluvial bottom near The Hurricane, a Davis plantation, but William Howell preferred the lands near Natchez. His house was a large rambling dwelling, white on the high eroded bluff, called The Briers—a tangle of Cherokee roses and bamboo bound together the magnolias and oak trees and pines that surrounded it. The bluff was very high there; it fell away in almost perpendicular red walls to little valleys magnificent with uncut woods, bayous worn by floods sweeping far back into the low tablelands east of the Mississippi River.

William Howell was not a provident planter; but then neither was he above the help of houses, families, intimate to him; and he lived in a region and times of extraordinary plenty. His first child was a son, Joseph; a trip into the North was advised in the interest of the infant's health; and the Howells visited Jefferson Davis at West Point. Jefferson was then eighteen, a cadet at the Military Academy, and he was impressed by Mrs. Howell's charm. It was after that Varina—Varina Anne Banks Howell—was born, and a black slave held her—her long white embroidered robe reached to the floor—for christening in the Old Trinity Episcopal Church. She became a vivid and strong little girl and played freely with Joseph and subsequent



Jefferson Davis
When He Was 32

smaller brothers and sisters in the dry bayous near the river. She slid and rolled down steep declines smooth-carpeted with pine needles and magnolia leaves, and in the bottoms engaged in robust games and ventures.

Varina's childhood—the influences and surroundings of her earliest impressionable years—was set in a vast and solemn land; the somber immensity of the Mississippi River swept between sheer irregular bluffs and dark forests, impenetrable swamps, hung with Spanish moss. Natchez on the bluff, tranquil and deep in trees on a wide green esplanade, was constantly filled with the carriages and horses of planters, ladies in rose-colored muslins and gentlemen in

white
à cheval,
bearing
themselves
with a careless
elegance.

They dressed carelessly and lounged in an insouciance of pride on the high Spanish pommels of their saddles. There were six streets leading from the bluff, seven lying parallel to the river intercepted them, and the Mansion House, the principal blocks, were built of brick.

Varina's freedom of extreme youth was soon interrupted by education. She attended two terms at Madame Greenland's school for young ladies in Philadelphia and then came under the private

instruction of a tutor, Judge George Winchester. In addition to such formal instruction, her grandmother, Mrs. Kempe, repeated for her the heroic episodes of her grandfather's life in an earlier day—stories of General Jackson and Thomas Hinds, who led Jackson's cavalry at the Battle of New Orleans. Mrs. Kempe, as well, made Varina familiar with the traditions of her family in Virginia, in Prince William County. Her time then—she was perhaps sixteen—was filled with study and a companionship appropriate to the daughter of the dominating planter class. Judge Winchester, who had come to the deep South from Salem, Massachusetts, was a learned jurist; and in his charge, Varina wrote, she studied hard to finish a course in the classics before her seventeenth year. At that age, in that society, she was considered old enough to put on long dresses and do up her hair, to appear at balls and supper parties.

She went, when she was seventeen, to a long party at the Davis plantation, The Hurricane. Varina was, at that time, mature in appearance, a seductive girl with the dark coloring of the Kemptes. Her skin was ivory, pale like a tea rose, her eyes were dark and her features softly curved; she had

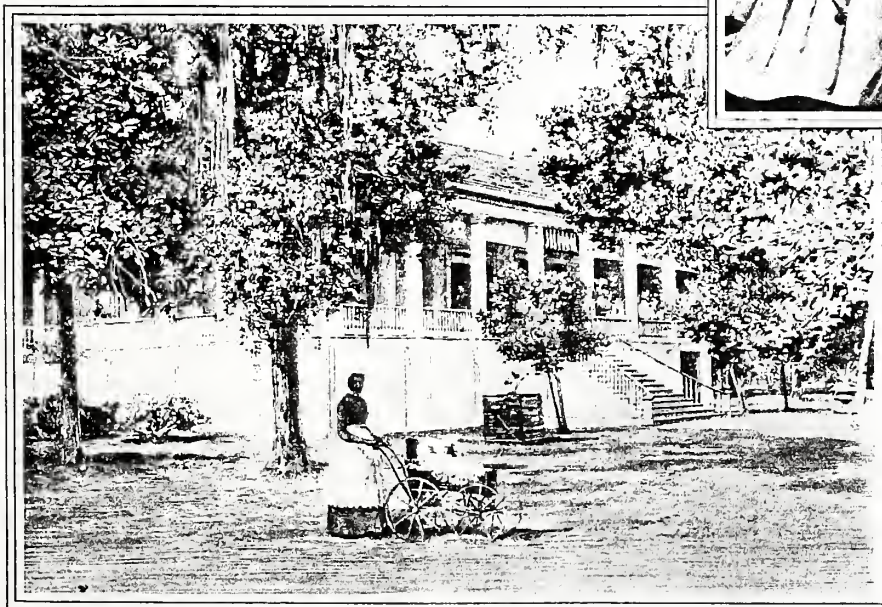
full, vividly red lips and beautiful teeth. She was vigorously graceful; already she owned the bearing that later grew into what was currently described as a haughtiness of manner. However, she was highly animated. Varina laughed a great deal and delicate flushes of color rose easily into the paleness of her cheeks. She followed with intense interest the elaborate preparations for her visit to The Hurricane—a number of seamstresses, hired for the occasion, were active in the sewing room, a multiplication of maids was kept busy.

She went, finally, under the care of Judge Winchester, on the steamboat Magnolia, one of the most palatial boats of that era. The steamboats of that time, she found, were literally floating palaces of ease and luxury. They were larger than now and she had never seen any hotel where food was so exquisitely prepared.

Fresh fruits and most beautiful flowers were sent to the captain at almost every stopping place by the planters, to whom the boat meant ice, new books and every other luxury New Orleans could afford. This fell at Christmas-time. Varina stopped first at Diamond Place, Mrs. David McCaleb's plantation thirteen miles north of The Hurricane, and the house was green with great clusters of holly and mistletoe gathered from the trees along the river. Mrs. McCaleb was the eldest daughter of Joseph E. Davis. The day after their arrival Judge Winchester returned to Natchez. He left her reluctantly—Winchester was unmarried—and with the caution that she was not to fall in love.

There was, for the moment, a question of Varina's remaining at Diamond Place for the holiday season; and, while this was being discussed, a handsome and distinguished-looking gentleman arrived on horse. He was, Varina was informed, Jefferson Davis, Mr. Joseph Davis' younger brother, and he bore a message that nothing must be allowed to stop her journey to The Hurricane. In addition she learned that he was hurrying to a political meeting at Vicksburg. Jefferson, Mr. McCaleb assured Varina, was a man of highly elevated qualities. She wrote to her mother:

Today Uncle Joe sent by his younger brother—did you know that he had one?—an urgent invitation for me to go at once to



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NICHOLS

Jefferson Davis' House at Beauvoir, Mississippi. In Insert—Mrs. Jefferson Davis, From an Early Photograph Now in the Possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania

The Hurricane. I do not know whether this Mr. Jefferson Davis is old or young. He looks both at times; but I believe he is old, for from what I hear, he is only two years younger than you are. He impresses me as a remarkable kind of man, but of uncertain temper, and has a way of taking for granted everybody agrees with him when he expresses an opinion that offends me; yet he is most agreeable and has a peculiarly sweet voice and a winning manner of asserting himself. In fact he is the kind of person I should expect to rescue me from a mad dog at any risk, but to insist upon a stoical indifference to fright afterward. I do not think I shall ever like him as I do his brother Joe. Would you believe it, he is refined and cultivated, and yet he is a Democrat.

The day following, a Miss Mary Bradford, with a manservant, rode up to Diamond Place to conduct Varina to her destination. The servant led a noble horse—one of the finest in the celebrated Davis stables—with a sidesaddle and complete riding habit. There was a family carriage drawn by a pair of bays to fetch Varina's bags; and "all in blue unclouded weather," she remembered, "we rode over the rustling leaves through the thick trees to The Hurricane." She rode gay and free through the whispering leaves, under the shade of massive trees, calling in a young clear voice to Miss Bradford, accompanied by the carriage bearing her virginal finery, her crinolines and bracelets and ribbons and colognes.

It is difficult to dwell on Varina Howell's girlhood—in reality, it is impossible to consider any stage of her active being aside from politics. Fortunately, the politics that so closely surrounded and influenced her was far more vital and engaging, intensely more personal, than what later it became. When Varina wrote, amazed, to her mother that Jefferson Davis, who was refined and cultivated, was yet a Democrat, she simply expressed the feeling of the whole Whig aristocracy of planters. There was, then, no actual intimidation of the War for Secession, no general consciousness in the deep South of the approaching attempt at separation from the Union; the planters, quite differently, after long and practically unbroken control of the Government, regarded themselves, their interests and lands, as indispensable, the major part of the United States. They would not have believed the nation could continue without them. With practically no exception, the planters of Mississippi were Whigs; their paper, the National Intelligencer, was edited by a Mr. Gale and Mr. Seton, both strong Federalists—the earlier Federal Party had become Whig—and only the poor and the inconsiderable upheld Mr. Jefferson's principles. Varina had heard nothing but a violent denunciation of Martin Van Buren and his rabble; the general opinions of Andrew Jackson she was familiar with were hardly more favorable.

The Democrats were wholly abhorrent to the ladies of Mississippi; even at the height of General Jackson's popularity in the district of Natchez, after his triumph at New Orleans, feminine opinion and the leadership of Judge Winchester and of the brilliant young Mr. Prentiss kept the Whigs firm in command. The further truth was that Virginia, the ideals of Thomas Jefferson, had lost their power over the South; the feeling that slavery would, at some future time, be ended had changed to the realization that slaves were grown too valuable for surrender. The Whigs, the traditionally aristocratic party, still, in Varina's eyes, supported that self-evident fact. But Jefferson Davis, practically alone in his class, had foreseen that ultimately the Democrats must represent his necessities and beliefs and he had attached himself to the increasing political stature of John C. Calhoun.



FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD

The Negro Quarters on the Jefferson Davis Plantation

Mr. Davis had already, before Varina Howell knew him, been defeated for the state legislature. The Whigs, recognizing his inherent ability, his resemblance to Calhoun, put forward against him their most effective speakers. He had, however, equaled even Sergeant Prentiss in the grace and manner of his bearing; Davis, it was admitted, had surpassed him in the logic and depth of his argument. Jefferson Davis' democratic logic had little connection with the beginnings, the fundamental spirit, of that doctrine.

It was, now, local to the lower cotton states—Georgia and Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi. It fashioned Davis' ideas precisely as it had bred Mr. Calhoun and William Lowndes Yancey. Back of it lay the dramatic change, the improved machinery, of cotton spinning—in one period of twelve years the export of cotton had risen from two hundred thousand to forty million pounds. The deep South had grown immensely rich. The result was evident to Varina, but, blinded by prejudice and education, she was unable to see what was clear to Mr. Davis.

Her education had gone further than was common for young ladies of birth. Judge Winchester had early discovered that she thought for herself. Jefferson Davis was astonished when, reading aloud to Joseph and himself, she fluently translated Latin phrases into English.

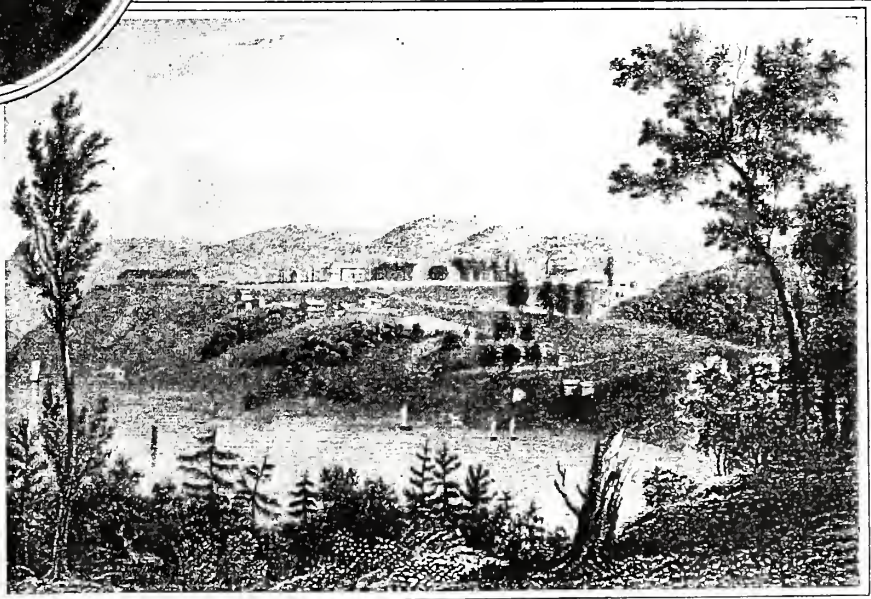
She would, Joseph Davis asserted, take high rank in the world of femininity when she blossomed out and came thoroughly to herself. Jefferson, to whom he was speaking, made no reply, and the elder added: "By Jove, she is as beautiful as Venus!" After a long pause Jefferson Davis said quietly, "Yes, she is beautiful and has a fine mind." Joseph liked to walk with her through his beautifully planted grounds. They picked scarlet camellias—throughout her life Varina, whenever it was possible, wore a scarlet camellia low in her hair—and he teased her about her friends the Whigs. She was never at a loss to reply. There were other things in the National Intelligencer besides attacks on Van Buren. Varina gave him the benefit of her views of the Duke of Wellington, on Lord Brougham, London—she had command of a score of worldly topics.

Joseph Davis, an old man, was delighted with her, walking lightly by his side, dressed in a "rose-colored marino made with a corded waist and a full skirt." It was a style that set off her strong, graceful body wonderfully well. They explored everything in the plantation—the general-store room, filled with boxes and bridles, saddles and guns. The guns, Varina commented, made the room like the arsenal at Natchez. There were blankets and osenbourns, shoes and calico and pocket knives for the negroes. He pointed out to her all the aspects of his place. The heavy

(Continued on Page 52)



PHOTO BY COURTESY OF FREDERICK W. RESERVE



FROM THE HISTORY OF THE U. S. A. PUBLISHED IN 1851

The Military School at West Point, New York, in 1850. In Oval—Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Davis at About the Time of Their Marriage

WITNESS TO CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

Vivid Account Given by

Confederate Veteran

Boston Globe, 12-12-19

BLOWING ROCK—At Montezuma, 25 miles from Blowing Rock, lives E. M. Luttrell, who is believed to be the last surviving member of the 50 picked men who formed the bodyguard of Jefferson Davis in his flight from the Confederate capital, after the surrender of Lee.

At the least it is believed safe to say that Mr Luttrell is the only man in North Carolina who can relate an eyewitness story of the dramatic capture of Davis at Irwinville, Ga.

"Charlie Harris and I," Mr Luttrell begins his story, "enlisted together in the 31st Tennessee Cavalry from Green County, that State. Charlie and I were what you fellows in the World War would have called buddies, because we enlisted together and remained together throughout the war.

President's Bodyguard

"Our company was among those that formed the President's bodyguard when he left the capital and started for the Southwest. By the time we reached Washington, Ga, the guard was composed of 1000 men or more. The President looked them over and decided that such a guard was entirely too unwieldy for his flight, and called for 50 volunteers to go with him the rest of the way. Col Lubbock of Texas was to be in command.

"Harris and I volunteered, and with 48 others we started on the first day's march. That night we camped at Irwinville and everything seemed to be perfectly quiet. We posted our guards and went to sleep with the assurance that we might continue the journey the following day unmolested.

"Harris and I were among the first to awaken the next morning. While we were washing our faces and preparing for breakfast we noticed a whole regiment of soldiers on the hill opposite us.

We looked more closely and saw that they were Yankees.

"Get your gun," I said to Harris. "We've got a fight coming."

"But Col Lubbock came along about that time and said, 'Boys, don't fire a gun or show any resistance of any kind. They outnumber us so completely that they would kill every one of us.'

"We took the colonel's advice and waited until the Yankees, who proved to be a Michigan regiment, came up. They called upon us to surrender, and as it was useless for 50 men to fight a regiment we immediately laid down our arms.

"The Yankee colonel and his staff went around our camp and seemed to be looking for something. But they said not a word—just looked around. The President was sitting in front of his tent with his elbows on his knees and his forehead resting in his hands. He let the Union men look around for a while, but at last he raised his head.

"I am the one you are looking for, I suppose," he said to the Union colonel. "I am Jefferson Davis. I have never been afraid or ashamed of my name."

"The Federal officer then put him under arrest. Their colonel began asking the rest of us if there was anything he could do for us. As it seemed that we could be of no further use to the President, we said, 'Why not let us go back to Washington, Ga, and go home with those men there?'"

"To this the colonel assented, provided all of us would take the oath of allegiance. We consented to do this, and the Colonel produced the forms for paroles. He lined us up, gave us the oath and then each of us received a parole and went home."

Mr Luttrell then produced his parole, yellowed with age, by which he is bound never again to bear arms against the United States Government. In the frame with the parole is a \$100 Confederate bill.

Mr Luttrell is 80 years old. He served throughout the war with the 31st Tennessee Cavalry, and was engaged in all the major operations in the campaign before Richmond. Whether he is the only surviving member of the Davis bodyguard cannot be proved, but it is doubtful if any other can tell the story of the Confederate President's capture with more vividness than he.

The Inauguration of Jefferson Davis



OF INESTIMABLE historic value is the picture reproduced on the cover this month, which was taken at the scene of the inauguration on February 18, 1861, of Jefferson Davis, the first president of the Confederate States of America, at the old Confederate State Capitol in Montgomery, Ala.

The following letter written just after Mr. Davis had taken the oath of office, provides an excellent description of the ceremonies:

"Montgomery, Ala.,
"Feb. 18, 1861.

"This has been a gala day in Montgomery. The President-elect was made the President in fact, at one o'clock p. m. The day was ushered in by the thundering of cannons, discharged by the different military companies quartered in various parts of the city. Some of them on their way to the Gulf and others to do honor to the occasion of the President's inauguration. Yesterday was cold, tempestuous and cloudy; but today has been genial, serene and clear. The face of Nature wore one of its sweetest smiles. I could but ask myself if this favorable change was a symbolic interpreter of the past and prophetic of the future—yesterday

typifying the political frosts, storms and clouds we have passed through; and today foreshadowing a genial, serene and cloudless political sky.

"As a pleasing prelude to the formation of the procession, about nine a. m., the Columbus Guards entered the triangular space looking from the Exchange Hotel towards the Capitol, and entertained several thousand of our citizens, who were soon attracted there by the display of their skill in military evolutions.

"Competent military judges pronounced the performance unsurpassed, but thought it questionable whether it was surpassable. Between 11 and 12 o'clock the cannon announced the hour had arrived for the procession to form. The roll of the drum soon called the different companies to the posts respectively assigned them.

"Red jackets, bottle-green jackets and gray jackets formed a mingled ground, above which the brazen epaulets, gleaming swords and bristling bayonets flashed in the sunbeams. The President's carriage, drawn by six beautiful gray horses, was in the center of the military guard with the city, state and congressional committees appointed to do honor to him by their escort. A

civic procession brought up the rear; while the sidewalks were crowded with pedestrians, as you have, no doubt, often seen them on Broadway, New York City.

"At an early hour the people were seen flocking to Capitol Hill, in order that they might select situations favorable for hearing, observing and being observed; for few thought to leave their vanity at home, and some, no doubt, thought they attracted quite as much attention as the President himself. Happy illusion, that!

"If I could, I would not cruelly break the spell for the world! The procession reached Capitol Hill at fifteen minutes to one o'clock. The Hill was thronged with people; infants, boys, girls, youth, men and women in the meridian of manhood and womanhood, with the old and decrepit, were all there. As a wag once said, he could not see the city because of the houses that were in it, so the Hill could not be seen because of the people that were on it.

"The President delivered a short, manly and pithy inaugural address, and closed in the midst of enthusiastic applause; and was then sworn in by Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, the President of Congress, and him-



The home of Jefferson Davis in Montgomery, Ala., known as "The Whitehouse of the Confederacy." It is now a museum and in it are assembled quite a number of things that belonged to President Davis and his family.

(Incomplete)

7 ...
Morrison, Illinois.
March 27, 1933.

Dr. Louis A. Warren,
Lincoln National Life Foundation,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Dear Dr. Warren:-

Being a collector of various articles of antiques, old and rare books, prints and in fact anything of an historical and interesting nature, no doubt you would be interested in some of the items that I have or know about.

I have a piece of the tree that Jeff Davis was hung on, this being cut off said tree by my late grandfather and in my possession. I also know where there is an old land grant on parchment with the signature of Abraham Lincoln thereon, also I have several old books with Lincoln material and other books on Civil War.

I would appreciate a list of articles that you might be interested in, also if you have any booklets or books on your collection or otherwise I would appreciate receiving same.

Sincerely,

E. A. Mac Lennan

E. A. Mac Lennan
520 East Wall St.



True Jeff Davis House, etc

March 29, 1933

Mr. E. A. MacLennan
520 East Wall Street
Morrison, Illinois

My dear Sir:

This Foundation is interested only in items directly related to Abraham Lincoln and manuscripts or books which deal with him exclusively.

If at any time you have any items such as we have mentioned, we would be very glad to have a description of them and the price you place upon them.

Very sincerely yours,

LAW:AAM

Director
Lincoln Historical Research Foundation

1947, 10, 10

Dr. J. A. Thompson
100 West Wall Street
Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Sir:

Enclosed for you are 10 copies of the
report of the National Academy of Sciences
on the subject of the "National Academy of Sciences".

If you have any questions or suggestions
concerning the report, please let me know.
I am sure that you will find it of interest.

Very respectfully,
J. A. Thompson

Director, National Academy of Sciences
Washington, D. C.

10/10/47

O. D. KNABENSHUE
13243 MARK TWAIN AVE.,
DETROIT, MICH.

Sept. ~~21~~ 30, 1933.

Miss Ellen Herendeen,
Ass't Editor, "Lincoln Lore",
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

My dear Madam:---A good many years since there were two fugitive statements going the rounds of the newspapersto this effect:

That the two Presidents, viz., Lincoln of the U. S. A., and Davis of the C. S. A., each sustained the death of a son during the period of the war, Lincoln's by disease and Davis' by falling from the high balcony on the outside of the "Confederate White House", in consequence of which each sent the other a letter of heart-felt sympathy. At the time these were in process of "newspaper peripateticism" I did not have the foresight to clip for my "Civil War Scrap Book", and now have no idea as to the origin of the stories or their authors.

It has always seemed to me that at least on Lincoln's part such an act would characteristic of him as a man and father; and there is no reason to doubt that his political and military opponent would be any the less sympathetic, as it is my understanding that he was reared in the Southern tradition of, among other things, courtesy under trying circumstances.

Discovering your address but yesterday, it occurred to me that possibly you might have something definite on the subject.

May I prefer the request that, in case you have, you would furnish me copies of the notes? I can only add that which you might foresee, that it would be received as a great favor by

Yours, very respectfully,

O. D. Knabenshue,

This is a poor effort on the part of the writer, but he can only plead "a machine different from that to which he is accustomed. - - - - -"

October 2, 1933

Mr. O. D. Knabenshue
13243 Mark Twain Avenue
Detroit, Michigan

Dear sir:

It is true that Jefferson Davis had a son killed by accident during the war and that Lincoln had a boy who died from disease at the White House. I am enclosing an excerpt from a book on Jefferson Davis by his wife, giving a brief account of the death of Joseph Emory Davis.

William Wallace Lincoln or "Willie" as he was called died early in 1862.

It is possible that the two Presidents tendered their sympathy to each other at these trying times in the lives of each but we have no evidence to that effect. We have a large collection of newspaper clippings filed according to subject but do not have anything on that particular event. It would certainly be interesting if true and we will be grateful, if you find anything further concerning it, if you will kindly let us know.

Very sincerely,

Ellen Herendeen
Asst. Editor, Lincoln Lore

P.S. Under separate cover I am sending a few Lincoln items which are directly related to the Civil War as well as to Abraham Lincoln, in which I thought you might find material for your scrap book.

2001 2000

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

151

It is the first time that the White House has
been visited by a group of African Americans
of the same race as the President. The group
includes a number of prominent leaders of the
civil rights movement, including Martin Luther
King Jr., who is expected to be the first
African American to be elected President of the
United States.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
1961

[illegible]

VI 1930b VII V

11-11-11

I have been thinking about you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting along. I hope you are well and happy. I am still working hard, but I manage to find some time for my hobbies. I would love to hear from you soon.

Your friend,
John Doe

November 6, 1933

Mr. O. D. Knabenshue
13243 Mark Twain Avenue
Detroit, Michigan

Dear sir:

On September 30 you wrote me concerning the death of the son of Jefferson Davis and the traditional note of sympathy exchanged between the two Presidents at the separate times of grief.

I have tried to follow this subject up but can't seem to find much information on the Davis boy. I wrote to the Va. Historical Society and the Confederate Museum both in Richmond but neither were able to give much information.

The Confederate Museum sends the following:

"his name is Joseph Evan Davis.
Born in Washington, died in Richmond,
Va. in the White House of the Confederacy.
....He is buried in Hollywood Cemetery with the rest of the Davis family."

Have you been able to discover anything further? If so we would be glad to hear of it.

Very sincerely,

Ellen Herendeen

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

understand the above and CC indicated no
 further action would be taken by the
 FBI regarding the above information. The
 above information will be maintained and will remain
 confidential.

21. I believe that nothing of value was I
in my office that could be of any use to the
Government. I am not a person of great ability
and I am not a person of great energy. I am
not a person of great courage. I am not a person
of great strength. I am not a person of great
wisdom. I am not a person of great skill.

... is having an excellent time
in the city of Washington, and is
... is having an excellent time
in the city of Washington, and is
... is having an excellent time
in the city of Washington, and is

41 To each of 64 of 1000 on 11/11/1941

1900

October 27, 1933

Custodian
Confederate White House Museum
Richmond, Virginia

Dear sir:

As you probably know there was a family tragedy in both the Northern and Southern White House during the Civil War as a son of Lincoln and a son of Davis died. Willie Lincoln died in 1862.

I am very much interested in finding out the particulars of the accident which killed the little son of Mr. Davis and any details concerning him and his brothers and sisters. I would particularly like to know his age at the time of his death.

Could you tell me whether there is a male descendant of Jefferson Davis to carry on the name or did it meet the same fate as that of Abraham Lincoln's family name.

Any information concerning this subject which you may be able to give me will be greatly appreciated. The only information which we are able to obtain is from Mrs. Davis book "Jefferson Davis, A Memoir by his Wife" and a biography of Mrs. Davis.

Very sincerely,

Ellen Herendeen
Asst. Editor, Lincoln Lore
Lincoln Historical Research Foundation

56
The Virginia Historical Society
Richmond, Virginia

If you can give me any information on the subject of
the death of Jefferson Davis, I will be greatly obliged.

Very sincerely,
Wm. Wallace Lincoln

October 4, 1933

The Virginia Historical Society
Richmond, Virginia

Gentlemen:

I am attempting to secure information on the corresponding family tragedies of the two White Houses during the Civil War and can find very little on Joseph Emory Davis who in 1864 fell from a balcony of the Confederate Executive Mansion and was killed while at play.

We have the book on Jefferson Davis "A Memoir by his Wife" and our public library contains a biography of Mrs. Davis. These books give only very brief accounts of the death and do not state any of the facts, the boy's age, etc.

William Wallace (Willie) Lincoln died in 1862 in the Northern White House.

There is a tradition, possibly untrue, that letters of sympathy were tendered between the two presidents at these times.

I am also interested in the entire (immediate) Davis family. I find the names of Joseph Emory, William Burr, Margaret, William Howell, Jefferson, and Winnie as the children of Jefferson and Varina Davis.

President Lincoln's line of the Lincoln family name ran out with the death of the third Abraham Lincoln in America who was the son of Robert T. Lincoln, President Lincoln's oldest son. Robert Lincoln has daughters and granddaughters but no other sons. It might be an interesting coincidence if the Davis line had about the same ending, although I read where

Herbert (Davis) Evans observed the name of her object was
 this letter Davis refers to letter from Davis.

If you can give me any information on the subject of
 refer me to someone who can I will be greatly obliged.

Very sincerely,

William H. Rouseven
 Lincoln Historical Life Foundation



VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

DANIEL GRINNAN, PRESIDENT.

WILLIAM G. STANARD, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN.

ROBERT A. LANCASTER, JR., TREASURER.

MRS. J. A. JOHNSTON, ASSISTANT SECRETARY.

707 E. FRANKLIN ST.

ANNUAL DUES \$ 5.00
LIFE MEMBERSHIP 50.00

RICHMOND, VA., October 7/33 1932.

Miss Ellen M. Herendeen,
Lincoln National Life Foundation,
Fort Wyane, Indiana,

Dear Madam:

We know of no ore detailed account of the death of the little Davis boy than Mrs. Davis gives in the 'Memoirs'. The Davis Bible is at the Condeferate Museum (which is housed in the White House of the Confederacy) but Mrs. Davis who made the entries does not give dates. It is possible that the newspapers of that period may give something more. This would require a paid searcher.

You very likely have more about the Lincoln family than we have. There is no original material concerning the family among our archives.

Very truly yours

Rebecca Johnston

Ass&t. Sec'y.



THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
HAS THE HONOR TO ANNOUNCE
THAT IT HAS RECEIVED
FROM THE

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CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL LITERARY SOCIETY
CONFEDERATE MUSEUM
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

November 2, 1933

Miss Ellen Hereden
Asst Editor, Lincoln Lore
Lincoln Historical Research Foundation.
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Dear Miss Hereden-

All we can tell you about "Little Joe" is that his name is Joseph Evan Davis. Born in Washington, died in Richmond, Va in the White House of the Confederacy. The story is that at the time of the accident all of the family were away; he either fell from the porch or from a ladder against the porch. He never regained consciousness. He is buried in Hollywood cemetery with the rest of the Davis family. His death was a great shock and distress to Pres. and Mrs. Davis.

Pres. Davis has a grandson living in Colorado Springs, Col. His name is Jefferson Hayes Davis. His name was Hayes, and got the Legislature to change so as to have the name of his distinguished grandfather.

Hoping that I have given you the required information, or is all that you desire, I am

Very truly yours

Susan B. Harrison
House Regent.

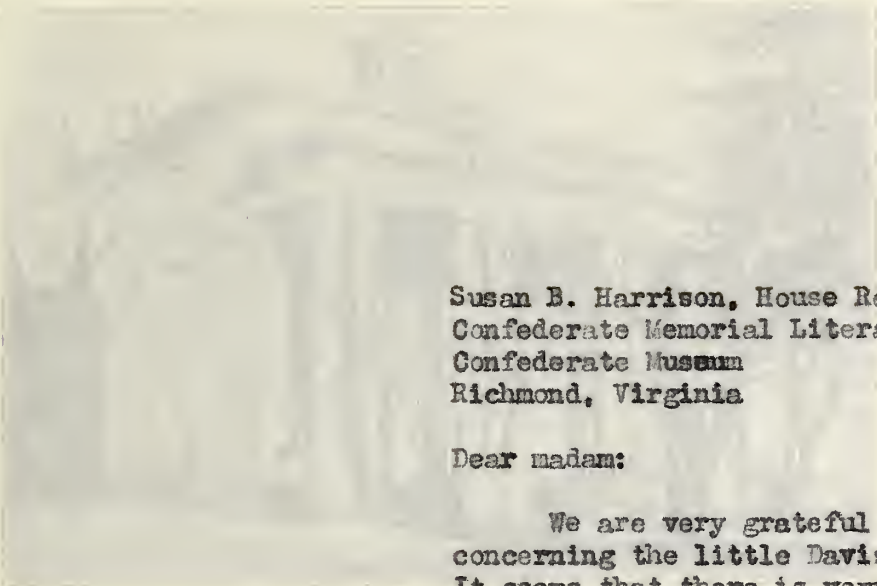
* 1864 April 30

Jefferson Davis

2733

THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM
in the Capital of the Confederacy
Richmond, Va.

November 6, 1933



Susan B. Harrison, House Regent
Confederate Memorial Literary Society
Confederate Museum
Richmond, Virginia

Dear madam:

We are very grateful for the information concerning the little Davis boy, Joseph Evan. It seems that there is very little information extant about this child. It is very interesting about the changing of the grandson's name.

Very sincerely,

Ellen Herendeen

THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, is a non-profit organization...
The purpose of the Museum is to preserve and display the material...
The Museum is open to the public...
The Museum is a part of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society...
The Museum is a part of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society...
The Museum is a part of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society...

November 2, 1953

James E. Davidson, State Rights
Confederate Memorial Library Building
Charlottesville, Virginia

Dear Sir:

We are very grateful for the information
concerning the little Davis and Joseph, V.M.
It seems that there is very little information
extant about this child. It is very interest-
ing about the checking of the Government's name.

Very sincerely,

Ellen Garrison

THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM

*In the Capital of the Confederacy
Richmond, Va.*



THIS house was built by Dr. John Brockenbrough in 1818 and was used as a private residence until 1861, when Mr. Lewis Crenshaw the owner, sold it to the City of Richmond for the use of the Confederate Government.

The city, having furnished it, offered it to Mr. Davis, but he refused to accept the gift. The Confederate Government then rented it for the "Executive Mansion" of the Confederate States.

President Davis lived here with his family, using the house both in a private and official capacity. The present "Mississippi" Room was his study, where he often held important conferences with his great leaders. In this house, amid the cares of State, joy and sorrow visited him; "Winnie," the cherished daughter, was born here, and here "little Joe" died from the effects of a fall from the east porch. It remained Mr. Davis' home until the evacuation of the City of Richmond. He left with the Government officials on the night of April 2, 1865.

* * * * *

On the morning of April 3, 1865, General Godfrey Weitzel, in command of the Federal troops, upon entering the city, made this house his headquarters. It was thus occupied by the United States Government during the five years Virginia was under military rule, and called "District No. 1."

In the present "Georgia" Room a day or two after the evacuation, Mr. Lincoln was received. He was in the city only a few hours.

When at last the military was removed and the house vacated, the city at once took possession, using it as a public school for more than twenty years.

War had left its impress on the building, and the constant tread of the little feet did almost as much damage. It was with great distress that our people (particularly the women) saw the "White House of the Confederacy" put to such uses, and rapidly falling into decay.

To save it from destruction, a mass-meeting was called to take steps for its restoration. A society was formed, called the "Confederate Memorial Literary Society," whose aim was the preservation of the Mansion. Their first act was to petition the city to place it in their hands, to be used as a Memorial to President Davis and a Museum of those never-to-be-forgotten days, '61-'65.

It was amazing to see the widespread enthusiasm aroused by the plan. With as little delay as possible, the city, acting through the Aldermen and Council, made the deed of conveyance, which was ratified by the then Mayor of Richmond, the Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson. But there were still some legal points to be considered, another site to be chosen and a school-house built, before they could give possession. It was, however, formally turned over to the Society in 1890, and accepted for them by their chairman, Col. John B. Cary, of this city.

The dilapidation of the entire property was extreme, but to its restoration and preservation the Society had pledged itself. They had no money—the city had already given its part—what could be done?

To raise the needed funds, it was decided to hold a "Memorial Bazaar" in Richmond for the joint benefit of the Museum and the monument to the Private Soldier and Sailor.

All through the South the plan of the Museum and the Bazaar was heartily endorsed; so that donations of every kind poured in. Each State of the Confederacy was represented by a booth, with the name, shield and flag of her State. The whole sum realized was \$31,400. Half of this was given to complete the monument to the Private Soldier and Sailor, now standing on Libby Hill, and the other half went to the Museum.

The partition walls were already of brick, and the whole house had been strongly and well built, but the entire building was now made fire-proof, and every other possible precaution taken for its safety. In every particular, the old house in its entirety was preserved, the woodwork (replaced by iron) being used for souvenirs.

It was repaired and ready for occupancy late in 1895. On February 22, 1896, the dedication service was held, and the Museum formally thrown open to the public. The Governor, Col. Charles T. O'Ferrall, and staff, being present on that occasion. The opening prayer was by the venerable Confederate chaplain, Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D.D., and the oration by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, C. S. A.

But the house was entirely empty. Rapidly the memorials were gathered from each loyal State and placed in their several rooms. From start to finish, the whole work has been a free-will offering to the beloved cause.

The treasury had been nearly exhausted by the restoration of the building. The current expenses were met only by the strictest economy and largely carried on by faith. Nothing has been bought in the whole Museum, except in the case of the "Conrad Wise Chapman Pictures," which show the wonderful defense of Charleston, and the "William L. Sheppard Pictures," giving in detail the life of the "Confederate Soldier." Their purchase was made possible by the liberality of friends throughout the South who prized their historic importance as well as their artistic merit. Each is the work of an eye-witness in the scenes they depict.

In the past thirty-seven years much has been accomplished. We are free from debt, and our Museum is now widely known. But much now lies ahead in the ideal we have set before us, and the work grows larger, more important and far-reaching as we approach it. This work is dependent on our door and membership fees and donations from the general public.

To aid in making our Society a self-perpetuating body, we have established an Endowment Fund to put this work on a firm basis. All bequests to our Museum should be made to the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, in charge of the Confederate Museum.

It would be quite impossible to enumerate all the articles of interest to be found here. The memorials gathered are not only interesting in themselves, but invaluable for the truth and lessons which they teach.

We have already on our "Roll of Honor" 342 volumes, all bound, with 56,406 certified records of our heroes. A large number of the personal papers of the Hon. Jefferson Davis are in our keeping. The catalogue will tell of other important articles.

In 1907 a Southern Historical Manuscript Commission was appointed and authorized to solicit the gifts of rare books and papers relating to the War Between the States. The first report of this committee—"The Calendar of Confederate Papers"—has been published and consists of over 600 pages. The work of cataloguing and caring for the manuscripts, etc., so collected is done by the Solid South Room.

Historians in search of information can here obtain original data pertaining to this period. The United States Government has already made use of our records.

Each Confederate State is here represented by a Room, set apart in honor of her sons and their deeds. A Regent residing in that State is expected to collect relics, etc., and funds for the Room. The Regent of the Solid South Room is a Southern woman appointed from the United States at large. A Vice-Regent (as far as possible, a native of the State, but residing in Richmond) gives her personal supervision to the Room and its needs. The labor is incessant, and would be impossible but for the fact that it is impelled by a sense of sacred love and duty.

Of the women of the Confederacy, of our brave and uncomplaining soldiers, of their great leaders, as well as of our illustrious chief, it well may be said:

*"Would you see their monument:
Look around."*

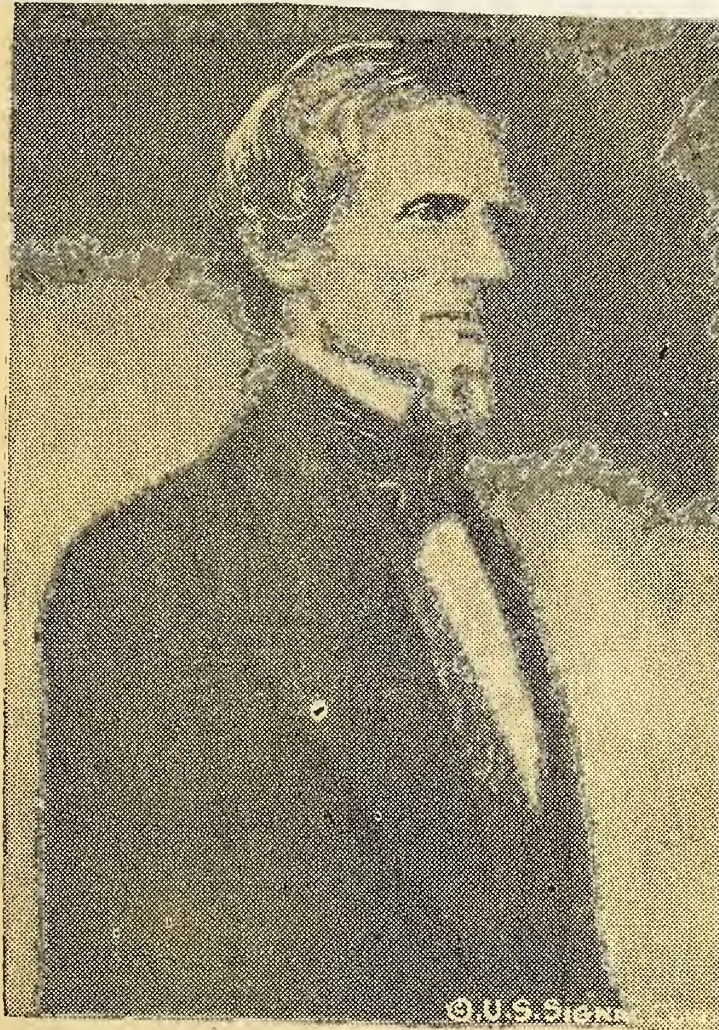
President.....MISS SALLY ARCHER ANDERSON

REGENTS

House Regent.....MISS SUSAN B. HARRISON

Assistant House Regent.....MISS INDIA W. THOMAS

<i>State</i>	<i>Regents</i>	<i>Vice-Regents</i>
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Florida.....	MRS. F. P. HAMILTON.....	MRS. A. P. BOURLAND
Georgia.....	MRS. NETTIE DUNLAP WORTHAM..	MRS. ASHTON STARKE
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North Carolina.....	MRS. GLENN LONG.....	MRS. J. ALLISON HODGES
South Carolina.....	MRS. JOSEPH R. FOARD.....	MRS. HENRY C. RIELY
Tennessee.....	MRS. THOMAS NEWBILL.....	MISS JONNIE PORTERFIELD
Texas.....	MRS. OSCAR BARTHOLD.....	MRS. W. A. HARRIS
Virginia.....	MRS. ANNE CARTER ELY (H. E.)..	MRS. J. TAYLOR ELLYSON
Solid South.....	MRS. VARINA D. HAYES WEBB...	MISS SUSAN B. HARRISON



Peoria Journal Transcript
7/25/31
It would be interesting, as a sidelight on the teaching of American history, to know what proportion of those who examine this book immediately recognize this portrait, and in what parts of the country they live. It is of Jefferson Davis, President of the short-lived Confederacy.

(U. S. Signal Corps Photo).

43. DARTMOUTH COLLEGE. SMITH, ASA D. PRESIDENT DARTMOUTH. A. L. S. 8vo, 3 pages, Dartmouth College, 1867. Fine letter to a well known man. 9.00.

"... I told our Dartmouth boys, some time since, that the motto I would select for the college was that phrase of Milton's respecting the angels 'Vital in every part ...'"

44. DARTMOUTH. Pierce, Franklin. Pres. of the U. S. A. L. S. 8vo. Concord, July 18th, 1860, to "My dear Brewster." Immaculate. 12.00.

Speaks about his intentions to go to Hanover next week (commencement), a fine long personal letter.

A POSTAL STAMPS INVENTION

45. DAVIS, JEFFERSON. President of Confederacy. A. L. S. 8vo, Aug. 2nd, 1876 to Dr. M. Davis, regards an invention and wishing to share in its proceeds. Signed with both his names written out in full. An unusual Letter. 15.50.

2d Aug. 6.

Enclosed please find the papers in regard to the Postage stamps. You will see that the Inventor offers carte blanche as to terms, & I thought he should have half and any one who would take the invention in hand and push it through should divide with me the other half.

The inventor is a friend of mine and I am unwilling to think less of his invention than he does, but do not expect as much as I wish.

As ever truly yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE TWELVE MILES CIRCLE

46. DELAWARE. Autograph Manuscript. Double Folio 1750, being the original depositions of the Commissioners to determine the "12 Miles Circle." On paper. A curious Proceeding, and of historical importance, evidently being the original minutes of this BOUNDARY COMMISSION. In protective case. 29.00.

Saturday Novr. Ye 18th, 1750 P. M.

It being agreed by the Commissioners on both Sides that the Court house in the Town of New Castle was as near the Middle of the sd. Town as cou'd be computed and shou'd be the Center of the Circle of Twelve Miles Semidiameter directed to be run by the Lord Chancellors Decree, It was proposed by the Comrs. on the Part of the Hon'ble the Proprietors of Pennsylvania that a Radius or Radir should be run from the said Senter, in order to describe the s'd. Circle which Radius or Radir should be measured horizontally, to which Mr. Jennings one of the Comrs. on the Part of the Lord Baltimore answered that to be plain they shou'd be obliged to insist on superficial Measure in running the s'd. Line or lines, and that was a point they should not recede from. The Pennsylvania Comrs. objected that they conceived it im-

JEFFERSON DAVIS ON DEMOCRACY

58. DAVIS, JEFFERSON, President of the Confederate States. A. L. s., 4 pp., 4to. About 525 words. October 6, 1853. To Capt. J. W. Turner. A fine letter on the union of the states and the necessity for the Democratic party to support that union.

"The statement that I had endorsed Preston King and Van Buren is false I served with the first-named gentleman in Congress and on the Slavery question we were the antipodes of each other I am willing . . . to oppose the disorganization, to resist agitation and to promote the harmony of the Democratic party as the best means of securing peace among the States and prosperity and perpetuity to the Union.

"Now this is not to approve objectionable antecedents, not to endorse the opinions at war with my creed but to act as becomes those who believe the Union of the Democracy to have been sincerely, honestly, and substantially made for public and not personal ends. Holding as I do that party organization is a necessary mean to insure success to principles on which parties are formed I cannot but lament the division which has, without recent cause, opened the old wounds in our party of New York. I do not assume to mingle still less to judge in this family quarrel, but will abide the course of rapidly transpiring events and hope that the true Democracy may crush any disintegrating faction which goes into coalition with the whigs".

Barber Bernard Garrison Nov 20 1855 New York.

- 39 DAVIS, Jefferson. A.L.S. 4 pp., 8vo. Beauvoir, Miss., Jan. 29, 1887.
To Gen. Marcus J. Wright. \$15.00

LONG AND INTERESTING LETTER REFERRING TO GEN. ROBERT E. LEE, THUS ASSOCIATING THE NAMES OF THE GREAT CIVIL AND GREAT MILITARY LEADERS OF THE CONFEDERACY. Davis discusses at length the "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee," and takes issue with the writer on many vital events. He says in part: "The long and brilliant service of the Army of Northern Virginia is treated as if the result of a policy of the Civil Administration overruling the wishes and military opinions of Genl. Lee. Until besieged at Petersburg, Genl. Lee's operations could not be considered as being for the defence of the capitol and then it is not true that I delayed the evacuation of Petersburg." Etc. *Madison 1939*

... in the American

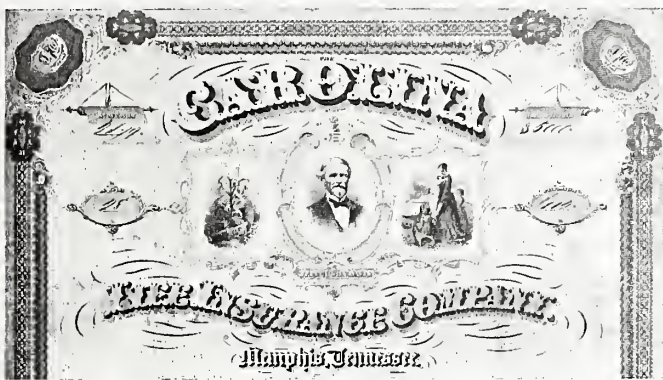
- 39 **DAVIS, Jefferson.** President of the Confederacy. A.L.S. 7 pp., 4to. Washington, Dec. 7, 1853. To W. R. Cannon. \$35.00

MAGNIFICENT LETTER ON POLITICAL TOPICS, discussing the principles of Democracy as opposed to Federalism, his own political aspirations and the success of the abolition cause in the west, etc. A few excerpts from this fine letter follow:

"A contest involving only the distribution of offices on even the mere question of party supremacy has little chance compared with one which presents a fair issue between the great principles of Democracy and the dangerous and odious heresies of federalism. Centralization claimed a power beyond any thing which Hamilton ever dreamed of when it assumed to prescribe to the states the rule by which the rights of suffrage should be measured, and the bones of Jefferson might be imagined to rattle in their last resting place when the people whom he loved and for whom he had labored entertained the idea of trying a political qualification by a religious test. . . . Some of my friends at home and elsewhere have mentioned me as a candidate for the Vice Presidency, a few even with more zeal than prudence have referred to the Presidency, the first office I would not have, the last is not to be thought of, and a man's friends should not make him ridiculous." Etc., etc. *Wade 1853 1842*

Carolina Life Had Short Life

Tennessee Company With "Jeff" Davis as Titular Head Retires After Seven Years



Jefferson Davis, President of Carolina Life Insurance Company

Harry T. Booth, veteran insurance man and former general agent, now with the Fireman's Fund at the company's head office, is the possessor of an interesting example of a life insurance policy issued many years ago by the Carolina Life Insurance Company of Memphis, Tenn. Issued May 13, 1869, this interesting relic provided a sum of \$5,000 to be paid to the wife of the late Henry Harrison Booth, father of the present owner, in the event of the death of the assured. Term of the policy was for life and the premium was \$112 per year. Mr. Booth, the assured, was 28 years old when the policy was issued.

The policy bears the signature of Jefferson Davis, brilliant statesman, United States senator from Mississippi, Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Pierce and eight years later leader of the ill-starred Confederate States of America.

Davis was born in 1808 and died in 1889 in his plantation home near Beauvoir, Miss. He was induced to head the Carolina Life Insurance Company upon his return from France whence he had gone after the Civil War. Unfortunately, the span of activity for the Carolina Life was ended in 1873 when it was reinsured by the Southern Life of Memphis. The last named company failed in 1876.

A study of the Booth policy conditions reproduced here reveals that insurance companies formerly placed restrictions upon their policyholders which would not be agreeable to the present day buyer of life insurance. Development of underwriting and reduction of limitations have given present day life insurance policyholders a freedom of action which by contrast with old methods, makes life insurance practically an investment. Paid up and extended insurance as well as cash surrender values were unheard of when Jefferson Davis was president of the Carolina Life. Here are the conditions:

Provided, Always, and it is hereby declared to be the true intent and meaning of this Policy, and the same is accepted by the assured upon these express conditions; That in case the said Henry Harrison Booth shall, without the consent of this Company, previously obtained and endorsed upon this Policy, pass beyond the settled limits of the United States (excepting into the settled limits of the Dominion of Canada, or to Europe, by the usual modes and conveyances);

or shall, without such previous consent, thus endorsed, pass to or West of the Rocky Mountains (except to California and Oregon, by first class steamers, sailing vessels or railroads); or shall, without such previous consent, thus endorsed, enter into any military or naval service whatsoever (the militia, not in actual service, excepted); or shall, without such previous consent, thus endorsed, be personally employed as an Engineer or Fireman in charge of a steam engine, or as Conductor or Brakeman upon a Railroad, or as an officer, hand or servant of any steam vessel, or in the manufacture or transportation of gun powders; or in case he shall become so far intemperate as to impair his health seriously or permanently or induce delirium tremens, or shall die by his own hand, or any duel, or in consequence thereof, or by the hands of justice, or in the known violation of any law of the States, or the United States, or in consequence thereof, or of any Government where he may be, this Policy shall be void.

AND IT IS ALSO UNDERSTOOD AND AGREED to be the true intent and meaning hereof, that if the proposal, answers and declaration made by the said Henry H. Booth and bearing date the 13th day of May, 1869, and which are hereby made part and parcel of this Policy, as fully as if herein recited, and upon the faith of which this agreement is made, shall be found in any respect false or fraudulent, then and in such case this Policy shall be null and void; or in case said ASSURED shall not pay the said annual premiums on or before the day hereinbefore mentioned for the payment thereof, then and in every such case the said Company shall not be liable to the payment of the sum insured, or any part thereof; and this Policy shall cease and determine; except that in case of non-payment of premium on this Policy after two annual premiums have been paid, it is agreed that it shall be good for the equitable value thereof of the amount insured; and so on.

The illustration herewith shows the elaborate character of the Carolina policy and also reveals the features of its distinguished president.

Associate General Agent Barney Nudelman, who joined the Phinehas Prouty, Jr., general agency of Connecticut Mutual Life at Los Angeles in May, led all the agency force in production of new business during the month of June, just ended.

Life Insurance Business Expanding in Central Valley

For the last three weeks, Rudolph F. E. Wiedemann, manager of the San Francisco agency of Equitable Life Assurance, has been devoting much of his time to intensive effort with field agents throughout Central California, and, as a result, he is in a position to know the situation in that section of the country. "It is most gratifying," is the way he sums it up.

In cities and towns, large and small, the life insurance business is expanding remarkably, asserted Mr. Wiedemann. Many men who never before owned life policies are among the unusually large number of applicants being signed up by Equitable underwriters in that section of the State.

Mr. Wiedemann said business is especially encouraging in such cities as Stockton, Marysville, Yuba City and Tracy, while in Sacramento and Fresno, the activity is such as to justify calling it a boom.

Bankers Life Pays War Losses Totalling \$95,797

The total of war losses paid by the Bankers Life, Des Moines, the second quarter of 1943 was \$95,797, on 32 lives. Seventeen deaths occurred in the United States; the others were distributed over Africa, Asia, Australia, the Philippines, the Canal Zone and the adjacent waters. Airplane crashes claimed the largest number, 11; combat action caused eight deaths; others were as follows: natural causes five, accidents four, drowning three, suicide one. The total of war losses for the company for the first six months of 1943 was \$167,821, on 50 lives, representing four per cent of the total of all death losses for the period, which amounted to \$3,840,856.

Barnard Fitzpatrick of the Twin City agency of the Bankers Life of Des Moines, reported killed in action in the Philippines, is alive and a prisoner of the Japanese, according to the latest report from the War Department. He was one of the company's first fieldmen to enter service and see combat action.

License Is Suspended

Sam Gardner, a Los Angeles life insurance agent, following a series of hearings, has been penalized by Insurance Commissioner A. Caminetti, Jr., by having his license suspended, with a further proviso that unless terms of the order are complied with by September 1 the license will be revoked. He was found by the commissioner to have violated Sections 781, 1642, 1680 and 1703 of the Insurance Code.

Attends Board Meeting

Walter E. Mast, manager of the life department of the California Agencies, Inc., is in Chicago, to participate in the meeting of the board of directors of the General Agents and Managers Association of the Continental Assurance Co., of which he is a member. Following the meeting of the board the annual convention of the company will be held, which he also will attend.

General Agent John H. Mage, C.L.U., of the Northwestern Mutual Life at Los Angeles, has returned from a session of the Insurance Research and Review course of study in Chicago.

Three San Franciscans Graduate from Underwriters' College

Members of the San Francisco Chapter, C.L.U., extend congratulations and best wishes to three new San Franciscan graduates of the American College of Life Underwriters for the year 1943. They are R. Edwin Wood, manager of Phoenix Mutual Life; Stanley B. Brooks, Guardian Life, and James V. Lawry, Northwestern Mutual Life.

Only those who have gone through the necessary work can fully appreciate the sacrifices in time and effort required to pass the examination. These men, with full realization of their responsibility to clients, clients' beneficiaries and their companies, have successfully completed a job "beyond the call of duty." They have qualified under the rigid standards of the college in the knowledge of those subjects distinctly related to the life insurance business, such as life insurance fundamentals, government, economics, sociology, law, trusts, taxes and finance.

The American College at Philadelphia reports that, in spite of war conditions, 803 men and women presented themselves for the scheduled C.L.U. examinations last June at 92 universities and colleges serving as examination centers. Five hundred and forty-one of the candidates received credit for all or part of the examinations taken.

As a result of this year's examinations, 2424 underwriters have now completed the entire series of C.L.U. examinations and several thousand others have credit for successful completion of some of the five parts, thus making a total well in excess of 5000 who have demonstrated their knowledge in all or some of the field of subject matter covered by C.L.U. examinations.

The educational committee of the San Francisco Chapter, C.L.U., headed by Charles Linford, C.L.U., Travelers Life Insurance Company, is now forming plans for classes in preparation for next year's examinations. The classes will be conducted by the San Francisco Junior College. Details will be announced at a later date.

Salt Lake City C.L.U. Elects New Officers for 1943-44

The Salt Lake Chapter of C.L.U. elected a new set of officers, as follows: President, Charles C. Guilford, Northwestern Mutual Life; vice-president, Joel Richards, New York Life; secretary-treasurer, Fallas M. Kelly, Mutual Life of New York; board of directors, Jack W. Lawrence, Prudential, chairman, Sterling W. Sill, New York Life; Hugh W. Davv, Home Life of New York; Oliver L. Richards, Metropolitan Life; Harry J. Duerkop, Equitable Society; Melvin H. Ridges, New York Life; Franklin E. Herh, Penn Mutual Life; Earl L. Maw, Equitable Society; Arthur Marshall, Prudential; F. Edward Walker, United Benefit Life. Messrs. Marshall, Herb and Walker are in the armed services of the United States.

Among the subjects discussed at the meeting was that of a Salt Lake man for membership on the board of directors of the National C.L.U. Should the possibility arise the name of Jack W. Lawrence was advanced as the unanimous choice of the club for the office.

